

A SELECT COLLECTION
OR
OLD ENGLISH PLAYS.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED BY ROBERT DODSLEY
IN THE YEAR 1744

FOURTH EDITION,

NOW FIRST CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED, REVISED AND ENLARGED
WITH THE NOTES OF ALL THE COMMENTATORS
AND NEW NOTES

BY

W CAREW HAZLITT

VOLUME THE FOURTH

LONDON:
REEVES AND TURNER, 196 STRAND
AND 185 FLEET STREET.
1874.



THE UNIVERSITY OF
RECEIVED ON

9 JUN 1925

NOTICE ALLAHABAD.

SINCE the Preface to this Work appeared, a very important augmentation of the new matter has been decided on, and the following early Dramas, never hitherto reprinted, have already been transcribed for insertion in our series under their respective dates. All are of the greatest rarity, and each, in its own way, seemed to possess literary and illustrative value —

Life and Death of Jack Straw, 1593

* * *The first dramatisation of the story of Wat Tyle*

Mucedorus, 1598

Look About You, 1600

The Contention between Liberality and Prodigality, 1602

The London Chanticleers, 1659

Lady Almomy, or, The Almomy Lady, 1659

Both of the two last named are earlier than the period of publication.

On the other hand, new collected editions of Randolph and Suckling have quite recently been

announced, and, in consequence, the "Muses' Looking-Glass," by the former, and Suckling's "Goblins," will be excluded from the present Collection, agreeably to the principle explained in our Preface.

W. C. H.

KENSINGTON, *May* 1, 1874

DAMON AND PITHIAS.

EDITIONS

*For the titles of the two old copies, see Hazlitt's
"Handbook," p. 177*

MR HAZLITT'S PREFACE.¹

RICHARD EDWARDS (the elder), a Somersetshire man, was born about the year 1523, and is said to have received his education at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, whence "in youthful years," as he himself narrates, in the "Paradise of Dainty Devices," but not until after August 1544, "his young desires pricked him forth to serve in court, a slender, tall young man" What his service at court may have been, does not appear, and he relinquished it for a time in 1547, when he was nominated a Senior Student of Christ Church, Oxford, then newly founded by Henry VIII., and created M.A Here, among other studies, he applied himself to that of music, under George Etheridge, with a view, probably, to further service at court On his return to London, he entered himself of Lincoln's Inn, and ultimately was constituted by Queen Elizabeth a Gentle-

¹ [This preface was found among my father's dramatic collectanea, formed about 1850, and I have printed it, with a few additions.—*W. C. H.*]

man of the Chapel Royal, and, in 1561, Master of the Children or singing boys of that establishment Warton, after stating that Edwards "united all those arts and accomplishments which minister to popular pleasantry," which may be very true, adds what (as Collier points out) is unquestionably a mistake, that the children of the chapel were first formed by him into a company of players; for they had regularly acted plays long before

In 1566, Edwards attended the Queen in her visit to Oxford, where he composed a play called "Palamen and Arcite," which was acted before Her Majesty in Christ Church Hall

Stow, in his "Chronicle," mentions the name of the play, and adds that "it had such tragical success as was very lamentable; for at that time, by the fall of a wall and a paire of staires & great prese (press) of the multitude, three men were slain" "At night" (Sept. 21), writes Anthony Wood, "the Queen heard the first part of an English play, named Palamon & Arcyte, made by M. Richard Edwards, a gentleman of her Chapel, acted with very great applause, in Christ Church Hall, at the beginning of which play, there was, by part of the stage which fell, three persons slain, besides five that were hurt Afterwards the actors performed their parts so well, that the Queen laughed heartily thereat, and gave the author of the play great thanks for his pains" (quoted by Collier, "Annals of the Stage,"

¹ It was acted on the 2d and 3d September 1566.

1, 191) "Her Majesty also presented eight guineas to one of the young performers who gave her peculiar satisfaction. It is fair to add, in behalf of good Queen Bess, that from Peshall's 'History of the University,' it would seem that the Queen was not present on the occasion of the accident." He died on the 31st October in the same year, according to Hawkins, and in Turbervile's Poems, printed in 1567, are two elegiac compositions on his decease, one by Turbervile himself, the other by Thomas Twine, the translator of Virgil.¹

"Edwards," writes Collier,² "enjoyed a very high reputation as a dramatic poet, but he seems to have owed much of it to the then comparative novelty of his undertakings." Thomas Twine, in an epitaph upon his death, calls him—

"The flower of our realm
And Phoenix of our age,"

and specifically mentions two of his plays, "Damon and Pythias" and "Palamon and Arcyte," adding, however, that he had written more equally fit for the ears of princes—

"Thy tender Tunes and Rimes
Wherein thou woont'st to play,
Eche princely Dame of Court and Towne,
Shall beare in minde alway
Thy Damon and his Friend,
Arcyte and Palemon,

¹ [Warton's "H. E. P.," by Hazlitt, iv., 215-16.]

² "Annals of the Stage," iii., 1

With moe full fit for princes' eares,
Though thou from earth art gone,
Shall still remain in fame," &c

He is mentioned in Webbe's "Discourse of English Poetry," 1586, and Puttenham, in his "Art of English Poesie," 1589, tells us that the Earl of Oxford (of whose dramatic productions there is no other trace) and Edwards deserve the highest prize for "comedy and interlude; and Lord Buckhurst and Master Edward Ferrys [George Ferrers] for tragedy." Meres, in his "Palladis Tamia," 1598, repeats the applause given by Puttenham, with the omission of the word "interlude," then out of fashion, terming Edwards "one of the best for comedy"

"The earliest notice we have of Edwards as a dramatic poet," continues Collier, "occurs in 1564-5, when a tragedy by him, the name of which is not given, was performed by the children of the chapel, under his direction, before the Queen at Richmond. This might possibly be his 'Damon and Pythias,' termed by Lord Burghley, in the uncertain phraseology of that time, 'a tragedy,' or it might be one of the other dramatic performances of which, according to Twine, Edwards was the author. 'Damon and Pythias,' however, is the only extant specimen of his talents in this department of Poetry." Besides his dramatic productions, Edwards was the author of several poems in "The Paradyse of Daynty Devises" (1576), the *sundry pithie and learned inventions* of which, indeed, are announced in the title to have been "devised and written for the most part by"

M. Edwards, sometime of her Majesties Chapel" Two of these *learned inventions* are given by Ellis, in his "Specimen of Early English Poets," vol. II, and one of them in especial has aroused the enthusiasm of Mr Haslewood by the happiness of the illustration, the facility, elegance, and tenderness of the language, and the exquisite turn of the whole¹ "When he was in extremitie of his sickness," writes Wood, narrating our author's death, "he composed a noted poem, called 'Edwards' Soul Knil' (knell), or the 'Soul Knil of M. Edwards,' which was commended for a good piece In support of this tradition, Anthony quotes Gascoigne, whereas Gascoigne, on the contrary, only refers to the story for the purpose of ridiculing the idea that the 'Knil' was written under any such circumstances"²

Among the Cotton MSS in the British Museum are four poems by Edwards, one of which is addressed to some court beauties of his time,³ one of these also is given by Mr Ellis in his "Specimens" A part of his song "In Commendation of Musick," in the "Paradise of Dainty Devices," is given by Shakespeare, "Romeo and Juliet," act IV, sc. 5 "Where griping grief the hart would wound," &c Ritson mentions "An Epytaphe of the lord of Pembroke" by Mr Edwards (1569-70); but

¹ "British Bibliographer," Introduction to the "Paradise of Dainty Devices," p vi The reader may also be referred to Brydges' "Restituta," I, 367, "Brit Bibl" I, 494, "Censura Literaria," first edit. VII, 350.

² [Warton's "H. E. P.," by Hazlitt," IV, 215]

³ See "Nugæ Antiquæ," vol II, p. 392, ed 1804.

this is merely said to be written by a *Mr Edwardes*, and was not, at any rate, from the pen of the author of "Damon and Pithias."¹

"Among the books of my friend, the late Mr William Collins, of Chichester, now dispersed," writes Warton,² "was a collection of short comic stories, in prose, printed in the black letter, and, in the year 1570, 'Set forth by Maister Richard Edwades, Mayster of Her Maesties Revels' There is a mistake in assigning this office to Edwards, for Sir Thomas Cawarden and Sir Thomas Benger were successively Masters of the Revels in our author's time. However, among these tales was that of the 'Induction of the Tinker' in Shakespeare's 'Taming of the Shrew,' and perhaps," writes Warton, "Edwards' story book was the immediate source from which Shakespeare, or rather, the author of the old 'Taming of the Shrew' drew that diverting apologue"

The drama here repunte from the earliest known edition of 1571,³ collated with that of 1582, may have been the same as the *tragedy* performed before Queen Elizabeth by the children of the chapel at Christmas,

¹ [As to the song of the "Willow Garland," mentioned by Warton as by Edwards, see "H E P" by Hazlitt, iv, 216.]

² "History of English Poetry," by Hazlitt, iv, p. 21 [A writer in the "Shakespeare Society's Papers," vol. II., printed from what he supposed to be a fragment of a later impression of this book the story of the "Waking Man's Dream," which is also to be found narrated in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," 1621.]

³ [See Warton's "H E P" by Hazlitt, iv, 214. Warton is very positive in asserting that the first edition was

1564-5 "Although," writes Collier, "Edwards continued in this play to employ rhymes, he endeavoured to get rid of some part of its monotony, by varying the length of his lines, and by not preserving the cæsura. It was nearly new, at the date when this piece was written, to bring stories from profane history upon the stage. 'Damon and Phythias' was one of the earliest attempts of the kind, and at any other period, and without the Queen's extraordinary commendation, it may at least be doubted whether Edwards would have acquired an equal degree of notoriety."

not in 1571, but in 1570, yet no such edition is at present known. The play, however, having been licensed in 1567 (Collier's "Extr. from Stat Reg" i., 166), it is extremely probable that it was published even before 1570.]

¹ A specimen of the elegy on Edwards by Turbervile printed in the editions of his poems in 1567 and 1570, is here subjoined

"Epitaph on Maister Edwards, sometime Maister of the Children of the Chappell, and Gentleman of Lyncolnes Inne of Court—

"Ye Learned Muses nine, and sacred Sisters all,
Now lay your cheereful Cithrons downe and to lamenting fall
Rent off those garlandes greene, doe laurcl leaves away,
Remove the myrtill from your browes, and stint on strings to play,
For he that led the daunce, the chieftest of your traine,
I meane the man that Edwards height, by cruell death is slaine
Ye courtiers chaunge your cheere, lament in wailfull wise,
For now your Orpheus hath resign'd in clay his Carcas lies
O ruth, he is bereft, that whilst he lived heere,
For Poet's Pen and passing Wit, could haue no English Peere
His vaine in Verse was such, so stately eke his stile,
His feate in forging sugred Songs, with cleane and curious file,
As all the learned Greekes and Romaines would repine,
If they did live againe, to vewe his Verse with scornfull eyne"

THE SPEAKERS' NAMES

ARISTIPPUS, *a Pleasant Gentleman*

CARISOPHUS, *a Parasite*

DAMON, }
PITHIAS, } *Two Gentlemen of Greece*

STEPHANO *Servant to Damon and Pithias*

WILL, *Aristippus' Lackey*

JACK, *Carisophus' Lackey*

SNAP, *the Porter*

DIONYSIUS, *the King*

EUBULUS, *the King's Counsellor*

GRONNO, *the Hangman*

GRIM, *the Collier.*

THE PROLOGUE

ON every side, whereas I glance my roving eye,
Silence in all ears bent I plainly do espy
But if your eager looks do long such toys to see,
As heretofore in comical wise were wont abroad to
 be,
Your lust is lost, and all the pleasures that you
 sought,
Is frustrate quite of toying plays A sudden change
 is wrought .
For lo, our author's muse, that masked in delight,
Hath forc'd his pen against his kind ¹ no more such
 sports to write
Muse he that lust (right worshipful), for chance
 hath made this change,
For that to some he seemed too much in young
 desires to range :
In which, right glad to please, seeing that he did
 offend,
Of all he humbly pardon craves his pen that
 shall amend
And yet (worshipful audience) thus much I dare
 avouch,
In comedies the greatest skill is this, rightly to touch
All things to the quick , and eke to frame each
 person so,
That by his common talk you may his nature
 rightly know .

¹ Nature.

A roister ought not preach^f, that were too strange
to hear,
But as from virtue he doth swerve, so ought his
words appear .
The old man is sober, the young man rash, the
lover triumphing in joys
The matron grave, the harlot wild, and full of
wanton toys
Which all in one course they no wise do agree ,
So correspondent to their kind their speeches ought
to be.
Which speeches well-pronounc'd, with action lively
framed,
If this offend the lookers on, let Horace then be
blamed,
Which hath our author taught at school, from whom
he doth not swerve,
In all such kind of exercise decorum to observe
Thus much for his defence (he saith), as poets earst
have done,
Which heretofore in comedies the self-same race did
run
But now for to be brief, the matter to express,
Which here we shall present, is this · Damon and
Pithias
A rare ensample of friendship true, it is no legend-
lie,
But a thing once done indeed, as histories do des-
cry,
Which done of yore in long time past, yet present
shall be here,
Even as it were in doing now, so lively it shall
appear
Lo, here in Syracuse th' ancient town, which once
the Romans won,
Here Dionysius palace, within whose court this
thing most strange was done

Which matter mix'd with mirth and care, a just
name to apply,
As seems most fit, we have it termed a tragical
comedy
Wherein talking of courtly toys, we do protest
this flat,
We talk of Dionysius court, we mean no court but
that
And that we do so mean, who wisely calleth to mind
The time, the place, the author,¹ here most plainly
shall it find.
Lo, this I speak² for our defence, lest of others we
should be shent .
But, worthy audience, we you pray, take things as
they be meant ,
Whose upright judgment we do crave with heed-
ful ear and eye
To hear the cause and see th' effect of this new
tragical comedy

Authours, first edition

² *Spake*, second

DAMON AND PITHIAS.¹

Here entereth ARISTIPPUS

ARISTIPPUS. Tho' strange (perhaps) it seems to
some,
That I, Aristippus, a courtier am become :
A philosopher of late, not of the meanest name,
But now to the courtly behaviour my life I frame
Muse he that list, to you of good skill,
I say that I am a philosopher still
Loving of wisdom is termed philosophy,²

¹ Although it is obvious that great pains were taken by Mr Reed and others (to say nothing of Dodsley) in the collation of this dramatic piece, yet they left it in a very imperfect state. In the course of it not less than fifty important variations and errors have been detected, consisting of words omitted, and words accidentally inserted, independently of errors of the press, for which of course an editor was not responsible. It is hoped that it will be now found more uniformly correct, although the editor can scarcely flatter himself that the reprint may not be still found defective—*Collier*

² *Philosophie*, both editions. The alteration by Mr Dodsley [But Dodsley does not seem to have perceived that by the change he converted the text into nonsense. The original reads—

“Lovers of wisdom are termed philosophie”

The emendation introduced was suggested by Mr Collier, who remarks] “In the next line the author expressly speaks of *lovyng of wisdom*, as if intending to employ the words he had used before”

Then who is a philosopher so rightly as I?
 For in loving of wisdom proof doth this try,
That frustra sapit, qui non sapit sibi
 I am wise for myself then tell me of troth,
 Is not that great wisdom, as the world go'th?
 Some philosophers in the street go ragged and torn,
 And feed on vile roots, whom boys laugh to scorn
 But I in fine silks haunt Dionysius' palace,
 Wherein with dainty fare myself I do solace
 I can talk of philosophy as well as the best,
 But the strait kind of life I leave to the rest
 And I profess now the courtly philosophy,
 To crouch, to speak fair, myself I apply,
 To feed the king's humour with pleasant devices,
 For which I am called *Regius canis*
 But wot ye who named me first the king's dog?
 It was the rogue Diogenes, that vile grunting hog.
 Let him roll in his tub, to win a vain praise
 In the court pleasantly I will spend all my days,
 Wherein what to do I am not to learn,
 What will serve mine own turn, I can quickly discern
 All my time at school I have not spent vainly,
 I can help one is not that a good point of philosophy?

Here entereth CARISOPHUS

CARISOPHUS I beshrew your fine ears, since you
 came from school,
 In the court you have made many a wise man a
 fool
 And though you paint out your feigned philosophy,
 So God help me, it is but a plain kind of flattery,
 Which you use so finely in so pleasant a sort,
 That none but Aristippus now makes the king
 sport.

Ere you came hither, poor I was somebody,
 The king delighted in me, now I am but a noddy
 ARISTIPPUS In faith, Carisophus, you know
 yourself best,

But I will not call you noddy, but only in jest,
 And thus I assure you, though I came from school
 To serve in this court, I came not yet to be the
 king's fool,

Or to fill his ears with servile squurrility¹
 That office is yours, you know it right perfectly
 Of parasites and sycophants you are a grave²
 bencher,

The king feeds you often from his own trencher,
 I envy not your state, nor yet your great favour,
 Then grudge not at all, if in my behaviour
 I make the king merry with pleasant urbanity,
 Whom I never abused to any man's injury.

CARISOPHUS By Cock, sir, yet in the court you
 do³ best thrive,

For you get more in one day than I do in five.

ARISTIPPUS. Why, man, in the court do you not see
 Rewards given for virtue to every degree?
 To reward the unworthy—that world is done:
 The court is changed, a good thread hath been spun
 Of dog's wool heretofore, and why because it was
 liked,

And not for that it was best trimmed and picked.
 But now men's ears are finer, such gross toys are
 not set by,

Therefore to a trimmer kind of mirth myself I
 apply:

Wherein though I please, it cometh not of my
 desert,

But of the king's favour

¹ [Squurrility]

² *Great*, second edition

³ Omitted in second edition.

CARISOPHUS It may so be; yet in your prosperity
Despise not an old courtier Carisophus is he,
Which hath long time fed Dionysius' humour
Diligently to please still at hand . there was never
rumour
Spread in this¹ town of any small thing, but I
Brought it to the king in post by and by
Yet now I crave your friendship, which if I may
attain,
Most sure and unfeigned friendship I promise you
again
So we two link'd in friendship, brother and brother,
Full well in the court may help one another
ARISTIPPUS By'r Lady, Carisophus, though you
know not philosophy,
Yet surely you are a better courtier than I .
And yet I not so evil a courtier, that will seem to
despise
Such an old courtier as you, so expert and so wise
But where as you crave mine, and offer your friendship
so willingly,
With heart I give you thanks for this your great
courtesy
Assuring of friendship both with tooth and nail,
Whiles life lasteth, never to fail.
CARISOPHUS. A thousand thanks I give you, O
friend Aristippus
ARISTIPPUS O friend Carisophus.
CARISOPHUS How joyful am I, sith I have to
friend Aristippus now?
ARISTIPPUS None so glad of Carisophus' friendship
as I, I make God a vow,
I speak as I think, believe me

¹ *The*, second edition.

CARISOPHUS. Sith we are now so friendly joined,
it seemeth to me,

That one of us help each other in every degree
Prefer you my cause, when you are in presence,
To further your matters to the king let me alone
in your absence

ARISTIPPUS Friend Carisophus, this shall be
done as you would wish

But I pray you tell me thus much by the way,
Whither now from this place will you take your
journey?

CARISOPHUS. I will not dissemble, that were
against friendship,

I go into the city some knaves to nip
For talk, with their goods to increase the king's
treasure,

In such kind of service I set my chief pleasure :
Farewell, friend¹ Aristippus, now for a time [*Exit*

ARISTIPPUS Adieu, friend Carisophus—In good
faith now,

Of force I must laugh at this solemn vow
Is Aristippus link'd in friendship with Carisophus ?
Quid cum tanto asino talis philosophus ?

They say, *Morum similitudo consuevit*² *amicitias* ;
Then how can this friendship between us two come
to pass ?

We are as like in condition as Jack Fletcher and
his bolt,³

¹ Omitted in second edition

² [The original has *consultat*]

³ A *Fletcher* is a maker of arrows, from *fleche* an arrow,
Fr The *Fletcher's* Company had several charters granted
to them, though at present, I believe, they have only a no-
minal existence. Aristippus means to say, that he differs
as much in disposition from *Carisophus*, as Jack the *arrow-
smith* varies in quality from a *bolt* or *arrow* of his own
making—S.

I brought up in learning, but he is a very dolt
 As touching good letters, but otherwise such a
 crafty knave,

If you seek a whole region, his like you cannot
 have

A villain for his life, a varlet dyed in grain,
 You lose money by him, if you sell him for one
 knave,¹ for he serves for twain.

A flattering parasite, a sycophant also,
 A common accuser of men, to the good an open
 foe

Of half a word he can make a legend of lies,
 Which he will avouch with such tragical cries,
 As though all were true that comes out of his mouth
 Whereas indeed, to be hanged by and by,²
 He cannot tell one tale, but twice he must lie
 He spareth no man's life to get the king's favour,
 In which kind of service he hath got such a
 savour,³

That he will never leave Methink then that I
 Have done very wisely to join in friendship with
 him, lest perhaps I

Coming in his way might be nipp'd, for such knaves
 in presence

¹ So, in [Fulwell's] "Leke [will] to Leke, quoth the Devil
 to the Collier" [1568].

"There thou mayst be called a knave in grane,
 And where knaves be scant thou mayst go for twayne"

See a note on "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," vol. 1
 edition 1778, p 176 —S

² i e, If he were hanged for it, he could not tell one tale
 without telling two lies Yet Mr Collier would change
where to *where he*

³ This whole line is omitted in the later of the two old
 copies, and as Mr Reed and his friend remarked in their
 notes sometimes even the variation of letters, it is singular
 that they should have passed over this circumstance without
 observation —*Collier*.

We see oft times put honest men to silence .
 Yet I have played with his beard in knitting this
 knot,
 I promis'd friendship , but, you love few words—
 I spake it, but I meant it not ¹
 Who marks this friendship between us two
 Shall judge of the worldly friendship without any
 more ado
 It may be a right pattern ² thereof, but true friend-
 ship indeed
 Of nought but of virtue doth truly proceed
 But why do I now enter into philosophy,
 Which do profess the fine kind of courtesy ?
 I will hence to the court with all haste I may ,
 I think the king be stirring, it is now bright day.
 To wait at a pinch still in sight I mean,
 For wot ye what ? a new broom sweeps clean ³
 As to high honour I mind not to climb,
 So I mean in the court to lose no time
 Wherein, happy man be his dole,⁴ I trust that I
 Shall not speed worst, and that very quickly.

[Exit

¹ *Meane*, second edition.

² Ed 1571 has *patron*

³ This was proverbial See [Hazlitt's] "Collection of Proverbs," p 291

⁴ A proverbial expression often found in ancient writers. Heywood has it "Happy man, happy *dole*" See Dyce's Glossary to his second edition of Shakespeare, p 201 *Dole*, Mr Steevens observes (Notes to "The Taming of the Shrew," act 1, sc 1), is any thing dealt out or distributed, though its original meaning was the provision given away at the doors of great men's houses It is generally written *be his dole*, though Ray, p. 116, gives it as in the second 4to *by his dole* Shakespeare also uses the phrase in "The Merry Wives of Windsor"

Again, in "Hudibras," p. 1, c 3, l 637—

"Let us that are unhurt and whole.
 Fall on, and *happy man be s dole*"

Here entereth DAMON and PITHIAS like mariners

DAMON O Neptune, immortal be thy praise,
For that so safe from Greece we have pass'd the seas
To this noble city Syracuse, where we
The ancient reign of the Romans may see
Whose force Greece also heretofore hath known,
Whose virtue the shrill trump of fame so far hath
blown

PITHIAS My Damon, of right high praise we
ought to give
To Neptune and all the gods, that we safely did
arrive
The seas, I think, with contrary winds never
raged so,
I am even yet so seasick, that I faint as I go,
Therefore let us get some lodging quickly.
But where is Stephano?

Here entereth STEPHANO

STEPHANO Not far hence · a pox take these
mariner-knaves,
Not one would help me to carry this stuff, such
drunken slaves

I think be accursed of the gods' own mouths

DAMON Stephano, leave thy raging, and let us
enter Syracuse,
We will provide lodging, and thou shalt be eased
of thy burden by and by

STEPHANO Good master, make haste, for I tell
you plain,
This heavy burden puts poor Stephano to much
pain.

PITHIAS Come on thy ways, thou shalt be eased,
and that anon. [*Exeunt*.]

Here entereth CARISOPHUS

CARISOPHUS It is a true saying, that oft hath
been spoken,
The pitcher goeth so long to the water, that it¹
cometh home broken
My own proof this hath taught me, for truly, sith I
In the city have used to walk very slyly
Not with one can I meet, that will in talk join
with me,
And to creep into men's bosoms,² some talk for to
snatch,
But which, into one trip or other, I might timely
them catch,
And so accuse them—now, not with one can I
meet,
That will join in talk with me, I am shunn'd like
a devil in the street
My credit is crack'd, where I am known, but I
hear say,
Certain strangers are arrived they were a good
prey,
If happily I might meet with them, I fear not, I,
But in talk I should trip them, and that very
finely
Which thing, I assure you, I do for mine own
gain,
Or else I would not plod thus up and down, I tell
you plain
Well, I will for a while to the court, to see
What Aristippus doth, I would be loth in favour
he should overrun me,
He is a subtle child, he flattereth so finely, that I
fear me

¹ *He*, first edition.² *Bosome*, second edition

He will lick the fat from my lips, and so out-
wear¹ me
Therefore I will not be long absent, but at hand,
That all his fine drifts I may understand [Exit

Here entereth WILL and JACK

WILL I wonder what my master Aristippus
means now-a-days,
That he leaveth philosophy, and seeks² to please
King Dionysius with such merry toys
In Dionysius' court now he only joys,
As trim a courtier as the best,
Ready to answer, quick in taunts, pleasant to jest,
A lusty companion to devise with fine dames,
Whose humour to feed his wily wit he frames
JACK By Cock, as you say, your master is a
minion.
A foul coil he keeps in this court, Aristippus
alone
Now rules the roost with his pleasant devices,
That I fear he will put out of conceit my master
Carisophus.

WILL Fear not that, Jack, for, like brother
and brother,
They are knit in true friendship the one with the
other,
They are fellows, you know, and honest men both,
Therefore the one to hinder the other they will be
loth

JACK Yea, but I have heard say there is false-
hood in fellowship,
In the court sometimes one gives another finely
the slip.

¹ Original. *outwery*.

² *Seeketh*, second edition.

Which when it is spied, it is laugh'd out with a
scoff,¹

And with sporting and playing quickly² shaken off.
In which kind of toying thy master hath such a
grace,

That he will never blush, he hath a wooden face
But, Will, my master hath bees in his head,
If he find me here prating, I am but dead.
He is still trotting in the city, there is somewhat
in the wind,

His looks bewray his inward troubled mind
Therefore I will be packing to the court by and by,
If he be once angry, Jack shall cry, woe the pie!

WILL By'r Lady, if I tarry long here, of the
same sauce shall I taste,

For my master sent me on an errand, and bad
me make haste,

Therefore we will depart together [Exeunt

Here enters STEPHANO.

STEPHANO Ofttimes I have heard, before I
came hither,

That no man can serve two masters together;
A sentence so true, as most men do take it,
At any time false that no man can make it.

And yet by their leave, that first have it spoken,
How that may prove false, even here I will open:

For I, Stephano, lo, so named by my father,
At this time serve two masters together,

And love them alike the one and the other
I duly obey, I can do no other

A bondman I am, so nature hath wrought me,
One Damon of Greece, a gentleman, bought me.
To him I stand bound, yet serve I another,

¹ *Grace*, second edition.

² *Quietly*, first edition.

Whom Damon my master loves as his own
brother

A gentleman too, and Pithias he is named,
Fraught with virtue, whom vice never defamed
These two, since at school they fell acquainted,
In mutual friendship at no time have fainted
But loved so kindly and friendly each other,
As though they were brothers by father and
mother.

Pythagoras learning these two have embraced,
Which both are in virtue so narrowly laced,
That all their whole doings do fall to this issue,
To have no respect but only to virtue :
All one in effect, all one in their going,
All one in their study, all one in their doing.
These gentlemen both, being of one condition
Both alike of my service have all the fruition .
Pithias is joyful, if Damon be pleased
If Pithias is served, then Damon is eased.
Serve one, serve both (so near¹), who would win
them

I think they have but one heart between them
In travelling countries we three have contrived ²
Full many a year, and this day arrived
At Syracuse in Sicilia, that ancient town,
Where my masters are lodged , and I up and down
Go seeking to learn what news here are walking,
To hark of what things the people are talking

¹ [*i.e.*, So near *are they*]

² To *contrive* in this place signifies to wear away, to spend, from *contero*, Lat So in Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew," act 1, sc 2—

"Please you we many *contrive* this afternoon "

Totum hunc *contrivi* diem —S See also the Notes of Dr Warburton and Dr Johnson on the above line in Shakespeare

I like not this soil, for as I go plodding,
 I mark there two, there three, their heads always
 nodding,
 In close secret wise, still whispering together
 If I ask any question, no man doth answer
 But shaking their heads, they go their ways
 speaking.
 I mark how with tears their wet eyes are leaking
 Some strangeness there is, that breedeth this mus-
 ang
 Well, I will to my masters, and tell of their using,
 That they may learn, and walk wisely together
 I fear we shall curse the time we came hither
[Exit

Here entereth ARISTIPPUS and WILL

ARISTIPPUS Will, didst thou hear the ladies so
 talk of me ?
 What aileth them ? from their nips¹ shall I never
 be free ?
 WILL Good faith, sir, all the ladies in the court
 do plainly report,
 That without mention of them you can make no
 sport :
 They are your plain-song to sing descant upon,²
 If they were not, your mirth were gone
 Therefore, master, jest no more with women in any
 wise,
 If you do, by Cock, you are like to know the price
 ARISTIPPUS By'r Lady, Will, this is good coun-
 sel plainly to jest

¹ Taunts or sarcasms See Johnson — *N*

² *Plain-song* is *planus cantus*, uniform modulation *Descant* is musical paraphrase See a Note on "The Midsummer Night's Dream," vol. iii, p. 63, and another on "King Richard III." vol. vii., p. 6, edit 1778.—*S*.

Of women, proof hath taught me is not the best
I will change my copy, howbeit I care not a quinch,¹
I know the gall'd horse will soonest winch :
But learn thou secretly how privily they talk
Of me in the court . among them slyly walk,
And bring me true news thereof

WILL I will, sir master, thereof-have no doubt,
for I

Where they talk of you will inform you perfectly
ARISTIPPUS Do so, my boy if thou bring it
finely to pass,
For thy good service thou shalt go in thine old coat
at Christmas [Exeunt.

Enter DAMON, PITHIAS, STEPHANO

DAMON Stephano, is all this true that thou hast
told me ?

STEPHANO Sir, for lies hitherto ye never con-
troll'd me

O, that we had never set foot on this land,
Where Dionysius reigns with so bloody a hand !
Every day he showeth some token of cruelty,
With blood he hath filled all the strêets in the city.
I tremble to hear the people's murmuring,
I lament to see his most cruel dealing
I think there is no such tyrant under the sun.
O, my dear masters, this morning what hath he
done !

DAMON. What is that ? tell us quickly.

STEPHANO As I this morning pass'd in the street.
With a woful man (going to his death) did I meet,

¹ Spenser has this word which, as Dr Johnson observes, appears to be the same as *winch* It should seem to be expressive of some slight degree of pain, and in this instance to mean the same as if the speaker had said, I care not a *fillip*—S

Many people followed, and I of one secretly
Asked the cause, why he was condemned to die ?
[Who] whispered in mine ear, nought hath he done
but thus,
In his sleep he dreamed he had killed Dionysius ¹
Which dream told abroad, was brought to the king
in post,
By whom, condemned for suspicion, his life he
hath lost
Marcia was his name, as the people said.

PITHIAS My dear friend Damon, I blame not
Stephano

For wishing we had not come hither, seeing it is so,
That for so small cause such cruel death doth ensue

DAMON My Pithias, where tyrants reign, such
cases are not new,

Which fearing their own state for great cruelty,²
To sit fast as they think, do execute speedily
All such as any light suspicion have tainted

STEPHANO (*aside*) With such quick carvers I
list not be acquainted

DAMON. So are they never in quiet, but in
suspicion still,
When one is made away, they take occasion
another to kill

¹ Dionysius the tyrant is said to have punished with death one of his subjects for dreaming he had killed him. This was hardly more iniquitous than the execution of the gentleman, who having a white deer in his park, which was killed by Edward the Fourth, wished the deer, horns and all, in the belly of him that counselled the king to kill it, *whereas in truth no man counselled the king to it* or than the attainder and execution of Algernon Sydney, on the evidence of private and unpublished papers, without any proof, or even a suggestion, of their intended publication."—*Principles of Penal Law*, c 11

² *With cruelty*, second edition

Ever in fear, having no trusty friend, void of all
 peoples' love,

And in their own conscience a continual hell they
prove

PITHIAS As things by their contraries are
always best proved,

How happy then are merciful princes, of their
people beloved !

Having sure friends everywhere, no fear doth
touch them

They may safely spend the day pleasantly, at
night *securè dormiunt in utramque aurem*,

O my Damon, if choice were offered me, I would
choose to be Pithias,

As I am Damon's friend, rather than to be king
Dionysius

STEPHANO And good cause why ; for you are
entirely beloved of one,

And as far as I hear, Dionysius is beloved of
none.

DAMON That state is most miserable , thrice
happy are we,

Whom true love hath joined in perfect amity

Which amity first sprung—without vaunting be it
spoken, that is true—

Of likeness of manners, took root by company,
and now is conserved by virtue ;

Which virtue always though¹ worldly things do
not frame,

Yet doth she achieve to her followers immortal
fame

Whereof if men were careful for virtue's sake only,
They would honour friendship, and not for com-
modity

But such as for profit in friendship do link,

¹ *Through*, both editions. The alteration by Mr Dodsley

When storms come, they slide away sooner than a man will think.

My Pithias, the sum of my talk falls to this issue,
To prove no friendship is sure, but that which is grounded on virtue

PITHIAS My Damon, of this thing there needs no proof to me,
The gods forbid, but that Pithias with Damon in all things should agree

For why is it said, *Amicus alter ipse*,
But that true friends should be two in body, but one in mind?

As it were transformed into another, which against kind

Though it seem, yet in good faith, when I am alone,

I forget I am Pithias, methink I am Damon

STEPHANO That could I never do, to forget myself, full well I know,

Wheresoever I go, that I am *pauper* Stephano.

But I pray you, sir, for all your philosophy,

See that in this court you walk very wisely

You are but newly come hither, being strangers, ye know,

Many eyes are bent on you, in the streets as ye go.
Many spies are abroad, you can not be too circumspect

DAMON Stephano, because thou art careful of me, thy master, I do thee praise,

Yet think this for a surety no state to displease
By talk or otherwise my friend and I intend we will here,

As men that come to see the soil and manners of all men of every degree

Pythagoras said, that this world was like a stage,¹

¹ *Is lyke unto a stage*, second edition.

Whereon many play their parts the lookers-on,
the sage

Philosophers are, saith he, whose part is to learn
The manners of all nations, and the good from the
bad to discern

STEPHANO Good faith, sir, concerning the people
they are not gay,
And as far as I see, they be
they say,

For the most part, whatsoever you ask them
The soil is such, that to live here I cannot like

DAMON Thou speakest according to thy learn-
ing, but I say,

Omne solum forti patria,¹ a wise man may live
everywhere,

Therefore, my dear friend Pithias,
Let us view this town in every place,
And then consider the people's manners also

PITHIAS As you will, my Damon, but how say
you, Stephano?
Is it not best, ere we go further, to take some
repat?

STEPHANO In faith, I like this question, sir for
all your haste,
To eat somewhat I pray you think it no folly;
It is high dinner time, I know by my belly

DAMON Then let us to our lodging depart when
dinner is done,
We will view this city as we have begun [*Exeunt*

Here entereth CARISOPHUS

CARISOPHUS Once again in hope of good wind,
I hoise up my sail,

¹ This sentence stands in the old copies, *Omnis solum fortis patria* — Collier. [But Mr Collier printed *patriæ*]

I go into the city to find some prey for mine avail
I hunger while I may see these strangers that lately
Arrived I were safe, if once I might meet them
happily

Let them bask that lust at this kind of gain,
He is a fool that for his profit will not pain
Though it be joined with other men's hurt, I care
not at all

For profit I will accuse any man, hap what shall
But soft, sirs, I pray you hush : what are they that
comes here ?

By their apparel and countenance some strangers
they appear.

I will shroud myself secretly, even here for a while,
To hear all their talk, that I may them beguile.

Here entereth DAMON and STEPHANO

STEPHANO A short horse soon curried¹, my
belly waxeth thinner,
I am as hungry now, as when I went to dinner -
Your philosophical diet is so fine and small,
That you may eat your dinner and supper at once,
and not surfeit at all

DAMON Stephano, much meat breeds heaviness
thin diet makes thee light.

STEPHANO I may be lighter thereby, but I shall
never run the faster

DAMON I have had sufficiently discourse of amity,
Which I had at dinner with Pithias, and his
pleasant company
Hath fully satisfied me . it doth me good to feed
mine eyes on him

STEPHANO Course or discourse, your course is
very coarse, for all your talk,

¹ See [Hazlitt's] "Proverbs," p [336]

You had but one bare course, and that was pick,
rise, and walk

And surely, for all your talk of philosophy,
I never heard that a man with words could fill his
belly

Feed your eyes, quoth you? the reason from my
wisdom swerveth,

I stared on you both, and yet my belly starveth

DAMON Ah, Stephano, small diet maketh a fine
memory

STEPHANO I care not for your crafty sophistry,
You two are fine, let me be fed like a gross knave.
still,

I pray you licence me for a while to have my
will,

At home to tarry, whiles you take view of this
city!

To find some odd victuals in a corner I am very
witty.

DAMON At your pleasure, sir. I will wait on
myself this day,

Yet attend upon Pithias, which for a purpose
tarrieth at home.

So doing, you wait upon me also

STEPHANO With wings on my feet I go [*Exit*

DAMON Not in vain the poet saith, *Naturam
furcâ expellas, tamen usque recurret,*

For train up a bondman never to so good a be-
haviour,

Yet in some point of servility he will savour

As this Stephano, trusty to me his master, loving
and kind,

Yet touching his belly a very bondman I him find

He is to be borne withal, being so just and true,
I assure you, I would not change him for no
new.

But methinks this is a pleasant city,

The seat is good,¹ and yet not strong, and that is great pity.

CARISOPHUS (*aside*) I am safe he is mine own

DAMON The air subtle and fine, the people should be witty,

That dwell under this climate in so pure a region

A trimmer plat I have not seen in my peregrination

Nothing misliketh me in this country,

But that I heard such muttering of cruelty

Fame reporteth strange things of Dionysius,

But kings' matters passing our reach, pertain not to us

CARISOPHUS Dionysius quoth you? since the world began,

In Sicilia never reigned so cruel a man

A despitetul tyrant to all men, I marvel, I,

That none makes him away, and that suddenly.

DAMON My friend, the gods forbid so cruel a thing

That any man should lift up his sword against the king

Or seek other means by death him to prevent,

Whom to rule on earth the mighty gods have sent

But, my friend, leave off this talk of King

Dionysius

CARISOPHUS Why, sir? he cannot hear us.

DAMON What then? *An nescis longas regibus esse manus?*

It is no safe talking of them that strikes afar off

But leaving kings' matters, I pray you show me this courtesy,

¹ The *seat* means the *situation*. See, in Dr Johnson's Dictionary, instances of it from Raleigh, Hayward, Bacon, and B Jonson —*N*

So Duncan, in "Macbeth," says—

"This castle hath a pleasant *seat*"

To describe in few words the state of this city
 A traveller I am, desirous to know
 The state of each country, wherever I go.
 Not to the hurt of any state, but to get experience
 thereby

It is not for nought, that the poet doth cry,
Dic mihi musa virum, captæ post tempora Trojæ,
*Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes*¹

In which verses, as some writers do scan,
 The poet describeth a perfect wise man
 Even so I, being a stranger, addicted to philosophy,
 To see the state of countries myself I apply

CARISOPHUS Sir, I like this intent, but may I
 ask your name without scorn?

DAMON. My name is Damon, well known in my
 country, a gentleman born

CARISOPHUS You do wisely to search the state
 of each country

To bear intelligence thereof, whither you lust He
 is a spy, [Aside]

Sir, I pray you, have patience awhile, for I have to
 do hereby:

View this weak part of this city-as you stand, and
 I very quickly

Will return to you again, and then will I show
 The state of all this country, and of the court also.

DAMON. I thank you for your courtesies. [Exit
 Caris] This chanceth well, that I

Met with this gentleman so happily,
 Which, as it seemeth, misliketh something,
 Else he would not talk so boldly of the king,

¹ This quotation is given as follows in both the old
 copies—

*"Dic mihi musa virum captæ post tempora Trojæ,
 Multorum homines mores qui vidit et urbes."*

Query—Was it meant by the author that Damon should
 misquote?—*Collier*. [Surely not]

And that to a stranger but lo, where he comes in
haste

Here entereth CARISOPHUS and SNAP

CARISOPHUS This is the¹ fellow Snap, snap
him up away with him

SNAP Good fellow, thou must go with me to the
court

DAMON To the court, sir? and why?

CARISOPHUS Well, we will dispute that before
the king Away with him quickly

DAMON Is this the courtesy you promised me,
and that very lately?

CARISOPHUS Away with him, I say

DAMON Use no violence, I will go with you
quietly [Ereunt omnes.

Here entereth ARISTIPPUS

ARISTIPPUS Ah, snrah, by'i Lady, Aristippus
likes Dionysius' court very well,

Which in passing joys and pleasures doth excel
Where he hath *dapsiles cœnas, geniales lectos, et auro
Fulgentem tyranni zonam*²

I have plied the harvest, and stroke when the iron
was hot,

When I spied my time, I was not squeamish to
crave, God wot¹

But with some pleasant toy³ I crept into the king's
bosom,

¹ *This is he*, &c first edition

² *e. e.* Plentiful suppers, luxurious couches, and the king's
purse full of gold at command. [In the original this is
printed so as to be absolute nonsense]

Aristippus was not intended for a blunderer.—S.

³ *Tyoe*, first edition

For which Dionysius gave me *Auri talentum magnum*—

A large reward for so simple services

What, then? the king's praise standeth chiefly in bountifulness

Which thing though I told the king very pleasantly,

Yet can I prove it by good writers of great antiquity

But that shall not need at this time, since that I have abundantly.

When I lack hereafter, I will use this point, of philosophy

But now, whereas I have felt the king's liberality,

As princely as it came, I will spend it as regally.

Money is current, men say, and current comes of *Currendo*

Then will I make money run, as his nature requireth, I trow.

For what becomes a philosopher best,

But to despise money above the rest?

And yet not so despise it, but to have in store

Enough to serve his own turn, and somewhat more

With sundry sports and taunts yesternight I delighted the king,

That with his loud laughter the whole court did ring,

And I thought he laugh'd not merrier than I, when I got this money.

But, mumbudget,¹ for Carisophus I espy

In haste to come hither. I must handle the knave finely

¹ A cant term for be silent; *mum* and *budget* are the words made use of by Slender and Ann Page in "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

Here entereth CARISOPHUS

O Carisophus, my dearest friend, my trusty companion !

What news with you? where have you been so long?

CARISOPHUS My best beloved friend Aristippus,
I am come at last ,

I have not spent all my time in waste

I have got a prey, and that a good one, I trow.

ARISTIPPUS What prey is that? fain would I know

CARISOPHUS Such a crafty spy I have caught, I
dare say,

As never was in Sicilia before this day ,

Such a one as viewed every weak place in the city,
Suiwiewed the haven and each bulwark in talk
very witty

And yet by some words himself he did bewray

ARISTIPPUS I think so in good faith, as you did
handle him

CARISOPHUS I handled him clerkly, I joined in
talk with him courteously

But when we were entered, I let him speak his
will, and I

Suck'd out thus much of his words, that I made him
say plainly,

He was come hither to know the state of the city ,
And not only this, but that he would understand

The state of Dionysius' court and of the whole land
Which words when I heard, I desired him to stay,
Till I had done a little business of the way

Promising him to return again quickly, and so
did convey

Myself to the court for Snap the tipstaff, which
came and upsnatched him,

Brought him to the court, and in the porter's
lodge dispatched him,

After I ran to Dionysius, as fast as I could,
And bewrayed this matter to him, which I have
you told,

Which thing when he heard, being very merly
before,

He suddenly fell in dump, and foaming like a boar,
At last he swore in great rage, that he should die
By the sword or the wheel, and that very shortly
I am too shamefast for my travail and toil

I crave nothing of Dionysius, but only his spoil
Little hath he about him, but a few motheaten
crowns of gold,

Ch a pouch'd them up already, they are sure in hold.

And now I go into the city, to say sooth,

To see what he hath at his lodging to make up
my mouth.¹

ARISTIPPUS My Carisophus, you have done
good service, But what is the spy's name?

CARISOPHUS He is called Damon, born in
Greece, from whence lately he came.

ARISTIPPUS By my troth, I will go see him,
and speak with him too, if I may.

CARISOPHUS Do so, I pray you; but yet by the
way,

As occasion serveth, commend my service to the
king

ARISTIPPUS. *Dictum sapienti sat est.* friend

Carisophus, shall I forget that thing?

No, I warrant you though I say little to your face,
I will lay on with my mouth for you to Dionysius,²
when I am in place

¹ [To make up his plunder or prize-money From the
old French *bouge*]

² The first edition reads—

“I wyll lay *one mouth* for you to Dionysius,” &c,
which was altered in the second edition as it stands in the
text.—*Collier*

[*Aside*] If I speak one word for such a knave,
hang me

[*Exit.*

CARISOPHUS Our fine philosopher, our trim
learned elf,

Is gone to see as false a spy as himself
Damon smatters as well as he of crafty philosophy,
And can turn cat in the pan¹ very prettily :
But Carisophus hath given him such a mighty
check,

As I think in the end will break his neck
What care I for that ? why would² he then pry,
And learn the secret estate of our country and city ?
He is but a stranger, by his fall let others be wise,
I care not who fall, so that I may rise
As for fine Aristippus, I will keep in with him,
He is a shrewd fool to deal withal, he can swim,
And yet by my troth, to speak my conscience plainly,
I will use his friendship to mine own commodity³

¹ A proverbial expression, of which it is difficult to give a satisfactory explanation, though the meaning of it is sufficiently obvious. A gentleman, who formerly wrote in *The Gentleman's Magazine* under a feigned name, supposes the word *cat* should be changed to *cate*; "an old word for a *cake* or other *aumalotte* which being usually *fried*, and consequently *turn'd in the pan*, does therefore very aptly express the changing of sides in politics or religion, or, as we otherwise say, *the turning one's coat* *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1754, p. 66. Another writer, however, gives the following [very absurd] explanation of it — "*Captain*, to turn *captain*, from a people called *Catapani*, in *Calabria* and *Apulia*, who got an ill name by reason of their perfidy, very falsely by us called *Cat in pan*"—*Ibid.* p. 172

² *Should*, second edition

³ *Commodity* is interest. So in the former part of this play, p. 198—

"They would honour friendship, and not for *commodity*."

and see "King John," act II, sc. 2—

"*Commodity*, the bias of the world"

While Dionysius favoureth him, Aristippus shall
be mine,

But if the king once frown on him, then good
night, Tomalin

He shall be as strange, as though I never saw him
before

But I tarry too long, I will prate no more

Jack, come away

JACK At hand, sir

CARISOPHUS At Damon's lodging, if that you
see

Any stir to arise, be still at hand by me

Rather than I will lose the spoil, I will blade¹ it
out

[*Exeunt.*]

Here entereth PITHIAS and STEPHANO

PITHIAS What strange news are these ! ah, my
Stephano,

Is my Damon in prison, as the voice doth go ?

STEPHANO. It is true, O cruel hap ! he is taken
for a spy,

And as they say, by Dionysius' own mouth con-
demned to die

PITHIAS To die ! Alas ! For what cause ?

STEPHANO A sycophant falsely accused him
other cause there is none

But, O Jupiter, of all wrongs the revenger,

Seest thou this injustice, and wilt thou stay any
longer

From heaven to send down thy hot consuming fire,

To destroy the workers of wrong, which provoke
thy just ire ?

Alas ! Master Pithias, what shall we do,

¹ [A rare word in this sense, for it appears to stand for
blab]

Being in a strange country, void of friends and acquaintance too ?

Ah, poor Stephano, hast thou lived to see this day,
To see thy true master unjustly made away ?

PITHIAS Stephano, seeing the matter is come to this extremity,

Let us make virtue our friend of mere necessity.

Run thou to the court, and understand secretly

As much as thou canst of Damon's cause, and I

Will make some means to entreat Aristippus

He can do much, as I hear, with King Dionysius

STEPHANO I am gone, sir Ah, I would to God
my travail and pain

Might restore my master to his liberty again !

PITHIAS Ah woful Pithias ! sith now I am alone,

What way shall I first begin to make my moan ?

What words shall I find apt for my complaint ?

Damon, my friend, my joy, my life, is in peril Of
force I must now faint

But, O music, as in joyful times¹ thy merry notes
did borrow,

So now lend me thy yearnful tunes to utter my
sorrow

Here PITHIAS sings and the regals² play

Awake, ye woful wights,

That long have wept in woe.

Resign to me your plaints and tears,

My hapless hap to show

¹ [Original reads *tunes* The emendation was first suggested by Mr Collier]

² Regale sorta di strumento simile all' organo, maminore —Baretti *Dizion Ital. ed Ing* Bacon distinguishes between the *regal* and the organ in a manner which shows them to be instruments of the same class. "The sounds that produce tones are ever from such bodies as have their parts

*My woe no tongue can tell,
 No pen can well descry
 O, what a death is this to hear,
 Damon my friend must die !*

*The loss of worldly wealth
 Man's wisdom may restore,
 And physic hath provided too
 A salve for every sore
 But my true friend once lost,
 No art can well supply
 Then, what a death is this to hear,
 Damon my friend must die !*

*My mouth, refuse the food,
 That should my limbs sustain
 Let sorrow sink into my breast,
 And ransack every vein .
 Ye Furies, all at once
 On me your torments try .
 Why should I live, since that I hear ¹
 Damon my friend must ² die !*

*Gripe me, you greedy grief
 And present pangs of death,
 You sisters three, with cruel hands
 With speed come ³ stop my breath*

and pores equal, as are nightingale pipes of regals or organs"—*Nat Hist* cent 11, sec 102 But, notwithstanding these authorities, the appellative *regal* has given great trouble to the lexicographer, whose sentiments with regard to its signification are collected and brought into one point of view by Sir John Hawkins, in his "History of Music," vol 11, p 448, from whence this note is extracted See also a note by the Hon Daines Barrington to "Hamlet," act 111, sc. 2, in the edition of Shakspeare, 1773, omitted in that of 1778

¹ *Seeing*, second edit.

² *Should*, first edit

³ *Now*, first edit.

*Shine me in clay alive,
Some good man stop mine eye
O death, come now, seeing I hear
Damon my friend must die*

He speaketh thus after the song.

In vain I call for death, which heareth not my complaint
But what wisdom is this, in such extremity to faint?
Multum juvat in re mala animus bonus
I will to the court myself, to make friends, and that presently
I will never forsake my friend in time of misery—
But do I see Stephano amazed hither to run?

Here entereth STEPHANO

STEPHANO O Pithias, Pithias, we are all undone!
Mine own ears have sucked in mine own sorrow,
I heard Dionysius swear, that Damon should die to-morrow

PITHIAS How camest thou so near the presence of the king,
That thou mightest hear Dionysius speak this thing?

STEPHANO By friendship I gat into the court,
where in great audience
I heard Dionysius with his own mouth give this cruel sentence
By these express words . that Damon the Greek,
that crafty spy,
Without further judgment to-morrow should die
Believe me, Pithias, with these ears I heard it myself

PITHIAS. Then how near is my death also! Ah,
woe is me!
Ah my Damon, another myself, shall I forego thee?

STEPHANO. Sir, there is no time of lamenting now : it behoveth us
To make means to them which can do much with
Dionysius,
That he be not made away, ere his cause be fully
heard ; for we see
By evil report things be made to princes far worse
than they be.
But lo, yonder cometh Aristippus, in great favour
with king Dionysius,
Entreat him to speak a good word to the king for
us,
And in the mean season I will to your lodging to
see all things safe there.
PITHIAS. To that I agree : but let us slip aside
his talk to hear.

Here entereth ARISTIPPUS.

ARISTIPPUS. Here is a sudden change indeed, a
strange metamorphosis,
This court is clean altered : who would have
thought this ?
Dionysius, of late so pleasant and merry,
Is quite changed now into such melancholy,
That nothing can please him : he walketh up and
down,
Fretting and chaffing, on every man he doth
frown ;
In so much that, when I in pleasant words began
to play,
So sternly he frowned on me, and knit me up so
short,
I perceive it is no safe playing with lions, but when
it please them ;
If you claw where it itch not, you shall disease
them,

And so perhaps get a clap , mine own proof taught
me this,
That it is very good to be merry and wise
The only cause of this huily-buily is Carisophus,
that wicked man,
Which lately took Damon for a spy, a poor gentle-
man,
And hath incensed the king against him so despite-
fully,
That Dionysius hath judged him to-morrow to
die
I have talk'd with Damon, whom though in words
I found very witty,
Yet was he more curious than wise in viewing this
city
But truly, for aught I can learn, there is no cause
why
So suddenly and cruelly he should be condemned
to die
Howsoever it be, this is the short and long,
I dare not gainsay the king, be it right or wrong
I am sorry, and that is all I may or can do in this
case
Nought availeth persuasion, where forward opinion
taketh place

PITHIAS Sir, if humble suits you would not
despise,
Then bow on ¹ me your pitiful eyes
My name is Pithias, in Greece well known,
A perfect friend to that woful Damon,
Which now a poor captive in this court doth lie,
By the king's own mouth, as I hear, condemned to
die ,
For whom I crave your mastership's goodness,
To stand his friend in this his great distress

¹ *Unto*, second edit

Nought hath he done worthy of death ; but very fondly,

Being a stranger, he viewed this city :

For no evil practices, but to feed his eyes.

But seeing Dionysius is informed otherwise,

My suit is to you, when you see time and place,
To assuage the king's anger, and to purchase his
grace :

In which doing you shall not do good to one only,
But you shall further two,¹ and that fully.

ARISTIPPUS. My friend, in this case I can do
you no pleasure.

PITHIAS. Sir, you serve in the court, as fame
doth tell.

ARISTIPPUS. I am of the court indeed, but none
of the council.

PITHIAS. As I hear, none is in greater favour
with the king, than you at this day.

ARISTIPPUS. The more in favour, the less I dare
say.

PITHIAS. It is a courtier's praise to help strangers
in misery.

ARISTIPPUS. To help another, and hurt myself,
it is an evil point of courtesy.

PITHIAS. You shall not hurt yourself to speak
for the innocent.

ARISTIPPUS. He is not innocent, whom the king
judgeth nocent.

PITHIAS. Why, sir, do you think this matter past
all remedy ?

ARISTIPPUS. So far past, that Dionysius hath
sworn, Damon to-morrow shall die.

PITHIAS. This word my trembling heart cutteth
in two.

Ah, sir, in this woful case that ² wist I best to do ?

¹ [*Too*, first edit.]

² [*What*, both eds.]

ARISTIPPUS Best to content yourself, when there
 is no remedy,
 He is well relieved that foreknoweth his misery
 Yet, if any comfort be, it resteth in Eubulus,
 The chiefest councillor about King Dionysius
 Which pitieth Damon's case in this great extremity,
 Persuading the king from all kind of cruelty
 PITHIAS The mighty gods preserve you for this
 word of comfort

Taking my leave of your goodness, I will now resort
 To Eubulus, that good councillor .

But hark ! methink I hear a trumpet blow

ARISTIPPUS The king is at hand, stand close in
 the prease¹ Beware, if he know
 You are friend to Damon, he will take you for a
 spy also
 Farewell, I dare not be seen with you.

*Here entereth KING DIONYSIUS, EUBULUS the
 Councillor, and GRONNO the Hangman*

DIONYSIUS Gronno, do my commandment
 strike off Damon's irons by and by
 Then bring him forth, I myself will see him exe-
 cuted presently

GRONNO O mighty king, your commandment
 will I do speedily

DIONYSIUS Eubulus, thou hast talked in vain,
 for sure he shall die
 Shall I suffer my life to stand in peril of every spy ?

EUBULUS That he conspired against your person,
 his accuser cannot say
 He only viewed your city, and will you for that
 make him away ?

¹ Crowd.

DIONYSIUS What he would have done, the guess
is great he minded me to hurt,
That came so slyly to search out the secret estate
of my court
Shall I still lie in fear? no, no I will cut off such
imps betime,
Lest that to my farther danger too high they climb
EUBULUS Yet have the mighty gods immortal
fame assigned
To all worldly princes, which in mercy be inclined
DIONYSIUS Let fame talk what she list, so I may
live in safety
EUBULUS The only mean to that is, to use mercy,
DIONYSIUS A mild prince the people despiseth
EUBULUS A cruel king the people hateth
DIONYSIUS Let them hate me, so they fear me
EUBULUS That is not the way to live in safety.
DIONYSIUS My sword and power shall purchase
my quietness
EUBULUS That is sooner procured by mercy and
gentleness
DIONYSIUS Dionysius ought to be feared
EUBULUS Better for him to be well beloved
DIONYSIUS Fortune maketh all things subject
to my power
EUBULUS Believe her not, she is a light goddess,
she can laugh and low'r
DIONYSIUS A king's praise standeth in the
revenging of his enemy
EUBULUS A greater praise to win him by
clemency.
DIONYSIUS To suffer the wicked to live it is
no mercy
EUBULUS To kill the innocent it is great cruelty
DIONYSIUS Is Damon innocent, which so craftily
undermined Carisophus,
To understand what he could of king Dionysius?

Which surviued the haven and each bulwark in
the city,
Where batterey might be laid, what way best to
approach² shall I
Suffer such a one to live, that worketh me such
despite?
No, he shall die, then I am safe a dead dog can-
not bite
EUBULUS But yet, O mighty king,¹ my duty
bindeth me
To give such counsel, as with your honour may
best agree
The strongest pillars of princely dignity,
I find, is² justice with mercy and prudent liberality
The one judgeth all things by upright equity,
The other rewardeth the worthy, flying each
extremity
As to spare those which offend maliciously,
It may be called no justice, but extreme injury
So upon suspicion of each thing not well-proved,
To put to death presently whom envious flattery
accused,
It seemeth of tyranny, and upon what fickle
ground all tyrants do stand,
Athens and Lacedemon can teach you, if it be
rightly scann'd
And not only these citizens, but who curiously
seeks
The whole histories of all the world, not only of
Romans and Greeks,
Shall well perceive of all tyrants the ruinous fall,
Their state uncertain, beloved of none, but hated
of all

¹ "*King*" is omitted in the first edition, and supplied
by the second — *Collins*

² *This*, first edition

Of merciful princes to set out the passing felicity
I need not enough of that even these days do
testify

They live devoid of fear, their sleeps are sound,
they dread no enemy,

They are feared and loved, and why? they rule
with justice and mercy,

Extending justice to such as wickedly from justice
have sweived.

Mercy unto those who in¹ opinion of simpleness
have mercy deserved

Of liberty nought I say, but only this thing,

Liberty upholdeth the state of a king

Whose large bountifulness ought to fall to this
issue,

To reward none but such as deserve it for virtue
Which merciful justice if you would follow, and
provident liberality,

Neither the caterpillars of all courts, *et fruges*
consumere nati,

Parasites with wealth puff'd up, should not look so
high,

Nor yet for this simple fact poor Damon should
die

DIONYSIUS With pain mine ears have heard
this vain talk of mercy

I tell thee, fear and terror defendeth kings only

Till he be gone, whom I suspect, how shall I live
quietly,

Whose memory with chilling horror fills my breast
day and night violently?

My dreadful dreams of him bereaves my rest; on
bed I lie

¹ [Old editions have, *where opinion simpleness have, &c*
Simpleness, ignorance—*i e*, who have deserved mercy,
having offended from not knowing better]

Shaking and trembling, as one ready to yield his
throat to Damon's sword
This quaking dread nothing but Damon's blood
can stay
Better he die, than I to be tormented with fear
alway
He shall die, though Eubulus consent not thereto
It is lawful, for kings, as they list, all things
to do.

*Here GRONNO [and SNAP] bring in DAMON, and
PITHIAS meeteth him by the way*

PITHIAS O my Damon !

DAMON O my Pithias ! seeing death must part
us, farewell for ever

PITHIAS O Damon, O my sweet friend !

SNAP Away from the prisoner what a prease
have we here ?

GRONNO As you commanded, O mighty king,
we have brought Damon

DIONYSIUS Then go to make ready. I will
not stir out of this place,

Till I see his head stroken off before my face

GRONNO It shall be done, sir [*To Damon*]

Because your eyes have made such a-do

I will knock down this your lantern, and shut up
your shop-window too

DAMON O mighty king, where as no truth my
innocent life can save,

But that so greedily you thirst¹ my guiltless blood
to have,

Albeit (even in thought) I had not ought against
your person

¹ *Thrust*, first edition

Yet now I plead not for life, ne will I crave your
 pardon
 But seeing in Greece my country, where well I am
 known,
 I have worldly things fit for mine alliance, when I
 am gone,
 To dispose them, ere I die, if I might obtain
 leisure,
 I would account it (O king) for a passing great
 pleasure
 Not to prolong my life thereby, for which I reckon
 not this,
 But to set my things in a stay and surely I will
 not miss,
 Upon the faith which all gentlemen ought to
 embrace,
 To return again, at your time to appoint, to yield
 my body here in this place
 Grant me (O king) such time to despatch this
 inquiry,¹
 And I will not fail when you appoint, even here
 my life to pay²

DIONYSIUS A pleasant request, as though I
 could trust him absent,
 Whom in no wise I cannot trust being present
 And yet though I swaie the contrary, do that I
 require,
 Give me a pledge for thy return, and have thine
 own desire
 He is as near now as he was before [Aside
 DAMON There is no surer nor greater pledge
 than the faith of a gentleman
 DIONYSIUS It was wont to be, but otherwise
 now the world doth stand,

¹ [Old edit, *inquire*]

² *Yeelde speedily*, second edition

Therefore do as I say, else presently yield thy neck
to the sword

If I might with my honour, I would recall my
word

PITHIAS Stand to your word, O king, for
kings ought nothing say,

But that they would perform in perfect deeds
alway

A pledge you did require, when Damon his suit did
meve,

For which with heart and stretched hands most
humble thanks I give

And that you may not say but Damon hath a friend,
That loves him better than his own life, and will
do to his end,

Take me, O mighty king my life I pawn¹ for his
Strike off my head, if Damon hap at his day to miss

DIONYSIUS What art thou, that chargest me
with my word so boldly here?

PITHIAS I am Pithias, a Greek born, which hold¹
Damon my friend full dear

DIONYSIUS Too dear perhaps, to hazard thy life
for him what fondness² moveth thee?

PITHIAS No fondness at all, but perfect amity.

DIONYSIUS A mad kind of amity¹ advise thy-
self well if Damon fail at his day,

Which shall be justly appointed, wilt thou die for
him, to me his life to pay?

PITHIAS Most willingly, O mighty king if
Damon fail, let Pithias die

DIONYSIUS Thou seemest to trust his words,
that pawnest thy life so frankly

¹ *To pawne* second edition

² *Folly* Thus Spenser, in his Sonnets,

“*Fondness* it were for any, being free,
To covet fetters, though they golden be”

PITHIAS What Damon saith, Pithias believeth assuredly.

DIONYSIUS Take heed, for [your] life ¹ wordly men break promise in many things

PITHIAS Though wordly men do so, it never haps amongst friends

DIONYSIUS What callest thou friends? are they not men, is not this true?

PITHIAS. Men they be, but such men as love one another only for virtue

DIONYSIUS For what virtue dost thou love this spy, this Damon?

PITHIAS For that virtue which yet to you is unknown

DIONYSIUS Eubulus, what shall I do? I would despatch this Damon fain,

But this foolish fellow so chargeth me, that I may not call back my word again

EUBULUS The reverent majesty of a king stands chiefly in keeping his promise.

What you have said this whole court beareth witness, Save your honour, whatsoever you do

DIONYSIUS For saving mine honour, I must forbear my will : go to.

Pithias, seeing thou tookest me at my word, take Damon to thee

For two months he is thine . unbind him, I set him free ,

Which time once expired, if he appear not the next day by noon,

Without further delay thou shalt lose thy life, and that full soon

Whether he die by the way, or he sick in his bed, If he return not then, thou shalt either hang or lose thy head.

¹ Old editions read, Take heede . *for life wordly*, &c.

PITHIAS For this, O mighty king, I yield immortal thanks O joyful day !

DIONYSIUS Gronno, take him to thee : bind him, see him kept in safety .

If he escape, assure thyself for him thou shalt die

Eubulus, let us depart, to talk of this strange thing within

EUBULUS I follow [*Exeunt*

GRONNO Damon, thou servest the gods well to-day , be thou of comfort

As for you, sir, I think you will be hanged in sport
You heard what the king said , I must keep you safely .

By Cock, so I will, you shall rather hang than I.
Come on your way

PITHIAS My Damon, farewell , the gods have thee in keeping

DAMON O my Pithias, my pledge, farewell , I part from thee weeping

But joyful at my day appointed I will return again,
When I will deliver thee from all trouble and pain,
Stephano will I leave behind me to wait upon thee
in prison alone,

And I, whom fortune hath reserved to this misery,
will walk home

Ah my Pithias, my pledge, my life, my friend,
farewell

PITHIAS Farewell, my Damon

DAMON Loth am I to depart. Sith sobs my trembling tongue doth stay,

O music, sound my doleful plaints, when I am gone
my way. [*Exit Damon.*

GRONNO. I am glad he is gone, I had almost
wept too. Come, Pithias,

So God help me, I am sorry for thy foolish case
Wilt thou venter thy life for a man so fondly ?

PITHIAS It is no venter my friend is just, for
whom I desire to die

GRONNO Here is a madman ! I tell thee, I have
a wife whom I love well,
And if ich would die for hei, chould ich were in
hell

Wilt thou do more for a man than I would for a
woman ?

PITHIAS Yea, that I will

GRONNO Then come on your ways, you must to
prison haste

I fear you will repent this folly at last

PITHIAS That shalt thou never see But O
music, as my Damon requested thee,

Sound out thy doleful tunes in this time of calamity.
[*Exeunt Here the regals play a mourning
song, and DAMON cometh in in manner
apparel and STEPHANO with him.*]

DAMON Weep no more, Stephano, this is but
destiny

Had not this happ'd, yet I know I am born to die:
Where or in what place, the gods know alone,
To whose judgment myself I commit Therefore
leave off thy moan,

And wait upon Pithias in prison till I return again,
In whom my joy, my care and life doth only re-
main

STEPHANO O my dear master, let me go with
you, for my poor company
Shall be some small comfort in this time of misery

DAMON O Stephano, hast thou been so long
with me,

And yet dost not know the force of true amity ?
I tell thee once again, my friend and I are but one
Wait upon Pithias, and think thou art with Damon
Whereof I may not now discourse, the time pass-
eth away,

The sooner I am gone, the shorter shall be my
journey
Therefore farewell, Stephano, commend me to my
friend Pithias,
Whom I trust to deliver in time out of this woful
case

STEPHANO Farewell, my dear master, since your
pleasure is so

O cruel hap ! O poor Stephano !

O cursed Carisophus, that first moved this tra-
gedy !—

But what a noise is this ? is all well within, trow
ye ?

I fear all be not well within, I will go see —

Come out, you weasel are you seeking eggs in
Damon's chest ?

Come out, I say, wilt thou be packing ? by Cock,
you were best

CARISOPHUS How durst thou, villain, to lay
hands on me ?

STEPHANO Out, sir knave, or I will send ye
Art thou not content to accuse Damon wrong-
fully,

But wilt thou rob him also, and that openly ?

CARISOPHUS The king gave me the spoil to
take mine own wilt thou let me ?¹

STEPHANO Thine own, villain ! where is thine
authority ?

CARISOPHUS I am authority of myself, dost
thou not know ?

STEPHANO By't Lady, that is somewhat, but
have you no more to show ?

CARISOPHUS What, if I have not ?

STEPHANO Then for an earnest penny take this
blow

¹ Hinder me

PITHIAS It is no venter my friend is just, for
whom I desire to die

GRONNO Here is a madman ' I tell thee, I have
a wife whom I love well,
And if ich would die for hei, chould ich were in
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thou not know ?

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have you no more to show ?

CARISOPHUS What, if I have not ?

STEPHANO Then for an earnest penny take this
blow

¹ Hinder me

I shall bombast you, you mocking knave, chill put
pro in my purse for this time¹

CARISOPHUS. Jack, give me my sword and target

JACK I cannot come to you, master, this knave
doth me let. Hold, master.

STEPHANO. Away, Jackanapes, else I will col-
'phise you² by and by:

Ye slave, I will have my pennyworths of thee
therefore, if I die

About, villan!

CARISOPHUS O citizens, help to defend me

STEPHANO Nay, they will rather help to hang thee.

CARISOPHUS Good fellow, let us reason of the
matter quietly beat me no more

STEPHANO Of this condition I will stay, if thou
swear, as thou art an honest man,

Thou wilt say nothing to the king of this when I
am gone

CARISOPHUS I will say nothing, here is my hand,
as I am an honest man

STEPHANO Then say on thy mind I have taken
a wise oath on him, have I not, trow ye?

To trust such a false knave upon his honesty?

As he is an honest man (quoth you?) he may be-
wray all to the king,

And break his oath for this never a whit—but, my
franon,³ I tell you this one thing

¹ [I do not understand the allusion The sense seems to be, I will beat you, come what may—I will put *prudence* in my purse or pocket]

² [Originals have *colphey you*] I believe we should read, *colaphize*—i e, box or buffet *Colaphiser*, Fr See Cotgrave's "Dictionary"—*Steevens*

³ i e, Loose companion So Spenser—

"Might not be found a rankei *franon*"

Again—

"A faire *franon* fit for such a pheere"—S

Again, in "The First Part of King Edward IV," sign C, p 5 "Hees a *franke franon*, a merrie companion, and loves a wench well"

If you disclose this, I will devise such a way,
That whilst thou livest, thou shalt remember this
day

CARISOPHUS You need not devise for that, for
this day is printed in my memory ,
I warrant you, I shall remember this beating till I
die

But seeing of courtesy you have granted that we
should talk quietly,
Methinks in calling me knave you do me much in-
jury

STEPHANO Why so, I pray thee heartily ?

CARISOPHUS Because I am the king's man
keeps the king any knaves ?

STEPHANO He should not , but what he doth, it
is evident by thee,

And as far as I can learn or understand,
There is none better able to keep knaves in all the
land

CARISOPHUS O sir, I am a courtier . when
courtiers shall hear tell,
How you have used me, they will not take it well

STEPHANO Nay, all right courtiers will ken me
thank ,¹ and wot you why ?

Because I handled a counterfeit courtier in his
kind so finely

What, sir ? all are not courtiers that have a counter-
feit show ,

In a troop of honest men some knaves may stand,
ye know,

Such as by stealth creep in under the colour of
honesty,

Which sort under that cloak do all kinds of villamy,
A right courtier is virtuous, gentle, and full of
urbanity,

¹ See Note to "Gammer Gurton's Needle," vol. iii, p 198

Hurting no man, good to all, devoid of villainy
 But such as thou art, fountains of squinty and
 vam delights,
 Though you hang by the count, you are but flatt'ring
 parasites,

As well deserving the right name of courtesy,
 As the coward knight the true praise of chivalry.
 I could say more, but I will not, for that I am
 your well-willer

In faith, Carisophus, you are no courtier but a
 caterpillar,

A sycophant, a parasite, a flatterer, and a knave
 Whether I will or no, these names you must
 have

How well you deserve this by your deeds it is
 known,

For that so unjustly thou hast accused poor Damon,
 Whose woful case the gods help alone

CARISOPHUS. Sir, are you his servant, that you
 pity his case so?

STEPHANO No, bum troth, goodman Grumb,
 his name is Stephano

I am called Onaphets,¹ if needs you will know
 The knave beginneth to sift me, but I turn my
 name in and out,

Cretizo cum Cretense,² to make him a lout [*Aside.*

CARISOPHUS What mumble you with yourself,
 Master Onaphets?

STEPHANO I am reckoning with myself how I
 may pay my debts

CARISOPHUS You have paid me more than you
 did owe me

¹ [*Stephano* spelled backwards]

² Read Κρητιζω Vide Erasm *Adag* The *Cretans*
 were famous for double dealing *Cretizare*, however, is a
 word employ'd by lexicographers, instead of *mentiri* —
Stevens

STEPHANO. Nay, upon a farther reckoning, I will
pay you more, if I know
Either you talk of that is done, or by your sycophantical envy
You pick forth Dionysius the sooner, that Damon
may die
I will so pay thee, that thy bones shall rattle in thy
skin
Remember what I have said, Onaphets is my name.

[Exit
CARISOPHUS The sturdy knave is gone, the devil
him take!
He hath made my head, shouldeis, arms, sides, and
all to ache
Thou whoreson villain boy, why didst thou wait no
better?
As he paid me, so will I not die thy debtor

[Strikes him.
JACK Master, why do you fight with me? I am
not your match, you see
You durst not fight with him that is gone, and will
you wreak your anger on me?

CARISOPHUS Thou villain, by thee I have lost
mine honour,
Beaten with a cudgel like a slave, a vacabone, or
a lazy lubber,
And not given one blow again Hast thou handled
me well?

JACK Master, I handled you not, but who did
handle you very handsomely, you can tell

CARISOPHUS Handsomely! thou crack-rope!¹

¹ *Crack rope* was a common term of contempt in old plays.

"You codshed, you *crack rope*, you chattering pye"

—*Apus and Virginia*, sign B

Again in that very rare play, "The Two Italian Gentlemen"—

JACK Yea, sir, very handsomely I hold you
a groat,

He handled you so handsomely, that he left not
one mote in your coat

CARISOPHUS O, I had fir'd him trimly, thou
villain, if thou hadst given me my sword

JACK It is better as it is, master, believe me,
at a word

If he had seen your weapon, he would have been
fiercer,

And so perhaps beat you worse, I speak it with
my heart,

You were never at the dealing of fence-blows, but
you had four away for your part

It is but your luck, you are man good enough,
But the Welsh Onaphets was a vengeance-knave,
and rough

Master, you were best go home and rest in your
bed,

Methinks your cap waxeth too little for your
head

CARISOPHUS. What ' doth my head swell ?

JACK Yea, as big as a codshead, and bleeds
too

CARISOPHUS I am ashamed to show my face
with this hue

JACK No shame at all, men have been beaten
far better than you

CARISOPHUS I must go to the chirurgion's, what
shall I say, when I am a-dressing ?

JACK You may say truly you met with a knave's
blessing

[*Eaeunt*]

"Then let him be led through every streete in the town,
That every cracke may fling rotten eggs at the clown "

—*Collier* [See also Tarlton's "Jests," 1611 ("Old Eng-
lish Jest-Books," II, p. 211)]

Here entereth ARISTIPPUS

ARISTIPPUS By mine own experience I prove
 true that many men tell,
 To live in court not beloved, better be in hell
 What crying out, what cursing, is there within of
 Carisophus, .
 Because he accused Damon to King Dionysius '
 Even now he came whining and crying into the
 court for the nonce,
 Showing that one Onaphets had broke his knave's
 sconce
 Which strange name when they heard every man
 laugh'd heartily,
 And I by myself scann'd his name secretly,
 For well I knew it was some mad-headed child
 That invented this name, that the log-headed knave
 might be beguill'd
 In tossing it often with myself to and fro,
 I found out that Onaphets backward spelled Ste-
 phano
 I smiled in my sleeve, how to see by turning his
 name he dress'd him,
 And how for Damon his master's sake with a
 wooden cudgel he bless'd him
 None pitied the knave, no man nor woman, but
 all laugh'd him to scorn
 To be thus hated of all, better unborn
 Far better Aristippus hath provided, I trow ,
 For in all the court I am beloved both of high and
 low
 I offend none, insomuch that women sing this to
 my great praise,
Omnis Aristippum decuit color, et locus et res
 But in all this jollity one thing 'mazeth me,
 The strangest thing that ever was heard or known,
 Is now happened in this court by that Damon,

Whom Carisophus accused Damon is now at liberty,
 For whose return Pithias his friend lieth in prison,
 alas, in great jeopardy
 To-morrow is the day, which day by noon if Damon
 return not, earnestly
 The king hath sworn that Pithias should die,
 Whereof Pithias hath intelligence very secretly,
 Wishing that Damon may not return, till he hath paid
 His life for his friend Hath it been heretofore
 ever said,
 That any man for his friend would die so willingly?
 O noble friendship! O perfect amity!
 Thy force is here seen, and that very perfectly
 The king himself museth hereat, yet he is far out
 of square,
 That he trusteth none to come near him not even
 his own daughters will he have
 Unsearch'd to enter his chamber, while¹ he hath
 made barbers his beard to shave,
 Not with knife or razor, for all edge-tools he
 fears,
 But with hot burning nutshells they singe off his
 hairs.
 Was there ever man that lived in such misery?
 Well, I will go in—with a heavy and pensive heart,
 too,
 To think how Pithias, this poor gentleman, to-mor-
 row shall die [Exit

Here entereth JACK and WILL.

JACK. Well, by mine honesty, I will mar your
 monkey's² face, if you so fondly prate
 WILL. Jack, by my troth, seeing you are with-
 out the court-gate,

¹ [Old edition, *which*]

² [Old editions have *monckes*]

If you play Jack-napes, in mocking my master and
 despising my face,
 Even here with a pantable¹ I will you disgrace,
 And though you have a far better face than I,
 Yet who is better man of us two these fists shall
 try,

Unless you leave your taunting

JACK Thou began'st first, didst thou now not
 say even now,
 That Carisophus my master was no man but a
 cow,
 In taking so many blows, and gave² never a blow
 again?

WILL I said so indeed, he is but a tame ruffian,
 That can swear by his flask and twich-box,³ and
 God's precious lady,
 And yet will be beaten with a faggot-stick
 These barking whelps were never good biters,
 Ne yet great crakers were ever great fighters
 But seeing you egg me so much, I will somewhat
 more recite,
 I say, Carisophus thy master is a flatt'ring parasite,

¹ [Old editions have *pantacle*] I suppose he means to say
 a *pantofle*—i.e., a slipper Perhaps he begins his attack
 with a kick —S The second edition reads—

“Even heere with a *faire pantacle* I will you disgrace,”

an epithet not found in the oldest copy, and hardly consistent
 with the supposition that *pantacle* means *pantofle*—
Collier [Probably, a slap on the face]

² *Geve*, second edition

³ More properly *touch box* While match-locks, instead
 of fire locks, to guns were used, the *touch-box*, at which the
 match was lighted, was part of the accoutrement of a
 soldier

“When she his flask and *touch box* set on fire”

Line of an author, whose name I cannot at this time recollect—*Steerens*

Gleaning away the sweet from the worthy in all
the court.

What tragedy hath he moved of late? the devil
take him! he doth much hurt

JACK I pray you, what is Aristippus thy
master, is not he a parasite too,
That with scoffing and jesting in the court makes
so much a-do?

WILL He is no parasite, but a pleasant gentle-
man full of courtesy
Thy master is a churlish lout, the hen of a dung-
fork, as void of honesty

As thou art of honour

JACK Nay, if you will needs be prating of my
master still,

In faith I must cool you, my friend, dapper Will
Take this at the beginning [Strikes him

WILL Praise well your winning, my pantable is
as ready as yours

JACK By the mass, I will box you

WILL By Cock, I will fox you

JACK Will, was I with you?

WILL Jack, did I fly?

JACK Alas, pretty cockerel, you are too weak,

WILL In faith, doating dottrel,¹ you will cry creak

Here entereth SNAP

SNAP Away, you crack-ropes, are you fighting
at the court-gate?

¹ A Dottrel is a silly kind of bird which imitates the actions of the fowler, till at last he is taken. If the fowler stretches out a leg, the bird will do so too. So, in Butler's "Character of a Fantastic (Remains, vol. II, p. 132)" "He alters his gait with the times, and has not a motion of his body that (*like a Dottrel*) he does not borrow from somebody else." See also Jonson's "Devil is an Ass," IV, 6, and Dyce's "Beaumont and Fletcher," III, 79, and V, 64

And I take you here again, I will swinge you both
what !

JACK I beshrew Snap the tipstaff, that great
knave's heart, that hither did come,
Had he not been, you had cried ere this, *Victus,*
victa, victum

But seeing we have breathed ourselves, if ye list,
Let us agree like friends, and shake each other by
the fist

WILL Content am I, for I am not malicious,
but on this condition,
That you talk no more so broad of my master as
here you have done
But who have we here? 'tis Coals I spy¹ coming
yonder

JACK. Will, let us slip aside and view him well

Here entereth GRIM the Collier, whistling

GRIM What devil ! ich ween the porters are
drunk, will they not dup² the gate to-day?
[To] take in coals for the king's own mouth,³ will
nobody stir, I say?

Ich might have lain tway hours longer in my bed,
Cha tarried so long here, that my teeth chatter in
my head

JACK Will, after our falling out wilt thou laugh
merrily?

WILL Ay, marry, Jack, I pray thee heartily

JACK. Then follow me, and hem in a word now
and then—

What brawling knave is there at the court-gate so
early?

¹ [Original here has *Cobex epi* Colliers used to be nicknamed *Carry coals* See Hazlitt's "Proverbs," p 98]

² [Do up, open]

³ [For the supply of the court, or *Bouche de la cour.*]

WILL It is some bransick villain, I durst lay a penny

JACK Was it you,¹ sir, that cried so loud, I trow,
And bid us take in coals for the king's mouth
even now?

GRIM 'Twas I, indeed

JACK Why, sir, how dare you speak such petty
treason?

Doth the king eat coals at any season?

GRIM Here is a gay world! boys now sets old
men to school

I said well enough what, Jack-sauce, think'st
cham a fool?

At bakehouse, butt'ry-hatch, kitchen, and cellar,
Do² they not say for the king's mouth?

WILL What, then, goodman collier?

GRIM What, then! seeing without coals thee
cannot finely dress the king's meat,
May I not say, take in coals for the king's mouth,
though coals he do not eat?

JACK James Christe! came ever from a collier
an answer so trim?

You are learned, are you not, father Grim?

GRIM Grim is my name indeed, cham not
learned, and yet the king's collier

This vorty winter cha been to the king a servitor,
Though I be not learned, yet cha mother-wit
enough, whole and some

WILL So it seems, you have so much mother-
wit, that you lack your father's wisdom

GRIM Mass, cham well-beset, here's a trim cast
of murlons³

¹ *It was you*, first edition

² *Doth*, second edition

³ *i. e.*, A cast of that species of hawks that were called *Merlins* — *Steevens* He calls them [*merlins*, which he might

What be you, my pretty cockerels, that ask me these questions?

JACK Good faith, Master Grim,¹ if such merlins on your pouch may light,
They are so quick of wing, that quickly they can carry it out of your sight,
And though we are cockerels now, we shall have spurs one day,
And shall be able perhaps to make you a capon [to your pay²]

But to tell you the truth, we are the porter's men, which early and late

Wait on such gentlemen as you, to open the court-gate

GRIM Are ye servants then?

WILL. Yea, sir, are we not pretty men?

GRIM Pretty men, quoth you? nay, you are strong men, else you could not bear these breeches

WILL Are these such³ great hose? in faith, goodman collier, you see with your nose

perhaps have been^{*} supposed to pronounce] *Murlons* on account of their size. *Merlins* were the smallest species of hawks. Turbervile says, "These *merlyns* are very much like the haggart falcon in plume, in seale of the foote, in beake and talons. So as there seemeth to be no oddes or difference at al betwixt them save only in the *bignesse*, for she hath like demeanure, like plume, and very like conditions to the falcon, and in hir kind is of like courage, and therefore must be kept as choycely and as daintly as the falcon." The *merlin* was chiefly used to fly at small birds, and Latham says, it was particularly appropriated to the service of ladies.

¹ *Father Grimme*, second edition

² [Something seems to have dropped out of the text here to this purport.]

³ Adopted into the original text from the second edition
—*Collier*

By mine honesty, I have but one lining in one hose, but seven ells of rug ¹

GRIM This is but a little, yet it makes thee seem a great bug

JACK How say you, goodman collier, can you find any fault here? ²

GRIM Nay, you should [not] find fault, marry, here's trim gear ¹

Alas, little knave, dost not sweat? thou goest with great pain,

These are no hose, but water-bougets, ³ I tell thee plain,

Good for none but such as have no buttocks

Did you ever see two such little Robin ruddocks ⁴

So laden with breeches? chill say no more, lest I offend

Who invented these monsters ⁵ first, did it to a ghostly end,

To have a mail ready to put in other folks' stuff,

We see this evident by daily proof

One preached of late not far hence in no pulpit, but in a wain-cart,

That spake enough of this, but for my part,

Chill say no more your own necessity

In the end will force you to find some remedy

JACK Will, ⁶ hold this railing knave with a talk, when I am gone

¹ [A play on the similarity between *rug* and *rogue*]

² *What fault can you see here?* second edition

³ [Small casks, buckets]

⁴ *i.e.*, Robin red breasts Shakespeare uses *ruddock* for red breast in "Cymbeline"—*S* Again, in Nash's "Lenten Stuff," 1599 "He eft soon defined unto me, that the red herring was this old tickle cob, or magister fac totum, that brought in the *red ruddocks*, and the grummel seed as thick as oatmeal, and made Yarmouth for Argent to put down the city of Argentine"

⁵ *Hose at*, second edition

⁶ *Well*, first edition

I will fetch him his filling ale for his good sermon

WILL Go thy way, Father Grim, gaily well you
do say, [Exit

It is but young men's folly, that list to play,
And mask awhile in the net of their own device,
When they come to your age, they will be wise

GRIM Bum troth, but few such roisters come
to my years at this day,
They be cut off betimes, ere they have gone half
their journey.

I will not tell why let them guess that can, I
mean somewhat thereby

Enter JACK with a pot of wine, and a cup to drink on

JACK Father Grim, because you are stirring so
early,
I have brought you a bowl of wine to make you
merry

GRIM Wine, marry! this is welcome to colliers,
chill swap't off by and by

Chwas stirring so early, that my very soul is dry

JACK. This is stoutly done will you have it
warmed, Father Grim?

GRIM No, it is warm enough, it is very lous-
sious¹ and trim

'Tis musselden,² ich ween, of fellowship let me
have another spurt,

Ich can drink as easily now, as if I satin my shirt

JACK By Cock, and you shall have it, but I
will begin, and that anon,

*Je bois a vous mon compaignon*³

¹ [Luscious]

² An intended mistake for *muscadine*—S

³ *Jebit avow mon compaignon* Both 4tos—S.

GRIM *J'ai vous plergé, petit Zawne*¹

JACK Can you speak French? here is a trim
collar, by this day¹

GRIM What man! ich learned this, when ich
was a soldier,

When ich was a lusty fellow, and could yerk a whip
trimly,

Better than these boy-collars, that come to the
court daily

When there were² not so many captious fellows as
now,

That would torup³ men for every trifle, I wot not
how

As there was one Damon, not long since taken for
a spy,

How justly I know not, but he was condemned to
die

WILL (*aside*) This wine hath warmed him, this
comes well to pass,

We shall know all now, for in *Vino veritas*

Father Grim, who accused this Damon to King
Dionysius?

GRIM A vengeance take him! 'twas a gentle-
man, one Master Crowsphus:

WILL Crowsphus! you clip the king's language,
you would have said Carisophus

But I perceive now either the wind is at the south,
Or else your tongue cleaveth to the roof of your
mouth

GRIM A murrain take thilk wine, it so intoxicate
my brain,

¹ *J'ai vous pledge pety Zawne* Both *4tos* [*Zawne* appears to be a loose application of *Zani* quasi *noodle*, though here, perhaps, the meaning is rather *mimic*]

² *Was*, second edition.

³ [Interrupt? See Nares, edition 1859, in v]

That to be hanged by and by I cannot speak plain
 JACK You speak knavishly plain, seeing my
 master you do mock
 In faith, ere you go, I will make you a lobcock

[*Aside*
 Father Grim, what say they of this Damon abroad ?

GRIM All men are soiry for him, so help me
 God.

They say a false knave 'cused him to the king
 wrongfully,

And he is gone, and should be here to-morrow to
 die,

Or else his fellow, which is in prison, his room shall
 supply

Chill not be his half for vorty shillings, I tell you
 plain,

I think Damon be too wise to return again.

WILL Will no man speak for them in this woful
 case ?

GRIM No, chill warrant you, one Master Stippus
 is in place,

Where he may do good, but he frames himself so,
 Whatsoever Dionysius willeth, to that he will not
 say no

'Tis a subtle vox, he will not tread on thorns for
 none,

A merry harecop ¹ 'tis, and a pleasant companion,
 A right courtier, and can provide for one

JACK Will, how like you this gear ? your master
 Aristippus also

At this collier's hand hath had a blow ¹

But in faith, Father Grim, cannot ye colliers

Provide for yourselves far better than courtiers ?

¹ *Coppe*, in Chaucer, is used for the top of anything, and here seems intended to signify the head, or, as the common phrase is, a *hair brained* fellow

GRIM Yes, I trow black colliers go in thread-
bare coats,
Yet so provide they, that they have the fair white
groats
Ich may say in counsel, though all day I moil in
dirt,
Chill not change lives with any in Dionysius' court
For though their apparel be never so fine,
Yet sure their credit is far worse than mine
And, by Cock, I may say, for all their high looks,
I know some sticks full deep in merchants' books
And deeper will fall in, as fame me tells,
As long as instead of money they take up hauks'
hoods and bells
Whereby they fall into a swelling disease, which
colliers do not know,
'T'ath a mad name · it is called, ich ween, *Centum
pro cento*
Some other in courts make others laugh merrily,
When they wail and lament their own estate
secretly
Friendship is dead in court, hypocrisy doth reign,
Who is in favour now, to-morrow is out again ·
The state is so uncertain that I, by my will,
Will never be courtier, but a collier still
WILL It seemeth that colliers have a very¹ trim
life
GRIM Colliers get money still · tell me of troth,
Is not that a trim life now, as the world go'th?
All day though I toil with my main and might,
With money in my pouch I come home merry at
night,
And sit down in my chair by my wife fair Alison,
And turn a crab in the fire,² as merry as Pope John

¹ *Merue*, second edition

² See "Gammer Gurton's Needle," vol. III, p. 189, note.

JACK That pope was a merry fellow, of whom
folk talk so much

GRIM H'ad to be merry withal, h'ad gold enough
in his hutch

JACK Can gold make men merry? they say,
who can sing so merry a note,
As he that is not able to change a groat?¹

GRIM Who sings in that case, sings never in
tune I know for my part,
That a heavy pouch with gold makes a light
heart,
Of which I have provided for a dear year good
store,
And these benters,² I trow, shall anon get me
more

WILL By serving the court with coals, you
gain'd all this money

GRIM By the court only, I assure ye

JACK After what sort, I pray thee tell me?

GRIM Nay, there bates an ace (quod Bolton³), I
can wear a horn and blow it not

¹ [See Rimbault's "Little Book of Songs and Ballads," 1851, p 83]

² *Benne* is the French word for a sack to carry coals See Cotgrave

³ Bate me an ace, quoth Bolton, is among the Proverbs published by Mr Ray That gentleman adds, "Who this Bolton was I know not, neither is it worth enquiring One of this name might happen to say, *Bate me an ace*, and, for the coincidence of the first letters of the two words *Bate* and *Bolton*, it grew to be a proverb We have many of the like original, as *vg* Sup, Simon, &c, Stay, quoth Stringer, &c There goes a story of Queen Elizabeth, that being presented with a Collection of English Proverbs, and told by the author that it contained all the English Proverbs, nay, replied she, *Bate me an ace, quoth Bolton* which Proverb being instantly looked for, happened to be wanting in his Collection" [See Hazlitt's] "Proverbs," p [80] This story of Queen Elizabeth forms the point of an epigram by

JACK By'r Lady, the wiser man

GRIM Shall I tell you by what sleight I got all
this money?

Then ich were a noddy indeed, no, no, I warrant ye
Yet in few words I tell you this one thing,

He is a very fool that cannot gain by the king

WILL Well said, Father Grim you are a wily
collier and a brave,

I see now there is no knave like to the old knave.

GRIM Such knaves have money, when courtiers
have none

But tell me, is it true that abroad is blown?

JACK What is that?

GRIM Hath the king made those fair damsels
his daughters,

To become now fine and trim barbers?

JACK Yea, truly, to his own person

GRIM Good fellows, believe me, as the case now
stands,

I would give one sack of coals to be wash'd at their
hands,

If ich came so near them, for my wit chould not
give three chips,

If ich could not steal one swap at their lips

JACK Will, this knave is drunk, let us dress him

Let ue rifle him so, that he have not one penny to
bless him,

And steal away his debenters¹ too. [Aside

WILL Content invent the way, and I am ready,

H P (probably Henry Parrot) in a collection called "The
Mastive," 1615—

"A pamphlet was of proverbs penn'd by Polton
Wherein he thought all sorts included were,
Until one told him, *Bate m' an ace, quoth Bolton*
Indeed (said he) that proverb is not there"

¹ [Sacks of coal, more properly, *benters*, as just above]

JACK. Faith, and I will make him a noddy.

[*Aside*
Father Grim, if you pray me well,¹ I will wash you
and shave you too,
Even after the same fashion as the king's daughters
do

In all points as they handle Dionysius, I will dress
you trim and fine,

GRIM Chuld vain learn that come on then,
chill give thee a whole pint of wine

At tavern for thy labour, when 'cha money for my
benters here

[*Here WILL fetcheth a barber's bason, a pot
with water,² a razor, and cloths, and a pair
of spectacles*

JACK Come, mine own Father Grim, sit down

GRIM Mass, to begin withal, here is a trim chair

JACK What, man, I will use you like a prince

Sir boy, fetch me my gear

WILL Here, sir

JACK Hold up, Father Grim.

GRIM Me-seem my head doth swim

JACK My costly perfumes make that. Away
with this, sir^f boy be quick

Aloyse, aloyse,³ how pretty it is ' is not here a good
face?

A fine owl's eyes, a mouth like an oven

Father, you have good butter-teeth full seen

[*Aside*] You were weaned, else you would have
been a great calf

¹ In the former edition, Mr Dodsley had altered this to
pay mee wel

² [Urine]

³ *Aloue*, French is to allow, to approve, to praise I know
of no other word that resembles that in the text *Alosed*,
in Chaucer, is *praised* — *S* [Possibly, *Hallo, hallo* may
be the true reading]

Ah trim lips to sweep a manger ! here is a chin,
As soft as the hoof of an horse

GRIM Doth the king's daughters rub so hard ?

JACK Hold your head straight, man, else all
will be marr'd

By'r Lady, you are of good complexion,
A right Croyden sanguine,¹ beshrew me

Hold up, Father Grim Will, can you bestir ye ?

GRIM Methinks, after a marvellous fashion you
do besmear me

JACK It is with unguentum of Daucus Maucus,
that is very costly

I give not this washing-ball to everybody
After you have been dress'd so finely at my hand,
You may kiss any lady's lips within this land
Ah, you are trimly wash'd ! how say you, is not
this trim water ?

GRIM It may be wholesome, but it is vengeance
sour

JACK. It scours the better Sir boy, give me
my razor

WILL Here at hand, sir

GRIM God's arms ! 'tis a chopping knife, 'tis no
razor

JACK It is a razor, and that a very good one,
It came lately from Palermo,² it cost me twenty
crowns alone

¹ From the manner in which this expression is used by Sir John Harrington, in "The Anatomie of the Metamorphosis of Ajax," 1596, sig L, 7, it seems as though it was intended for a fallow hue "Both of a complexion inclining to the oriental colour of a *Croyden sanguine*"

² The 4tos read *Pallanrime* The razors of Palermo were anciently famous They are mentioned in more than one of our old plays, and particularly in "The Wounds of Civill War," by Thomas Lodge, 1594, "Neighbour shapen the edge tole of your wits upon the whetstone of indiscretion, that your wordes may shine like the razors of Palermo"—S

Your eyes dazzle after your washing, these spectacles put on

Now view this razor, tell me, is it not a good one ?

GRIM They be gay barnacles, yet I see never the better

JACK Indeed they be a young sight, and that is the matter , .

But I warrant you this razor is very easy

GRIM Go to, then , since you begun, do as [it] please ye

JACK Hold up, Father GRIM

GRIM. O, your razor doth hurt my lip

JACK No, it scrapeth off a pimple to ease you of the pip

I have done now, how say you ? are you not well ?

GRIM Cham lighter than ich was, the truth to tell

JACK Will you sing after your shaving ?

GRIM Mass, content , but chull be poll'd first, ere I sing

JACK Nay, that shall not need , you are poll'd near enough for this time

GRIM Go to then lustily, I will sing in my man's voice

Chave a troubling base buss

JACK You are like to bear the bob, for we will give it

Set out your bussing base, and we will quiddle upon it [GRIM *singeth Buss*

JACK *sings*. Too nidden and too nidden.

WILL *sings*. Too nidden and toodle toodle doo nidden ,

Is not Grim the collier most finely shaven ?

GRIM Why, my fellows, think ich am a cow, that you make such toying ?

JACK Nay, by 'r Lady, you are no cow, by your singing ,

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Yet your wife told me you were an ox

GRIM. Did she so? 'tis a pestens quean,¹ she is
full of such mocks

But go to, let us sing out our song merrily.

The Song at the shaving of the Collier.

JACK Such barbers Godsend you at all times of need,

WILL That can dress you [so] finely, and make
such quick speed,

JACK Your face like an inkhorn now shineth so
gay—

WILL That I with your nostrils of force must
needs play,

With too nidden and too nidden

JACK. *With too nidden and todle todle doo nidden.*

Is not Grim the collier most finely shaven?

WILL *With shaving you shine like a pestle of pork.²*

JACK *Here is the trimmest hog's flesh from London
to York*

WILL. *It would be trim bacon to hang up awhile.*

JACK *To play with this hoglin of course I must
smile,*

With too nidden and too nidden .

WILL *With too nidden and todle, &c*

GRIM *Your shaving doth please me, I am now
your debtor.*

WILL *Your wife now will buss you, because you
are sweeter*

GRIM *Near would I be polled, as near as cham
shaven*

WILL *Then out of your jerkin needs must you be
shaken.*

With too nidden and too nidden, &c.

¹ He means a pestilence quean —S

² A pestle of porke—i.e., 'gammon of bacon —Minsheu.

GRIM. *It is a trim thing to be wash'd in the court*
 WILL. *Their hands are so fine, that they never do*
hurt

GRIM. *Me-thank ich am lighter than ever ich was*
 WILL. *Our shaving in the court hath brought this*
to pass.

With too nidden and too nidden

JACK *With too nidden and todle todle doo*
nidden

Is not Gram the collier most finely¹ shaven?

GRIM. This is trimly done now chill pitch my
 coals not far hence,
 And then at the tavern shall bestow whole tway
 pence [Exit GRIM]

JACK Farewell, [by] Cock. Before the collier
 again do us seek,
 Let us into the court to part the spoil, share and
 share [a]like

WILL. Away then [Exeunt.]

Here entereth GRIM

GRIM Out alas, where shall I make my moan?
 My pouch, my bents, and all is gone,
 Where is that villain that did me shave?
 H'ath robbed me, alas, of all that I have

Here entereth SNAP

SNAP Who crieth so at the court-gate?

GRIM. I, the poor collier, that was robbed of
 late.

SNAP Who robbed thee?

GRIM. Two of the porter's men that did shave
 me

¹ *Trimly*, second edition

SNAP Why, the porter's men are no barbers

GRIM. A vengeance take them, they are quick
carvers

SNAP What stature were they of ?

GRIM As little dapper knaves, as they trimly
could scoff

SNAP They are lackeys, as near as I can guess
them

GRIM Such lackeys make me lack, an halter
beswinge them !

CHAM undone, they have my benders too

SNAP Dost thou know them, if thou seest them ?

GRIM Yea, that I do

SNAP Then come with me, we will find them
out, and that quickly

GRIM I follow, mast tipstaff, they be in the
court, it is likely

SNAP. Then cly no more, come away. [*Exeunt*

Here entereth CARISOPHUS and ARISTIPPUS

CARISOPHUS If ever you will show your friend-
ship, now is the time,

Seeing the king is displeased with me of my part
without any crime

ARISTIPPUS. It should appear, it comes of some
evil behaviour,

That you so suddenly are cast out of favour

CARISOPHUS Nothing have I done but this, in
talk I overthwarted Eubulus,

When he lamented Pithias' case to King Dionysius.

Which to-morrow shall die, but for that false knave
Damon,

He hath left his friend in the briars, and now is
gone

We grew so hot in talk, that Eubulus protested
plainly,

Which¹ held his ears open to parasitical flattery
And now in the king's ear like a bell he rings,
Crying that flatterers have been the destroyers of
kings

Which talk in Dionysius' heart hath made so deep
impression,

That he trusteth me not, as heretofore, in no con-
dition

And some words briake from him, as though that he
Began to suspect my truth and honesty,

Which you of friendship I know will defend, how
so ever the world goeth

My friend—for my honesty will you not take an
oath?

ARISTIPPUS To swear for your honesty, I should
lose mine own

CARISOPHUS Should you so, indeed? I would
that were known

Is your void friendship come thus to pass?

ARISTIPPUS I follow the proverb *Amicus usque
ad aras*

CARISOPHUS Where can you say I ever lost mine
honesty?

ARISTIPPUS You never lost it, for you never had
it, as far as I know

CARISOPHUS Say you so, friend Aristippus,
whom I trust so well?

ARISTIPPUS Because you trust me, to you the
truth I tell

CARISOPHUS Will you not stretch one point, to
bring me in favour again?

ARISTIPPUS I love no stretching, so I may
breed mine own pain

CARISOPHUS. A friend ought to shun no pain,
to stand his friend in stead

[¹ i e., Dionysius, to which Dodsley changed it]

ARISTIPPUS. Where true friendship is, it is so in very deed.

CARISOPHUS Why, sir, hath not the chain of true friendship linked us two together?

ARISTIPPUS The chiefest link lacked thereof, it must needs dissever

CARISOPHUS What link is that? fain would I know

ARISTIPPUS Honesty

CARISOPHUS Doth honesty knit the perfect knot in true friendship?

ARISTIPPUS Yea, truly, and that knot so knit will never slip

CARISOPHUS. Belike, then, there is no friendship but between honest men

ARISTIPPUS Between the honest only; for, *Amicitia inter bonos*,¹ saith a learned man.

CARISOPHUS Yet evil men use friendship in things dishonest, where fancy doth serve.

ARISTIPPUS That is no friendship, but a lewd liking; it lasts but a while

CARISOPHUS What is the perfectest friendship among men that ever grew?

ARISTIPPUS Where men love one another, not for profit, but for virtue

CARISOPHUS Are such friends both alike in joy and also in smart?

ARISTIPPUS They must needs, for in two bodies they have but one heart

CARISOPHUS Friend Aristippus, deceive me not with sophistry:

Is there no perfect friendship, but where is virtue and honesty?

ARISTIPPUS What a devil then meant Carisophus

¹ *Bonns*, both 4tos

To join in friendship with fine Aristippus?
 In whom is as much virtue, truth and honesty,
 As there are true feathers in the three Cranes of
 the Vintree.¹
 Yet their² feathers have the shadow of lively
 feathers, the truth to scan,
 But Carisophus hath not the shadow of an honest
 man
 To be plain, because I know thy villainy,
 In abusing Dionysius to many men's injury,
 Under the cloak of friendship I play'd with his
 head,
 And sought means how thou with thine own fancy
 might be led
 My friendship thou soughtest for thine own com-
 modity,
 As worldly men do, by profit measuring amity:
 Which I perceiving, to the like myself I framed,
 Wherein I know of the wise I shall not be
 blamed.
 If you ask me, *Quare?* I answer, *Quia prudentis*
est multum dissimulare.
 To speak more plainer, as the proverb doth go,
 In faith, Carisophus, *cum Cr etense cretizo.*
 Yet a perfect friend I show myself to thee in one
 thing,

¹ Sometimes called New Queen Street, where there seems to have been the sign of *the three Cranes*. Ben Jonson mentions this place in "The Devil is an Ass," act 1 sc 1

"From thence shoot the bridge child, to the Cranes of the Vintree,
 And see there the gumbles how they make their entry!"

Stow says it was a place of some account for the Costermongers who had warehouses there; and it appears from Dekker's "Belman of London," sig. E 2, that the beggars of his time called one of their places of rendezvous by this name [See Herbert's edition of Ames, p 367-8]

² *These*, first edition

I do not dissemble, now I say I will not speak for thee to the king.

Therefore sink in thy sorrow, I do not deceive thee,
A false knave I found thee, a false knave I leave thee

[*Exit*

CARISOPHUS He is gone! is this friendship, to leave his friend in the plain field?

Well, I see now I myself have beguiled,
In matching with that false fox in amity,
Which hath me used to his own commodity.
Which seeing me in distress, unfeignedly goes his ways

Lo, this is the perfect friendship among men now-a-days,

Which kind of friendship toward him I used secretly,

And he with me the like hath requited me craftily,
It is the gods' judgment, I see it plainly,
For all the world may know, *Incidit in foveam quam feci*

Well, I must content myself, none other help I know,

Until a merrier gale of wind may hap to blow

[*Exit.*

Enter EUBULUS

EUBULUS Who deals with kings in matters of great weight,

When froward will doth bear the chiefest sway,
Must yield of force, there need no subtle sleight,
Ne painted¹ speech the matter to convey
No prayer can move, when kindled is the ire
The more ye quench, the more increased² the fire.
This thing I prove in Pithias' woful case,
Whose heavy hap with tears I do lament:

¹ *Vaunted*, second edition

² *Increased is*, old editions.

The day is come, when he, in Damon's place,
Must lose his life the time is fully spent
Nought can my words now with the king prevail,
Against the wind and striving stream¹ I sail
For die thou must, alas ! thou seely Greek
Ah Pithias, now come is thy doleful hour ·
A perfect friend, one² such a world to seek
Though bitter death shall give thee sauce full sou,
Yet for thy faith enroll'd shall be thy name
Among the gods within the book of fame
Who knoweth his case, and will not melt in tears ?
His guiltless blood shall trickle down anon

Then the MUSES sing

*Alas, what hap hast thou, poor Pithias, now to die !
Woe worth the man which for his death hath given us
cause to cry*

EUBULUS *Methink I hear, with yellow rented
hairs,*

*The Muses frame their notes, my state to moan³
Among which sort, as one that mourneth with heart,
In doleful tunes myself will bear a part*

MUSES *Woe worth the man which for his death, &c*

EUBULUS *With yellow rented hairs, come on, you
Muses nine,*

*Fill now my breast with heavy tunes, to me your
plaint resign*

¹ *Streams*, second edition.

² [*None such*, old editions The meaning seems to be, a perfect friend —'tis a world to seek one such]

³ Both the old copies have it "*my state to moan*," which may be right, and the substitution [*to thy*, which was made in the earlier editions] should not have been made without notice —*Collins*

*For Pithias I beware, which presently must die,
Woe worth the man which for his death hath given us
cause, &c.*

MUSES *Woe worth the man which for his, &c.*

EUBULUS. *Was ever such a man, that would die for
his friend ?
I think even from the heavens above the gods did him
down send
To show true friendship's power, which forc'd thee
now to die*

Woe worth the man which for thy death, &c.

MUSES. *Woe worth the man, &c*

EUBULUS *What tiger's whelp was he, that Damon
did accuse ?
What faith hast thou, which for thy friend thy death
doth not refuse ?*

O heavy hap hadst thou to play this tragedy !

Woe worth the man which for thy death, &c

MUSES [*Woe*] *worth the man, &c*

EUBULUS. *Thou young and worthy Greek, that
showeth such perfect love,
The gods receive thy simple ghost into the heavens
above.*

Thy death we shall lament with many a weeping eye.

Woe worth the man, which for his death, &c

MUSES *Woe worth the man, which for thy death
hath given us cause to cry*

EUBULUS *Eternal be your fame, ye Muses, for
that in misery
Ye did vouchsafe to strain your notes to walk.
My heart is rent in two with this miserable case,
Yet am I charged by Dionysius' mouth to see this
place*

At all points ready for the execution of Pithias.
Need hath no law : will ¹ I or nil I, it must be done,
But lo, the bloody minister is even here at hand

Enter GRONNO.

Gronno, I came hither now to understand,
If all things are well appointed for the execution
of Pithias

The king himself will see it done here in this place.

GRONNO Sir, all things are ready, here is the
place, here is the hand, here is the sword .
Here lacketh none but Pithias, whose head at a
word,

If he were present, I could finely strike off—

You may report that all things are ready

EUBULUS. I go with an heavy heart to report it
Ah woful Pithias !

Full near now is thy misery. [*Erit*

GRONNO I marvel very much, under what con-
stellation

All hangmen are born, for they are hated of all,
beloved of none

Which hatred is showed by this point evidently .

The hangman always dwells in the vilest place of
the city

That such spite should be, I know no cause why,
Unless it be for their office's sake, which is cruel
and bloody.

Yet some men must do it to execute laws.

Me-think they hate me without any just cause

But I must look to my toil , Pithias must lose his
head at one blow,

Else the boys will stone me to death in the street,
as I go.

¹ Whether I will or not. See Note 23 to "Grim the Collier of Croydon."

But hark, the prisoner cometh, and the king also -
I see there is no help, Pithias his life must forego

Here entereth DIONYSIUS and EUBULUS

DIONYSIUS Bring forth Pithias, that pleasant
companion,
Which took me at my word, and became pledge for
Damon
It picketh¹ fast upon noon, I do him no injury,
If now he lose his head, for so he requested me,
If Damon return not, which now in Greece is full
merry
Therefore shall Pithias pay his death, and that by
and by
He thought belike, if Damon were out of the city,
I would not put him to death for some foolish pity.
But seeing it was his request, I will not be mock'd,
he shall die,
Bring him forth

Here entereth SNAP²

SNAP Give place, let the prisoner come by,
give place
DIONYSIUS How say you, sir, where is Damon,
your trusty friend?
You have play'd a wise part, I make God a vow.
You know what time a day it is, make you ready
PITHIAS. Most ready I am, mighty king, and
most ready also
For my true friend Damon this life to forego,
Even at your pleasure

¹ *i.e.*, It *rideth* fast upon noon The word is used by Spenser and many of our ancient writers

² With Pithias in his custody, and Stephano, as is evident from the rest of the scene — *Collier*

DIONYSIUS A true friend¹ a false traitor, that
 so breaketh his oath¹
 Thou shalt lose thy life, though thou be never so
 loth

PITHIAS I am not loth to do whatsoever I said,
 Ne at this present pinch of death am I dismay'd.
 The gods now I know have heard my fervent
 prayer,

That they have reserved me to this passing great
 honour,

To die for my friend, whose faith even now I do
 not mistrust,

My friend Damon is no false traitor, he is true and
 just

But sith he is no god, but a man, he must do as he
 may,

The wind may be contrary, sickness may let him,¹
 or some misadventure by the way,

Which the eternal gods turn all to my glory,
 That fame may resound how Pithias for Damon
 did die

He breaketh no oath which doth as much as he
 can,

His mind is here, he hath some let, he is but a man
 That he might not return of all the gods I did

require,
 Which now to my joy do² grant my desire
 But why do I stay any longer, seeing that one
 man's death

May suffice, O king, to pacify thy wrath?
 O thou minister of justice, do thine office by and by,
 Let not thy hand tremble, for I tremble not to die
 Stephano, the right pattern of true fidelity,
 Commend me to thy master, my sweet Damon,
 and of him crave liberty

¹ Hinder him

² Doth, both 4tos.

When I am dead, in my name , for thy trusty ser-
vices
Hath well deserved a gift far better than this
O my Damon, farewell now for ever, a true friend,
to me most dear ;
Whiles life doth last, my mouth shall still talk of
thee,
And when I am dead, my simple ghost, true wit-
ness of amity,
Shall hover about the place, wheresoever thou be
DIONYSIUS Eubulus, this gear is strange , and
yet because
Damon hath fals'd his faith, Pithias shall have the
law.
Gronno, despoil him, and eke dispatch him quickly.
GRONNO It shall be done , since you came into
this place,
I might have stricken off seven heads in this
space.
By'r Lady, here are good garments, these are mine,
by the rood !
It is an evil wind that bloweth no man good
Now, Pithias, kneel down, ask me blessing like a
pretty boy,
And with a trice thy head from thy shoulders I
will convey.

Here entereth DAMON running, and stays the sword

DAMON. Stay, stay, stay ! for the king's advan-
tage, stay !
O mighty king, mine appointed time is not yet
fully pass'd ;
Within the compass of mine hour, lo, here I come
at last.
A life I owe, and a life I will you pay
O my Pithias, my noble pledge, my constant friend !

Ah ! woe is me ! for Damon's sake, how near were
thou to thy end !

Give place to me, this room is mine, on this stage
must I play

Damon is the man, none ought but hē to Dionysius
his blood to pay

GRONNO Are you come, sir? you might have
tarried, if you had been wise

For your hasty coming you are like to know the
price

PITHIAS O thou cruel minister, why didst not
thou thine office ?

Did I not beg thee make haste in any wise ?

Hast thou spared to kill me once, that I may die
twice ?

Not to die for my friend is present death to me,
and alas !

Shall I see my sweet Damon slain before my
face ?

What double death is this ? but, O mighty
Dionysius,

Do true justice now weigh this aright, thou
noble Eubulus,

Let me have nō wrong, as now stands the case

Damon ought not to die, but Pithias .

By misadventure, not by his will, his hour is past,
therefore I,

Because he came not at his just time, ought justly
to die

So was my promise, so was thy promise, O king,

All this court can bear witness of this thung.

DAMON Not so, O mighty king to justice it is
contrary,

That for another man's fault the innocent should
die :

Ne yet is my time plainly expired, it is not fully
noon

Of this my day appointed, by all the clocks in the
town

PITHIAS Believe no clock, the hour is past by
the sun

DAMON Ah my Pithias, shall we now break
the bonds of amity?

Will you now overthwart me, which heretofore so
well did agree?

PITHIAS My Damon, the gods forbid but we
should agree,

Therefore agree to this, let me perform the promise
made for thee

Let me die for thee · do me not that injury,
Both to break my promise, and to suffer me to see
thee die,

Whom so dearly I love this small request grant me,
I shall never ask thee more, my desire is but
friendly

Do me this honour, that fame may report trium-
phantly,

That Pithias for his friend Damon was contented
to die

DAMON That you were contented for me to
die, fame cannot deny,

Yet fame shall never touch me with such a villainy,
To report that Damon did suffer his friend Pithias
for him guiltless to die,

Therefore content thyself, the gods requite thy
constant faith,

None but Damon's blood can appease Dionysus'
wrath

And now, O mighty king, to you my talk I convey;
Because you gave me leave my worldly things to
stay,

To requite that good turn, ere I die, for your be-
half this I say,

Although your regal state dame Fortune decketh so,

That like a king in worldly wealth abundantly ye
 flow,
 Yet fickle is the ground whereon all tyrants tread,
 A thousand sundry cares and fears do haunt their
 restless head -
 No trusty band, no faithful friends do guard thy
 hateful state,
 And why? whom men obey for deadly fear, sure
 them they deadly hate
 That you may safely reign, by love get friends,
 whose constant faith
 Will never fail, this counsel gives poor Damon at
 his death
 Friends are the surest guard for kings, gold in
 time does ¹ wear away,
 And other precious things do fade, friendship will
 never decay
 Have friends in store therefore, so shall you safely
 sleep,
 Have friends at home, of foreign foes so need you
 take no keep
 Abandon flattery tongues, whose clacks truth
 never tell,
 Abase the ill, advance the good, in whom dame
 virtue dwells,
 Let them your playfellows be but O, you earthly
 kings,
 Your sure defence and strongest guard stands
 chiefly in faithful friends.

¹ *Doo*, first edition. The reading of both the old copies
 in this place is

"*Golden time doo wear away*"

If it were worth while to remark the difference between *doo*
 and *doos*, it might have been as well not to make the
 change in the text without notice, although it is probably
 right—*Collier*.

Then get you friends by liberal deeds , and here I
make an end

Accept this counsel, mighty king, of Damon,
Pithias' friend

O my Pithias! now farewell for ever, let me kiss
thee, ere I die,

My soul shall honour thee, thy constant faith above
the heavens shall fly

Come, Gronno, do thine office now , why is thy
colour so dead ?

My neck is so short, that thou wilt never have
honesty in striking off this head ¹

DIONYSIUS Eubulus, my spirits are suddenly
appalled, my limbs wax weak

This strange friendship amazeth me so, that I can
scarce speak.

PITHIAS O mighty king, let some pity your
noble heart meve ,

You require but one man's death, take Pithias, let
Damon live

EUBULUS. O unspeakable friendship !

DAMON. Not so, he hath not offended, there is
no cause why

My constant friend Pithias for Damon's sake should
die.

¹ *i. e.* , Thou wilt derive no *credit* from striking off a head so disadvantageously placed for the purpose of decollation *Honnetete*, French, anciently signified *fame* or *reputation* in the dexterous execution of any undertaking, whether honourable or the contrary *Honesty* seems here to be used with the French meaning — *Stevens* In this instance the author appears to have had before him the speech which Sir Thomas More made at his execution Hall, in his "Chronicle," p 226, says, "Also the hangman kneled doune to him askyng him forgiuenes of his death (as the maner is), to whom he sayd I forgeue thee, but I promise thee that thou shalt neuer haue *honestie* of the strykyng of my head, my necke is so short."

Alas, he is but young, he may do good to many.
Thou coward minister, why dost thou not let me die?

GRONNO My hand with sudden fear quivereth
PITHIAS O noble king, show mercy upon Da-
mon, let Pithias die

DIONYSIUS Stay, Gronno, my flesh trembleth
Eubulus, what shall I do ?

Were there ever such friends on earth as were
these two ?

What heart is so cruel that would divide them
asunder ?

O noble friendship, I must yield, at thy force I
wonder

My heart this rare friendship hath pierc'd to the
root,

And quenched all my fury this sight hath brought
this about,

Which thy grave counsel, Eubulus, and learned
persuasion could never do

[*To DAMON and PITHIAS*] O noble gentlemen, the
immortal gods above

Hath made you play this tragedy, I think, for my
behoof

Before this day I never knew what perfect friend-
ship meant

My cruel mind to bloody deeds was full and wholly
bent

My fearful life I thought with terror to defend,
But now I see there is no guard unto a faithful
friend,

Which will not spare his life at time of present
need

O happy kings, who in¹ your courts have two such
friends indeed !

¹ The two old copies have it,

"O happy kinges *within* your courtes," &c —*Collaer*

I honour friendship now, which that you may
plainly see,
Damon, have thou thy life, from death I pardon
thee,
For which good turn, I crave, this honour do me
lend,
O friendly heart, let me link with you, to you¹
make me the third friend
My court is yours, dwell here with me, by my
commission large,
Myself, my realm, my wealth, my health, I commit
to your charge
Make me a third friend, more shall I joy in that
thing,
Than to be called, as I am, Dionysius the mighty
king

DAMON O mighty king, first for my life most
humble thanks I give,
And next, I praise the immortal gods that did
your heart so move,
That you would have respect to friendship's hea-
venly lore,
Foreseeing well he need not fear which hath true
friends in store.
For my part, most noble king, as a third friend,
welcome to our friendly society,
But you must forget you are a king, for friendship
stands in true equality
DIONYSIUS. Unequal though I be in great pos-
sessions,
Yet full equal shall you find me in my changed
conditions.

Tyranny, flattery, oppression, lo, here I cast away,
Justice, truth, love, friendship, shall be my joy.
True friendship will I honour unto my life's end,

¹ *Two to*, second edition

My greatest glory shall be to be counted a perfect friend.

PITHIAS For this your deed, most noble king,
the gods advance your name,
And since to friendship's lore you list your princely
heart to flame,
With joyful heart, O king, most welcome now to
me,

With you will I knit the perfect knot of amity -
Wherein I shall instruct you so, and Damon here
your friend,

That you may know of amity the mighty force, and
eke the joyful end :

And how that kings do stand upon a fickle ground,
Within whose realm at time of need no faithful
friends are found.

DIONYSIUS Your instruction will I follow , to
you myself I do commit
Eubulus, make haste to fet new apparel, fit
For my new friends

EUBULUS I go with joyful heart O happy
day ! [*Aside*] [*Exit*

GRONNO I am glad to hear this word. Though
their lives they do not lese,

It is no reason¹ the hangman should lose his fees .
These are mine, I am gone with a trice [*Exit*

Here entereth EUBULUS with new garments

DIONYSIUS Put on these garments now , go in
with me, the jewels of my court.

DAMON and PITHIAS We go with joyful hearts.
STEPHANO. O Damon, my dear master, in all
this joy remember me.

DIONYSIUS My friend Damon, he asketh reason

¹ *No reason*, first edition.

DAMON. Stephano, for thy good service be thou free. [*Exeunt* DION¹

STEPHANO O most happy, pleasant, joyful, and triumphant day !

Poor Stephano now shall live in continual play²
Vive le roy, with Damon and Pithias, in perfect amity.

Vive tu, Stephano, in thy pleasant liberality.³
 Wherein I joy as much as he that hath a conquest won,

I am a free man, none so merry as I now under the sun.

Farewell, my lords, now the gods grant you all the sum of perfect amity,

And me long to enjoy my long-desired liberty
[*Exit.*

Here entereth EUBULUS beating CARISOPHUS.

Away, villain ! away, you flatt'ring parasite !
 Away, the plague of this court ! thy filed tongue,
 that forged lies,

No more here shall do hurt · away, false sycophant !
 wilt thou not ?

CARISOPHUS. I am gone, sir, seeing it is the king's pleasure

Why whip ye me alone ? a plague take Damon and Pithias ! since they came hither,

I am driven to seek relief abroad, alas ! I know not whither

Yet, Eubulus, though I be gone, here after time shall try,

¹ This direction means that Dionysius, Damon, Pithias, and all others go out, excepting Stephano.—*Collier*.

² [Old copies, *joy*.]

³ [Freedom]

There shall be found even in this court as great
flatterers as I

Well, for a while I will forego the court, though
to my great pain

I doubt not but to spy a time, when I may creep
in again

EUBULUS. The serpent that eats men alive,
flattery, with all her brood,

Is whipp'd away in princes' courts, which yet did
never good

What force, what mighty power true friendship
may possess,

To all the world Dionysius' court now plainly
doth express

Who since to faithful friends he gave his willing ear,
Most safely sitteth on his seat, and sleeps devoid
of fear

Purged is the court of vice, since friendship
ent'red in,

Tyranny quails, he studieth now with love each
heart to win

Virtue is had in price, and hath his just reward,
And painted speech, that gloseth for gain, from
gifts is quite debarr'd

One loveth another now for virtue, not for gain,
Where virtue doth not knit the knot, there friend-
ship cannot reign,

Without the which no house, no land, no kingdom
can endure,

As necessary for man's life as water, air, and fire,
Which frameth the mind of man all honest things
to do

Unhonest things friendship ne craveth, ne yet
consents thereto

In wealth a double joy, in woe a present stay,
A sweet companion in each state true friendship
is alway .

A sure defence for kings, a perfect trusty band,
A force to assail, a shield to defend the enemies'
cruel hand,
A rare and yet the greatest gift that God can give
to man,
So rare, that scarce four couple of faithful friends
have been, since the world began
A gift so strange and of such price, I wish all
kings to have ;
But chiefly yet, as duty bindeth, I humbly crave,
True friendship and true friends, full fraught with
constant faith,
The giver of all friends, the Lord, grant her, most
noble Queen Elizabeth

The Last Song.

*The strongest guard that kings can have,
Are constant friends their state to save ;
True friends are constant both in word and deed,
True friends are present, and help at each need .
True friends talk truly, they glose for no gain,
When treasure consumeth, true friends will remain,
True friends for their true prince refuseth not their
death .
The Lord grant her such friends, most noble Queen
Elizabeth.*

*Long may she govern in honour and wealth,
Void of all sickness, in most perfect health ;
Which health to prolong, as true friends require,
God grant she may have her own heart's desire :
Which friends will defend with most steadfast faith,
The Lord grant her such friends, most noble Queen
Elizabeth.*

FINIS.

APPIUS AND VIRGINIA.

[The reader does not probably require to be told that Chaucer has taken up the story of the “Wicked Judge Appius” in the “Doctor of Physic’s Tale,” and there is a drama by Webster on the same subject, written many years before it was published in 1654, and included in all the editions of that writer’s works]

THE PLAYERS’ NAMES.¹

VIRGINIUS.	CONSCIENCE
MATER.	JUSTICE
VIRGINIA	CLAUDIUS.
HAPHAZARD.	RUMOUR
MANSIPULUS	COMFORT
MANSIPULA	REWARD
SUBSERVUS	DOCTRINA
APIUS	MEMORY

¹ This list is inserted in the centre of the title page of the old copy. [The title runs as follows “A new Tragickall Comedie of Apius and Virginia Wherein is liuely expressed a rare example of the vertue of Chastitie by Virginias Constancy in wishing rather to be slaine at her owne Fathers handes, then to be dishonored of the wicked Iudge Apius By R B The players’ names (as above) Imprinted at London by William How for Richard Ihones 1575 ”]

MR COLLIER'S PREFACE.

THE "Tragical Comedy of Appius and Virginia" deserves especial notice, as probably [one of] our earliest extant dramatic productions publicly represented, the plot of which is derived from history Sackvilles "Ferrex and Porrex" was acted before the Queen at Whitehall, and Edwards' "Damon and Pythias" also at Court, while the interlude of "Thersites" merely adopts the name of a historical personage as an indication of character, without reference to any events in which he was concerned "Appius and Virginia" is besides curious as holding a middle station between the old moralities and historical plays [while it still retains the allegorical character in some degree]

The performance was printed in 1575, but acted most likely as early as 1563. The initials R B on the title-page would apply to more than one writer about that date It is a work of great rarity, the only known copy being in the British Museum. It would be singular therefore that it has hitherto almost escaped notice, were it not evident that there are so many plays in the

Garlick Collection which have never been read by the editors of Shakespeare Mr Malone makes one reference to "Appius and Virginia" in a note on "A Midsummer Night's Dream," but he misquotes both the words and the date.

There is internal evidence that it was publicly represented, and with reference to this point, we find in one place a curious instance of the ancient simplicity of the construction of an open stage, and of the directions to the actors. "Here let Virginius go about the scaffold" This was the "scaffold hie" on which Herod, according to Chaucer ["Miller's Tale"] was accustomed to rant Hawkins [Orig. Engl. Dr I vii] tells us that this temporary erection, in Parfre's "Candlemas Day," was called "the *Stage*," but he erred from misquotation. In the following piece we are expressly informed that *Haphazard* was the *Vice*, regarding which character see Douce's "Illustr of Shakesp" II, 304, &c.¹

[In the former edition nearly all the corruptions of the old copy, which was edited and printed with the grossest carelessness, were allowed to remain. A few still stand which baffle our ingenuity]

¹ It was well to reprint this singular production, if only to rescue it from the ravages of time. The old copy has received damage, and is fast decaying. the beginnings of the nine following lines have crumbled away, but it has not been difficult to restore the words, or parts of words lost.

THE PROLOGUE

Qui¹ cupis æthereas et summas scandere sedes,
Vim simul ac fraudem discute, care, tibi
Fraus hic nulla juvat, non fortia facta juvabunt
Sola Dei tua te trahet tersa fides
Qui placet in terris, intactæ paludis instar,
Vivere Virginiam nitore, virgo, sequi
Quos tulit et luctus, discas [et] gaudia magna,
Vitæ dum Paucæ scindere fila parent
Huc ades, O virgo pariter moritua, sepulchro,
Sic ait, et facies pallida morte mutat.

Who doth desire the trump of fame to sound unto
the skies,
Or else who seeks the holy place where mighty
Jove he lies,
He must not by deceitful mind, nor yet by puissant
strength,
But by the faith and sacred life he must it win at
length,
And what she be that virgin's life on earth would
gladly lead
The floods that Virginia did fall I wish her to read
Her dolor and her doleful loss, and yet her joys at
death
Come, Virgins pure, to grave with me, quoth she
with latest breath
You Lordlings, all that present be this Tragedy to
hear,

¹ [These Latin lines are full of false grammar, sense, and quantities, of which some are beyond conjecture]

Note well what zeal and love herein doth well appear ·

And, ladies, you that linked are in wedlock bands
for ever,

Do imitate the life you see, whose fame will perish
never

But Virgins you, O Ladies fair, for honour of your
name

Do lead the life apparent here to win immortal fame
Let not the blinded God of Love, as poets term
him so,

Nor Venus with her venery, nor lechers, cause of woe,
Your Virgins' name to spot or file dear dames,
observe the life¹

That fair Virginia did observe, who rather wish[ed]
the knife

Of father's hand her life to end, than spot her
chastity

As she did wail, wail you her want, you maids of
courtesy

If any by example here would shun that great annoy
Our Author would rejoyce in heart, and we would
leap for joy

Would gods that our endeavours may as well to
please your ears,

As is our author's meaning here, then were we void
of fears

But patiently we wish you bear with this our first
attempt,

Which surely will to do our best, then yield us no
contempt

And as you please in patient wise our first for to
receive,

Ere long a better shall you win, if God do grant
us leave

¹ [Old copy has *like*]

APPIUS AND VIRGINIA.



Enter VIRGINIUS

Before the time that fortune's lot did show each
fate his doom,
Or bird or beast, or fish or fowl, on earth had
taken room,
The gods they did decree to frame, the thing is
ended now,
The heavens and the planets eke, and moist from
air to bow
Then framed they the man from mould and clay
and gave him time to reign,
As seemed best their sacred minds to run and turn
again,
They framed also, after this, out of his tender
side
A piece of much formosity with him for to
abide
From infancy to lusty youth, and so to reign
awhile,
And well to live, till Cetas he unwares do him
beguile
Therewith to see these gifts of them on grounded
cave to view,
And daintily to deck them up, which after they
may rue

Therefore I thank the gods above that yield to me
such fate
To link to me so just a spouse, and eke so loving
mate
By her I have a virgin pure, an imp of heavenly
race
Both sober, meek and modest too, and virtuous in
like case
To temple will I wend therefore to yield the gods
their praise,
For that they have thus luckily annexed^{*} to my
days
But stay behold the peerless sparks, whereof my
tongue did talk,
Approach in presence of my sight. to church I
deem they walk
But stay I will, and shroud me secretly awhile
To see what wit or counsel grave proceedeth from
their style.

Here entereth MATER and VIRGINIA

The pert and pricking prime of youth ought chas-
tisement to have,
But thou, dear daughter, needest not, thyself doth
show thee grave
To see how Phoebus with his beams hath youth so
much infested,¹
It doth me woe to see them crave the thing should
be detested²
I draw to grave and nought can leave of thee to be
desired,
As much as duty to thy dear, as reason hath re-
quired

¹ [Old copy, *infected*]

² [Old copy, *detected*]

My sovereign¹ lord and friendly phœbe² Virginius,
father thine,

To nurse as doth become a child, when bones are
buried mine

VIRGINIA³ Refell your mind of mourning plants,
dear mother, rest your mind

For though that duty dainty were, dame nature
will me bind

So much to do, and further force of Gods that rule
the skies,

The Globe,⁴ and eke the Element, they would me
else despise

MATER Then if the gods have granted thee such
grace to love thy sire,

When time shall choose thee out a make, be con-
stant, I require

Love, live, and like him well, before you grant him
grace or faith,

So shall your love continue long experience thus
he saith

VIRGINIA I grant, dear Dame, I do agree,

When time shall so provide,

But tender youth and infancy

Doth rather wish me bide

What, should I lose Diana's gift

And eke the spring to shun,

By which Acteon fatally

His final race did run²

Should I as abject be esteemed

Throughout Parnassus hill,

Or should my virgin's name be filed,

It were too great a skill

¹ [Old copy, *They sufferent*]

² [Old copy, *feare*]

³ The old copy gives this line to Virginius

⁴ [i.e., The earth Old copy, *Globe*]

But yet it is unspotted, lo,
 Right well I do conceive,
 When wedlock doth require the same,
 With parents' love and leave
 Yet obstinate I will not be,
 But willing will me yield,
 When you command, and not before,
 Then duty shall me shield

VIRGINIUS Ah gods, that rule and reign in
 heavens, in seas, in floods, in lands,
 Two couples such, I surely deem, you never made
 with hands
 Ah gods, why do ye not compel each dame the like
 to show,
 And every imp of her again her duty thus to know?
 I cannot stay my tongue from talk, I needs must
 call my dear
 O spouse, well-met, and daughter too, what news?
 how do you cheer?

MATER O dear Virginus, joy to me, O peerless
 spouse and mate,
 In health, I praise the gods, I am, and joyful for
 thy state

VIRGINIUS Virginia, my daughter dear,
 How standeth all with thee?

VIRGINIA Like happy state, as mother told.

VIRGINIUS Like joyful sight to me¹
 By the gods, wife, I joy me that have such a treasure,
 Such [a] gem and such [a] jewel, surmounting all
 measure
 Such a happy spouse, such a fortunate dame,
 That no blot or stain can impair her fame,
 Against such an imp and graff of my tree,
 As clear doth surmount all others that be

¹ [Old copy gives this line to Virginia]

MATER Nay, rather, dear spouse, how much is
my case,

To be now advanced by such happy grace,
Doth daily distil my husband so loving,
Granting and giving to all thing behoving,
Joying in me and in the fruit of my womb
Who would not requite it, the gods yield their
doom,

And if it be I, the gods do destroy me,
Rather than sin so sore should annoy me

VIRGINIUS O wife, refell thy wishing for woe,
Myself thy fault right well do know
And rather I wish myself to be slain
Than thou or thy daughter ought woe should sus-
tain

VIRGINIA O father, my comfort, O mother, my
joy,

O dear and O sovereign, do cease to employ
Such dolorous talking where dangers are none
Where joys are attendant, what needeth this moan?
You matron, you spouse, you nurse and you wife,
You comfort, you only the sum of his life
You husband, you [sweet]heart you joy, and you
pleasure,

You king and you kaiser too her¹ only treasure
You father, you mother, my life doth sustain,
I your babe, I your bliss, I your health am again²
Forbear then your dolor, let mirth be frequented.
Let sorrow depart, and not be attempted

VIRGINIUS O wife, O spouse, I am content

MATER O husband

VIRGINIA O father, we do consent [*Sung here*

¹ [Old copy has *keyser to, ber*]

² [In the old copy this line runs thus—

“I babe, and I blisse, you health am againe”

All sing this

*The truest treasure in earth,¹ as we see,
Is man, wife, and children in one to agree,
Then friendly and kindly let measure be mixed
With reason in season, where friendship is fixed*

VIRGINIUS [*sings*]

*When nature nursed first of all, young Alexander
learned,
Of whom the poets mention make, in judgment so discerned,
O, what did want, that love procured, his vital end
well near?
This is the hope, where parents love their children, do
not fear,*

All sing this

*The truest treasure in earth, as we see
Is man, wife, and children, &c*

MATER [*sings*]

*What² time King Nisus would not let his daughter to
be taught,
Of any one correcting hand to virtue³ to be brought,
She, void of duty, cut his locks and golden tresses clear,
Whereby his realm was overrun, and she was paid
her hire.*

All sing this.

*The truest treasure in earth, as we see,
Is man, wife, and children, &c*

¹ In the old copy the word *earth* is repeated

² [Old copy, *When*]

³ The old copy reads "to nurture to be brought," but it is probably a misprint

VIRGINIA [*sings*].

*When Dædalus from Crete did fly
With Icarus his joy.
He nought regarding father's words,
Did seek his own annoy:
He mounted up into the skies,
Whereat the gods did frown.
And Phœbus sore his wings did fry,
And headlong flings him down.*

All sing this.

*The trustiest treasure in earth, as we see,
Is man, wife, and children, &c.*

VIRGINIUS [*sings again*].

*Then sith that partiality doth partly discord move,
And hatred oftentimes doth creep, where overmuch we
love;
And if we love no whit at all, the fuming trump will
sound,
Come, wife, come, spouse, come, daughter dear, let
measure bear the ground.*

All sing this.

*The trustiest treasure in earth, as we see,
Is man, wife, and children in one to agree;
Then friendly and kindly let measure be mixed
With reason in season, where friendship is fixed.*
*Exeunt.*¹

Here entereth HAPHAZARD the Vice.

Very well, Sir, very well, Sir ; it shall be done,
As fast as ever I can prepare :

¹ [Old copy, *Exit*, but all three leave the stage.]

Who dips¹ with the devil, he had need have a long
 spoon,
 Or else full small will be his fare
 Yet a proper gentleman I am, of truth ·
 Yea, that may ye see by my long side-gown ·
 Yea, but what am I ? a scholar, or a schoolmaster,
 or else some youth
 A lawyer, a student, or else a country clown
 A broom-man, a basket-maker, or a baker of pies,
 A flesh or a fishmonger, or a sower of lies ?
 A louse o' a louser, a leek or a lark,
 A dreamer, a drumble,² a fire or a spark ?
 A catiff, a cutthroat, a creeper in corners,
 A hairbriar, a hangman, or a grafter of hoiners ?
 By the gods, I know not how best to devise,
 My name or my property well to disguise
 A merchant, a May-pole, a man or a mackerel,
 A crab or a crevis, a crane or a cockerel ?
 Most of all these my nature doth enjoy,
 Sometime I advance them, sometime I destroy
 A maid or a mussel-boat, a wife or a wild duck ?
 As bold as blind bayard, as wise as a wood-cock.
 As fine as fi'pence, as proud as a peacock,
 As stout as a stockfish, as meek as a meacock.
 As big as a beggar, as fat as a fool,
 As true as a tinker, as rich as an owl
 With hey-trick, how troll, trey-trip and trey-trace,
 Troll-hazard with a vengeance, I beshrew his
 knave's face,
 For tro and troll-hazard keep such a range,
 That poor Haphazard was never so strange :
 But yet, Haphazard, be of good cheer,
 Go play and repast thee, man, be merry to-yere³

¹ [The ordinary proverb runs, "Who *sups*," &c.]

² [A sleepy-head or a stupid]

³ [For the future]

Though victual be dainty and hard for to get,
 Yet perhaps a number will die of the sweat ¹
 Though it be in hazard, yet happily I may,
 Though money be lacking, yet one day go gay.

Enter MANSIPULUS

When, Maud, with a pestilence ¹ what, mak'st thou
 no haste?
 Of barberry ² incense belike thou wouldest taste!
 By the gods, I have stayed a full great while:
 My lord he is near at hand by this at the church-
 stile,
 And all for Maud mumble-turd, that mangpodding
 madge,
 By the gods, if she hie not, I'll give her my badge

[*Enter MANSIPULA*]

MANSIPULA What, drake-nosed drivel, begin
 you to flout?
 I'll fry you in a faggot-stick, by Cock, goodman lout.
 You boaster, you bragger, you biawling knave,
 I'll pay thee thy forty-pence, thou brawling slave.
 My lady's great business belike is at end,
 When you, goodman dawcock, lust for to wend
 You cod's-head, you crack-rope, you chattering pie,
 Have with ye, have at ye, your manhood to try

[*Beat and hustle him*]

HAPHAZARD What! hold your hands, masters.
 What! fie for shame, fie!

¹ This allusion to the *sweat*, a word anciently used as synonymous with the *plague*, seems to fix the date, when "Appius and Virginia" was written, in 1563. according to Camden's Annals, there was then "a raging plague in London"

² [Old copy, *Bayberry*]

What culling, what lulling, what stir have we here?
What tugging, what lugging, what pugging by the
ear

What, part and be friends, and end all this strife
MANSIPULUS Nay, rather I wish her the end of
my knife

MANSIPULA Draw it, give me it, I will it
receive,

So that for to place it I might have good leave
By the gods, but for losing my land, life and living,
It should be so placed he should have ill-thriving

MANSIPULUS By the gods, how ungraciously the
vixen she chatteth

MANSIPULA And he even as knavishly my
answer he patteth

HAPHAZARD Here is nought else but railing of
words out of reason,

Now tugging, now tattling, now muzzling in season
For shame! be contented, and leave off this
brawling

MANSIPULUS Content, for I shall repent it for
this my tongue-wralling

MANSIPULA Thou knave, but for thee, ere this
time of day

My lady's fair pew had been strawed¹ full gay,
With pimperns, cowslips, and violets sweet,
With mints and with marigolds, and margoram
meet,

Which now lieth uncleanly, and all 'long of thee
That a shame recompense thee for hindring of
me!

MANSIPULUS Ah pretty prank-pannel, the
cushion and book,
Whereon he should read and kneel are present,
here look.

¹ [Strawn]

My lord, when he seeth me, he will cast such an eye,
As pinch will my heart near ready to die
And thus wise and thus wise his hand will be
walking,

With thou, pious knave away, get thee packing.
[Here let him pretend to] fight

HAPHAZARD Nay then, by the mass, it's time
to be knacking

No words at all, but to me he is pointing
Nay, have at you again you shall have your
anointing

MANSIPULA Body of me, hold, if ye can!
What, will you kill such a proper man?

HAPHAZARD Nay, sure I have done, when
women do speak

Why would the knave my patience so break?

MANSIPULUS Well, I must be gone, there is no
remedy,

For fear my tail makes buttons, by mine honesty

HAPHAZARD For reverence on your face, your
nose and your chin

By the gods, have ye heard such an unmanly
villain?

MANSIPULA I never heard one so rank of rude-
ness

MANSIPULUS In faith, it is but for lack of lewd-
ness¹

But here I burn day-light, while thus I am talking.
Away, come, Mansipula, let us be walking

MANSIPULA. Contented, Mansipulus, have with
thee with speed

HAPHAZARD. Nay, stay yet, my friends, I am
not agreed.

MANSIPULA. We dare not tarry, by God, we
swear

¹ [Knowledge, perception]

HAPHAZARD. Nay, tarry, take comfort with you
for to bear

It is but in hazard, and if you be miss'd,
And so it may happen you feel not his fist
Perhaps he is stay'd by talk with some friend.
It is but in hazard then sing, ere you wend
Let hope be your helper, your care to defend

MANSIPULUS. By hap or by hazard we sing, ere
we cry,

Then sing, let us say so, let sorrow go by.

MANSIPULA We can be but beaten, that is the
worst

Enter SUBSERVUS

What how, Mansipulus! thou knave, art thou curs'd?
My lord standeth talking, and I gape for thee
Come away, with a wannion! run, haste and hie

MANSIPULUS Nay, hearken, Subservus, stay, I
pray thee

Let us have a song, and then have with thee

SUBSERVUS. Content, if thou hie thee

Sing here all

*Hope so, and hap so, in hazard of threat'ning,
The worst that can hap, lo, in end is but beating*

MANSIPULUS [*sings*].

*What, if my lording do chance for to miss me,
The worst that can happen is, cudgel will kiss me.
In such kind of sweetness, I swear by God's mother,
It will please me better, it were on some other.*

[ALL] *With thwack thwack, with thump thump,
With bobbing and bum,*

*Our side-saddle shoulders shall shield that
doth come.*

Hope so, and hap so, in hazard, &c.

MANSIPULA [*sings*]

*If¹ case that my lady do threaten my case,
 No cause to contrary, but bear her a space,
 Until she draw home, lo, where so she will use me,
 As Doctors doth doubt it, how I should excuse me*
 [ALL] *With thwack thwack, with thump thump,
 With bobbing and bum,
 Our side-saddle shoulders shall shield that
 doth come
 Hope so, and hap so, in hazard, &c*

SUBSERVUS [*sings*]

*What, if your company cause me have woe,
 I mind not companions so soon to forego
 Let hope hold the helmet, till brunt it be past,
 For blows are but buffets and words but a blast.*
 [ALL] *With thwack thwack, with thump thump,
 With bobbing and bum,
 Our side-saddle shoulders shall shield that
 doth come
 Hope so, and hap so, in hazard, &c.*

HAPHAZARD [*sings*]

*Then let us be merry, it is but by hap,
 A hazardly chance may harbour a clap
 Bestir ye, be merry, be glad and be joying,
 For blows are but buffets and small time annoying.*
 [ALL] *With thwack thwack, with thump thump,
 With bobbing and bum,
 Our side-saddle shoulders shall shield that
 doth come
 Hope so, and hap so, in hazard, &c
 [The end of the song.]*

¹ [If the case be that]

All speaketh this

Haphazard, farewell the gods do thank thee
[*Exeunt.*]

HAPHAZARD Farewell, my friends, farewell, go
 prank ye
 By the gods, Haphazard, these men have tried
 thee

Who said thou wast no man, sure they belied thee
 By Jove, master merchant, by sea or by land,
 Would get but small argent, if I did not stand
 His very good master, I may say to you,
 When he hazards in hope what hap will ensue
 In court I am no man —by Cock, sir, ye lie—
 A ploughman, perhaps, or ere that he die,
 May hap be a gentleman, a courtier or captain,
 And hap may so hazard he may go begging
 Perhaps that a gentleman, heir to great land,
 Which selleth his living for money in hand,
 In hazard it is the buying of more
 Perhaps he may ride, when spent is his store
 Hap may so hazard, the moon may so change,
 That men may be masters, and wives will not
 range :

But in hazard it is in many a grange,
 Lest wives wear the cod-piece, and maidens go
 strange ¹

As peacocks sit perking by chance in the plumbtree,
 So maids would be masters by the guise of this
 country

Haphazard each state full well that he marks,
 If hap the sky fall, we may hap to have larks
 Well, fare ye well now for better or worse
 Put hands to your pockets, have mind to your
 purse [*Exit*]

¹ [Old copy, *coy strange*]

Enter JUDGE APPIUS

The furrowed face of fortune's force my pinching
pain doth move
I, settled ruler of my realm, enforced am to love
Judge Appius I, the princeliest judge that reigneth
under sun,
And have been so esteemed long, but now my force
is none
I rule no more, but ruled am, I do not judge but
am judged,
By beauty of Virginia my wisdom all is trudged
O peerless dame, O passing piece, O face of such
a feature,
That never erst with beauty such matched was
by nature
O fond Apelles, prattling fool, why boasteth thou
so much,
The famous't piece thou mad'st in Greece, whose
lineaments were such?
Or why didst thou, deceived man, for beauty of
thy work,
In such a sort with fond desire, where no kind life
did lurk,
With raging fits, thou fool, run mad, O fond Pig-
malion?
Yet sure, if that thou sawest my dear, the like
thou could'st make none
Then what may I? O gods above, bend down to
hear my cry,
As once ye¹ did to Salmacis, in pond hard Lycia
by.
O, that Virginia were in case as sometime Salmacis,
And in Hermaphroditus stead myself might seek
my bliss!

¹ [Old copy, *he*]

Ah gods, would I unfold her arms complecting of
my neck ?
Or would I hurt her nimble hand, or yield her such
a check ?
Would I gainsay her tender skin to bathe, where I
do wash,
Or else refuse her soft, sweet lips to touch my
naked flesh ?
Nay ! O, the gods do know my mind, I rather
would requie
To sue, to serve, to crouch, to kneel, to crave for
my desire
But out, ye gods ! ye bend your brows, and frown
to see me fare ,
Ye do not force my fickle fate, ye do not weigh my
care
Unrighteous and unequal gods, unjust and eke
unsure,
Woe worth the time ye made me live to see this
hapless hour !
Did Iphis hang himself for love of lady not so
fair ?
Or else did Jove the cloudy mists bend down
from lightsome air ?
Or as the poets mention make of Inach's daughter
meek,
For love did he, too, make a cow, whom Inach long
did seek ?
Is love so great to cause the quick to enter into
hell,
As stout Orpheus did attempt, as histories do tell ?
Then what is it that love cannot ? why, love did
pierce the skies .
Why, Pheb and famous Mercury with love had
blinded eyes
But I, a judge, of grounded years, shall reap to me
such name,

As shall resound dishonour great with trump of
careless fame
O, that my years were youthful yet, or that I were
unwedded !

Here entereth HAPHAZARD

Why, cease, Sir Knight, for why perhaps of you
she shall be bedded
For follow my counsel, so may you me please,
That of careful resurging your heart shall have ease
APPIUS O thundering gods, that threaten ire
And plague for each offence,
Yourself, I deem, would counsel crave
In this so fit pretence
And eke your nimble stretched arms
With great rewards would fly,
To purchase fair Virginia,
So dear a wight, to me
And, friend, I swear by Jupiter
And eke by Juno's seat,
And eke by all the mysteries
Whereon thou canst entreat
Thou shalt possess and have,
I will thee grant and give,
The greatest part of all my realm,
For aye thee to relieve
HAPHAZARD Well then, thus is my counsel, thus
standeth the case,
Perhaps such a fetch as may please your grace .
There is no more ways,¹ but hap or hap not,
Either hap or else hapless, to knit up the knot :
And if you will hazard to venter what falls,
Perhaps that Haphazard will end all your thralls.
APPIUS I mean so, I will so, if thou do per-
suade me,

¹ [Old copy, *wages*]

To hap or to hazard what thing shall invade me?
 I King and I Kaiser, I rule and overwhelm,
 I do what it please me within this my realm
 Wherefore in thy judgment see that thou do enter
 Hap life or hap death, I surely will venter
 HAPHAZARD Then this and in this sort standeth
 the matter

What need many words, unless I should flatter?
 Full many there be will hazard their life,
 Happ'ly to ease your grace of all your strife
 Of this kind of conspiracy now let us common¹
 Some man Vignius before you must summon,
 And say that Virginia is none of his daughter,
 But that Vignius by night away caught her
 Then charge you the father his daughter to bring,
 Then do you detain her, till proved be the thing
 Which well you may win her, she present in house
 It is but haphazard, a man or a mouse

APPIUS I find it, I mind it, I swear that I will,
 Though shame or defame do happen, no skill²
 But out, I am wounded how am I
 divided!

Two states of my life from me are now	Here let him
glided,	make as though
For Conscience he pricketh me con-	he went out and
temned,	let Conscience
And Justice saith, judgment would	and Justice
have me condemned	come out after ³
Conscience saith, cruelty sure will de-	him, and let
test me,	Conscience
And Justice saith, death in th' end	hold in his hand
will molest me	a lamp burn-
And both in one sudden me-thinks	ing, and let
they do cry,	Justice have a
That fire eternal my soul shall destroy	sword, and hold
	it before Ap
	pius' breast

¹ [e, Commune]² No matter³ [Old copy, of]

APPIUS AND VIRGINIA

HAPHAZARD Why, these are but thoughts, man
why, he for shame, fie !

For Conscience was careless and sailing by seas,
Was drowned in a basket and had a disease,
Sore moved for pity, when he would grant none,
For being hard-hearted was turned to a stone
And sailing by Sandwich he sank for his sin
Then care not for conscience the worth of a pin
And judgment judge[d] Justice to have a reward
For judging still justly, but all now is marr'd,
For gifts they are given where judgment is none
Thus judgment and justice a wrong way hath gone
Then care not for Conscience the worth of a fable,
Justice is no man, nor nought to do able

APPIUS And sayest thou so, my 'sured friend ?
then hap as hap shall it
Let Conscience grope and judgment cleave, I will
not shrink one whit
I will persevere in my thought I will deflower her
youth,
I will not sure reverted be, my heart shall have no
ruth.
Come on, proceed, and wait on me, I will, hap woe
or wealth
Hap blunt, hap sharp, hap life, hap death th[r]ough
Haphazard be of health

HAPHAZARD At hand (quothe pick-purse) here
ready am I
See well to the cut-purse : be ruled by me [*Exeunt*

Enter CONSCIENCE

CONSCIENCE O clear unspotted gifts of Jove,
How haps thou art refused ?
O Conscience clear, what cruel mind
Thy truth hath thus misused ?
I spotted am by wilful will,
By lawless love and lust,

By dreadful danger of the life,

By faith that is unjust,

JUSTICE Ah gift of Jove, Ah Fortune's face,
Ah state of steady life ¹

I Justice am, and prince of peers,

The end of laws and strife

A guider of the common weal,

A guardian ¹ to the poor ,

And yet hath filthy lust suppress'd

My virtues in one hour

Well, well, this is the most to trust,

In end we shall aspire

To see the end of these our foes

With sword and eke with fire

CONSCIENCE O help, ye gods, we members re-
quire [*Exeunt*]

Enter HAPHAZARD

When gain is no grandsire,²

And gauds nought set by ,

Nor puddings nor pie-meat

Poor knaves will come nigh,

Then hap and Haphazard

Shall have a new coat

And so it may happen

To cut covetousness' throat

Yea, then shall Judge Appius

Virginia obtain,

And geese shall crack mussels

Perhaps in the rain

Larks shall be leverets,

¹ [Old copy, *gwerdon*]

² [It at first appeared as if *gr answer*, the reading of the old copy, was an error or corruption for *gain*, *sur*, but possibly the word is used in the sense of *great*]

And skip to and fro ,
 And churls shall be cods-heads,
 Perhaps and also
 But peace, for man's body !
 Haphazard be mum !
 Fie, prattling noddy,
 Judge Appius is come

Here entereth JUDGE APPIUS *and* CLAUDIUS

The furies fell of Limbo lake
 My princely days do short
 All drown'd in deadly ways I live,
 That once did joy in sport
 I live and languish in my life,
 As doth the wounded deer
 I thirst, I crave, I call and cry
 And yet am nought the near ¹
 And yet I have that me so match
 Within the realm of mine
 But (Tantalus amidst my care)
 I hunger—starve, and pine
 As Sisyphus, I roll the stone
 In vain to top of hill,
 That ever more uncertainly
 Revolving slideth still
 O, if to her 'twere as to me,²
 What labours would I fly,
 What raging seas would I not plough
 To her commodity ?
 But out alas, I doubt it sore,
 Lest drowsy Morpheus ³

¹ [The nearer]

² [Old copy, *as if to her it were to me*]

³ [To be pronounced as a trisyllable here.]

His slumb'ry kingdoms planted hath
 With dews unbeauteous ¹
 O gods above that rule the skies
 Ye babes that biag in bliss
 Ye goddesses, ye Graces, you,
 What burning brunt is this ?
 Bend down your ire, destroy me quick
 Or else to grant me grace,
 No more, but that my burning breast
 Virginia may embrace ²
 If case your ears be dead and deaf,
 The fiend and spirits below,
 You careless carls of Limbo lake,
 Your forced mights do show
 Thou catif king of darksome dens,
 Thou Pluto, plagued knave,
 Send forth thy sacred vengeance straight,
 Consume them to the grave,
 That will not aid my case—
 CLAUDIUS Content, and if it like your grace,
 I will attempt the deed
 I summon will Virginius
 Befoie your seat with speed
 HAPHAZARD Do so, my lord be you not afraid,
 And so you may happen to hazard the maid
 It is but in hazard and may come by hap
 Win her or lose her, try you the trap
 APPIUS By the gods, I consent to thee, Claudius,
 now ,

¹ [Old copy, *Graunted* . With dewes and bewteous It is conceivable that *beauteous* may be misprinted for *beauty's use*, and the meaning of the passage may then be, that Virginia had forgotten him (Appius), or, in the words of the writer, "That drowsy Morpheus has granted his slumb'ry kingdom to *beauty's use* ?"]

² [Old copy, *imbace*]

Prepare thee in haste Virginius unto
 Charge him, command him, upon his allegiance
 With all kind of speed to yield his obeisance,
 Before my seat in my consistory,
Subpœna of land, life and treasury
 No let, no stay, nor ought perturbation
 Shall cause me to omit the furtherance
 Of this my weighty charge

[*Here let CLAUDIUS go out with HAPHAZARD*

APPIUS Well, now I range at large my will for
 to express,
 For look, how Tarquin Luciece fair by force did
 once oppress,
 Even so will I Virginia use

[*Here let CONSCIENCE speak within*

Judge Appius, prince, O stay, refuse,

Be ruled by thy friend !

What bloody death with open shame

Did Torquin gain in end ?

APPIUS Whence does this pinching sound descend ?

CONSCIENCE From contrite Conscience, pricked
 on

By member of thy life,

Inforced for to cry and call,

And all to end our strife

APPIUS Who art thou then ? declare, be brief !

CONSCIENCE Not flesh nor filthy lust I am,

But secret Conscience I,

Compell'd to cry with trembling soul,

At point near-hand to die

APPIUS Why, no disease hath me approach'd,
 no grief doth make me grudge,

But want of fair Virginia, whose beauty is my judge

By her I live, by her I die, for her I joy or woe,

For her my soul doth sink or swim, for her I swear

I go

CONSCIENCE Ah gods, what wits doth reign!
 and yet to you unknowen,
 I die the death, and soul doth sink this filthy flesh
 hath sown

APPIUS I force it not, I will attempt I stay
 for Claudius here,
 Yet will I go to meet with him, to know what
 news and cheer

Here enter eth HAPHAZARD

Haste for a hangman in hazard of hemp
 Run for a ridduck, there is no such imp
 Claudius is knocking with hammer and stone
 At Virginius' gate, as hard as he can lay on
 By the gods, my masters, Haphazard is hardy,
 For he will run rashly, be they never so many
 Yea, he will sing sow's snout, and snap with the
 best
 But peace! who comes yonder, that jolly good
 guest?

*Here enter with a song*¹

*When men will seem misdoubtfully
 Without an why to call and cry,
 And fearing with temerity its jeopardy of
 liberty,
 We wish him to take to cheer his heart
 Haphazard,
 Bold [as] blind bayard
 A fig for his uncourtesy
 That seeks to shun good company*

MANSIPULUS *What if case that cruelty should
 bustle me and jostle me,*

¹ Mansipulus, Mansipula, and Subservus enter, but their names are omitted

*And Holywand should tichle me for keeping of good
company,
I'll follow, by my honesty, hap Haphazard, bold [as]
blind bayard
A fig for his uncourtesy that seeks to shun good
company*

All sing this

*When men will seem misdoubtfully
Without an why to call and cry, &c*

MANSIPULA *Never was that mistress so furious
nor curious,
Nor yet her blows so boisterous, nor roisterous, nor
dolorous,
But sure I would venturie,¹ hap Haphazard, bold [as]
blind bayard
A fig for his uncourtesy that seeks to shun good
company*

All sing this

*When men will seem misdoubtfully
Without an why to call and cry, &c*

HAPHAZARD *Then wend ye on and follow me,
Mansipula, Mansipula,
Let copping cares be cast away, come follow me, come
follow me
Subservus is a jolly lout, brace Haphazard, bold [as]
blind bayard
A fig for his uncourtesy that seeks to shun good
company*

All sing this

*When men will seem misdoubtfully
Without an why to call and cry, &c
[The end of the song]*

¹ [Old copy, *venterous*]

Here HAPHAZARD speaketh

Ay, by the gods, my masters, I told you plain,
Who companies with me will desire me again
But how did ye speed, I pray ye show me ?
Was all well agreed ? did nobody blow ye ?

MANSIPULUS Mass, sir, hap did so happen, that
my lord and master
Stayed in beholding and viewing the pasture,
Which when I perceived, what excuse did I make ?
I came in the crossway on the nearside the For-
lake,
Hard by Hodge's half acre, at Gaffer Miller's stile,
The next way round about, by the space of a
mile

And at Simkin's side-ridge my lord stood talking,
And angerly to me quoth he, Where hast thou
been walking ?

Without any staggering, I had ready my lie
Out at bridge-meadow and at Benol's lease (quoth I)
Your fatlings are feeding well, sir, the gods be
praised,

A goodly loume of beef on them is already raised
Then out steps Francis Fabulator, that was never
my friend

How pass'd you Carter's hay-rick at Long Meadow
end ?

There might one (quoth he) within this few days
With a cast-net had given four knaves great essays,
Under the hedge with a pair of new cards both rip
and fledge

Is it true ? quoth my Lord will this gear never be
left ?

This causes swearing and staring, prowling and
theft

Well (quoth my lord) take heed, lest I find it,
And so pass'd his way, and did no more mind it.

HAPHAZARD. By the gods, that was sport, yea.
and sport alone

MANSIPULA Yea, but I was in a worse case, by
Saint John

My lady in church was set full devout,
And hearing my coming she turned about,
But as soon as I heard her snappishly sound,
In this sort I crouched me down to the ground,
And mannerly made,¹ as though I were sad ²
As soon as the pew then strawed I had,
She gave me a wink and frowardly frown,
Whereby I do judge she would cudgel my gown
Then I did devise a pretty fine prank,
A mean whereby to pick me a thank,
Of Margery Mildon, the maid of the milk-house,
And Stainer the stutter,³ the guid⁴ of the store-
house

Then was my lady's anger well gone,
And will be so still, and the truth be not known.

HAPHAZARD By'r Lady barefoot, this bakes
trimly

SUBSERVUS Nay, but I escaped more finely,
For I under this hedge one while did stay
Then in this bush, then in that way
Then slip I behind them among all the rest,
And seemed to commune, too, of things with the
best

But so it did happen, that all things were well,
But hazard it is, lest time will truth tell.

HAPHAZARD Tut, tut, that was but by hap,
and if it be so

Well, sith it was in hazard, then let it go

SUBSERVUS Content, by my honesty then fare-
well all woe

¹ [Old copy, *maude*]

³ [Stutterer]

² [Serious]

⁴ [Query, *gude, carter*]

MANSIPULUS. Come out, dog, ye speak happily,
of truth, if it be so

ALL SPEAK Now, Master Haphazard, fare you
well for a season

HAPHAZARD Let my counsel at no time with
you be geason¹

ALL SPEAKETH No, by the gods, he sue not so

HAPHAZARD Well, sith here is no company,
have with ye to Jericho *[Exit*

Enter VIRGINIUS

What ! so the gods they have decreed to work
and do by me ?

I marvel why Judge Appius he such greetings lets
me see

I served have his seat and state, I have maintained
his weal,

I have suppress'd the rebels stout, I bear to him
such zeal,

And now he sends to me such charge upon my
life and lands

Without demur or further pause, or ere ought
thing² be scann'd,

That I in haste with posting speed to court I do
repair,

To answer that alleged is before his judgment-chair
Some histories they do express, when such mis-
haps do fall,

They should have taken many a one, I have not
one but all

My jewels sometime precious do fade and bear no
hue,

My senses they do shun their course, my lights do
burn as blue,

¹ [*Scarce*]

² [*Old copy, things*]

My willing wits¹ are waxed slow, that once were
 swift in speed,
 My heart it throbs in wonderous sort, my nose
 doth often bleed
 My dreadful dreams do draw my woe, and hateful
 hazard hale²
 These tokens of evil hap, this is the old wive's
 tale
 But yet, O thou Virginius, whose hoary hairs are
 old,
 Did'st treason never yet commit, of this thou may'st
 be bold
 In Mais his games, in martial feats thou wast his
 only aid
 The huge Charibd his hazards³ thou for him hast⁴
 oft assail'd
 Was Scylla's force by thee oft shunn'd, or yet
 Lady Circe's⁵ land,
 Pasiphae's⁶ child, the⁷ Minotaur, did cause thee ever
 stand?
 To pleasure him, to serve thy hege,⁸ to keep all
 things upright,
 Thou God above, then what is it that yieldeth me
 this spite?
 Sith nothing needs misdoubted be, where grounded
 cause is none,
 I enter will Judge Appius' gate, rejecting care and
 moan
 But stay, Virginius. lo, thy prince doth enter into
 place,
 O sovereign lord and rightful judge, the gods do
 save thy grace

¹ [Old copy, *wights*]³ [The dangers of Charybdis]⁵ [Old copy, *Adrice*]⁷ [Old copy, *that*]² [See Halliwell in *v Hale*]⁴ [Old copy, *was*]⁶ [Old copy, *Laceface*]⁸ [Old copy, *leach*].

Here entereth JUDGE APPIUS and CLAUDIUS

With tender heart, Virginius, thou welcome art to me
I sorry am to utter out the things I hear of thee,
For Claudius, a subject here, a man of mickle fame,
Appealeth thee before my court in deed of open
shame

And though indeed I love thee so as thy deserts
desire,

Yet not so but I must judgment give, as justice
doth require

VIRGINIUS My lord, and reason good it is your
servant doth request

No partial hand to aid his cause, no partial mind
or breast

If ought I have offended you, your court or eke
your crown,

From lofty top of turret high precipitate me down
If treason none by me be done, or any fault com-
mitted

Let my accusers bear the blame, and let me be re-
mitted

APPIUS Good reason, too, Virginius Come,
Claudius, show thy mind

Let justice hear, if judgment may Virginius guilty
find

CLAUDIUS Thou sovereign lord and rightful
judge, this¹ standeth now the case

In tender youth, not long ago, near sixteen years
of space,

Virginius a thrall of mine, a child and infant young,
From me did take by subtle means, and keeps by
arm full strong

And here before your grace I crave, that justice be
extended,

¹ [Thus]

That I may have my thrall again, and faults may
be amended

VIRGINIUS Ah gods, that guide the globe above,
what forged tales I hear !

O Judge Appius, bend your ears, while this my
crime I clear

She is my child, and of my wife her tender corpse
did spring

Let all the country where I dwell bear witness of
the thing

[APPIUS and CLAUDIUS go forth, but

APPIUS speaketh thus

Nay, by the gods, not so, my friend, I do not so
decree

I charge thee here in pain of death thou bring the
maid to me

In chamber close, in prison sound, she secret shall
abide,

And no kind of wight shall talk with her, until the
truth be tried

This do I charge, this I command in pain of death,
let see,

Without any let that she be brought as prisoner
unto me

[Exit

[Here let Virginius go about the scaffold

Ah fickle fall, unhappy doom, O most uncertain
fate,¹

That ever chance so churlishly, that never stay'd in
state

What judge is this ? what cruel wretch ? what faith
doth Claudius find ?

The gods do recompense with shame his false and
faithless mind !

Well, home I must, no remedy, where shall my
soaking tears.

¹ [Old copy, *faul* . *rate*]

Augment my woes, decrease my joys, while death
do rid my fears

Here entereth RUMOUR

Come, Ventus, come blow forth thy blast
Prince Eol, listen well
The filthiest fact that ever was
I, Rumour, now shall tell
You gods, bend down to hear my cry,
Revengement duly show,
Thy Rumour craves, bid ¹ Claudius stay,²
And bring Judge Appius low
That wicked man, that fleshly judge,
Hath hired Claudius
To claim a child, the only heir
Of old Virginus
A virgin pure, a queen in life,
Whose state may be deplored ,
For why the queen of chaste life
Is like to be deflow'ed
By false Judge Appius, cruel wretch,
Who straitly hath commanded,
That she to keeping his be brought
Prince Pluto this demanded
To skies I fly, to blaze abroad
The tromp of deep defame
Revenge, you gods, this Rumour craves,
This blood and bloody shame
Have through the air ! give place, you airs,
This is my duty done
The gods confound such lecherers !
Lo, Rumour, this I run
VIRGINIUS O man, O mould, O muck, O clay !
O hell, O hellish hound,

¹ [Old copy, *dud*]

² [Old copy, *lay*]

O false Judge Appius, rabbling ¹ wretch, is this thy
treason found ?
Woe worth the man that gave the seed, whereby
ye first did spring !
Woe worth the womb that bare the babe to mean
this bloody thing !
Woe worth the paps that gave thee suck, woe
worth the fosters eke
Woe worth all such as ever did thy health or lik-
ing seek !
O, that these gravèd hairs² of mine were covered in
the clay !

Here entereth VIRGINIA

Let patience, dear father mine, your rigour some-
thing stay
Why do you wail in such a sort ? why do you weep
and moan ?
VIRGINIUS O daughter dear and only heir, my
life is near begone,
And all for love of thee
VIRGINIA Ah, gods, how may this be ?
Dear father, do withdraw your dread, and let me
know the cause
Myself will aid with life or death without demur
or pause
Then tender your child that craveth this bound³
VIRGINIUS O, hearken, dear daughter, attend
thou my sound
Judge Appius, prick'd forth with filthy desire,
Thy person as leman doth greatly require,
And no kind of entreaty, no fear, nor no shame,
Will he hear alleged, defending⁴ the same.

¹ [Intriguing, insinuating]

² [Vexed or troubled hairs Old copy, *the gravèd yeares.*]

³ [Boon]

⁴ Opposing, preventing.

And straight without staying, in pain of my death,
I must bring thee thither Wherefore stop my
breath

O sisters, I search, I seek, and I crave
No more at your hands but death for to have,
Rather than see my daughter deflow'ed,
Or else in ill sort so wildly devour'd

VIRGINIA O father, O friendship, O fatherly
favour,

Whose dulcet words so sweetly do savour,
On knees I beseech thee to grant my request,
In all things according as liketh thee best
Thou knowest, O my father, if I be once spotted,
My name and my kindred then forth will be
blotted

And if thou, my father, should die for my cause,
The world would account me guilty in cause
Then rather, dear father, if it be thy pleasure,
Grant me the death, then keep I my treasure,
My lamp, my light, my life undefiled,
And so may Judge Appius of [my] flesh be beguiled
Thus upon my knees with humble behest,
Grant me, O father, my instant request

VIRGINIUS Then rise up, my daughter my
answer do note

From mouth of thy father, whose eyes do now float
O daughter, O dear, O darling, O dame,
Dispatch me, I pray thee, regard not my name
But yet as thou sayest, sith remedy none,
But leman thou must be, if I were gone,
And better it is to die with good fame,
Than longer to live to reap us but shame
But if thou do die no doubt is at all,
But presently after myself follow shall,
Then end without shame, so let us persevere,
With trump of good fame, so die shall we never

[*Virginia here kneeleth.*]

Then, tender arms, complect the neck do dry thy
father's tears,

You nimble hands, for woe whereof my loving
heart it wears

VIRGINIA O father mine, refrain no whit your
sharped knife to take

From gilded¹ sheath my shame to end, and body
dead to make

Let not the shameless bloody judge defile my
virgin's life,

Do take my head, and send it him upon your
bloody knife

Bid him imbrue his bloody hands in guiltless blood
of me

I virgin die, he lecher lives, he was my end, you
see.

No more delays—lo, kiss me first, then stretch
your strongest arm

Do rid my woe, increase my joy, do ease your
child of harm

VIRGINIUS O weary wits of woe or wealth, O
feeble aged man,

How can thy arm give such a blow! thy death I
wish thee then¹

But sith that shame with endless trump will sound,
if case thy joy

By² means of false Judge Appius be, myself will
thee destroy.

Forgive me, babe, this bloody deed, and meekly
take thy end [*Here let him proffer a blow*]

VIRGINIA. The gods forgive thee, father dear!
farewell, thy blow do bend.

Yet stay a while, O father dear, for flesh to death
is frail

¹ [Old copy, *gilted*]

² [Old copy, *thou joy, My meanes*]

Let first my wimple bind my eyes, and then thy
 blow assail
 Now, father, work thy will on me, that life I may
 enjoy
 [*Here tie a handkercher about her eyes, and
 then strike off her head*]
 Now stretch thy hand, Virginius, that loth would
 flesh destroy
 O cruel hands, O¹ bloody knife, O man, what hast
 thou done?
 Thy daughter dear and only heir her vital end
 hath won
 Come, fatal blade, make like despatch come,
 Atropos come, aid!²
 Strike home, thou careless arm, with speed, of
 death be not afraid

Here entereth COMFORT.

O noble knight, Virginius, do stay, be not dis-
 may'd.
 I, curing Comfort, present am, your dolor [for] to
 aid
 VIRGINIUS Sith joy is gone, sith life is dead,
 What comfort can there be?
 No more! there is but deep despair,
 And deadly death to me
 COMFORT. No more, Sir Knight, but take the
 head, and wend a while with me
 It shall be sent to court, for that Judge Appius
 may it see.
 In recompense of lecher's lust this present let him
 have,

¹ [Old copy, or]

² [Old copy, end]

And stay your corpse for certain space in coping
from the grave :

So shall you see the end of him and all his whole
concent¹

This will be comfort to your heart Virginius, be
content

VIRGINIUS Of truth, even so, for comfort else
I know right well is none,

Wherefore I do consent with you come on, let us
be gone.

But messenger myself will be, myself will give the
gift

Come on, good Comfort, wend we then ; there is
no other shift [*Exeunt*

[*Exeunt*

Here entereth JUDGE APPIUS.

Well, hap as hap can, hap or no,

In hazard it is, but let that go

I will, what so happen, pursue on still

Why, none there is living can let me my will

I will have Virginia, I will her deflow'r,

Else rigorous sword her heart shall devour

Hee entereth HAPHAZARD.

I came from Caleco even the same hour,

And Hap was hired to hackney in hempstrid

In hazard he was of riding on beamstrid

Then, crow crop on tree-top, hoist up the sail,

Then groaned their necks by the weight of their tail.

Then did Carnifex put these three together,

Paid them their passport for clust'ring thither

¹ [Old copy, *consent* *Concent* here must be understood to signify *following* or *adherents*]

APPIUS Why, how now, Haphazard, of what
dost thou speak?
Methinks in mad sort thy talk thou dost break
Those three words, chop all in one,
Is Carnifex that signifieth hangman
Peace ! no such words before me do utter
HAPHAZARD. Nay, I be as still as a cat in a
gutter
Go to, Judge Appius, go forward, good prince
Perhaps ye may have that the which will not blince
APPIUS What is the man that liveth now so
near to door of death,
As I for lust of lady fair, whose lack will stop my
breath ?
But long I shall not want her sight, I stay her
coming here
O lucky light ! lo, present here her father doth
appear
O, how I joy ! yet brag thou not, dame beauty
bides behind.
Virginius, where is the maid ? how haps thou break
my mind ?

Here entereth VIRGINIUS [bearing Virginia's head]

Ah wicked judge, the virgin chaste
Hath sent her beauteous face,
In recompense of lecher gain,
To thee, so void of grace
She bids thee imbrue thy bloody hands
And filthy lecherous mind
With Venus' damsels, void of shame,
Where such thou haps to find
But thou as with Diana's imps
Shalt never be acquainted.
They rather wish the naked knife
Than virgin's life attainted

And in ¹ just proof whereof

Behold Virginia's head

She sought her fame, thou sought her shame

This arm hath smit her dead

APPIUS O curst and cruel cankered churl, O
carl unnatural,

Which hast the seed of thine own loin ² thrust forth
to funeral ¹

Ye gods, bend down your ire, do plague him for
his deed,

You sprites below, you hellish hounds, do give
him gall for meed.

Myself will see his latter end, I judge him to the
death

Like death that fair Virginia took, the like shall
stop his breath;

The flashy ³ fiends of Limbo lake his ghost do so
turmoil,

That he have need of Charon's help for all his
filthy toil

Come, Justice, then, come on, Reward, come, aid
me in my need

Thou wicked knight, shalt slaughtered ⁴ be with
self-same knife with speed.

VIRGINIUS Sith she a virgin pure and chaste
in heaven leads her life

Content I am to die with her, and die upon her
knife

APPIUS Come, Justice, then, come on, Reward,
when Judgment now doth call

¹ [Old copy, *In end*]

² [Old copy, *lym*]

³ [Old copy, *flasky* Perhaps even *flashy* may not be the
true word See Nares, 1859, in *v* Could the author have
written *dusky* ?]

⁴ [Old copy, *shal slaughter*]

*Here entereth JUSTICE and REWARD, and they both
speak thus*

We both are ready here at hand to work thy fatal
fall

JUSTICE [*speakesh*] O gorgon judge, what law-
less life hast thou most wicked led !

Thy soaking sin hath sunk thy soul, thy virtues
all are fled

Thou chaste and undefiled life did seek for to have
spotted,

And thy reward is ready here, by Justice now
allotted

REWARD Thy just reward is deadly death ,
wherefore come, wend away

To death I straight will do thy corpse , then lust
shall have his prey

Virginius, thou woful knight, come near and take
thy foe

In prison [do] thou make him fast no more let
him do so .

Let Claudius for tyranny be hanged on a tree

VIRGINIUS Ah, right Reward the gods be
bless'd, this day I chance to see !

Enter HAPHAZARD

HAPHAZARD Why, how now, my lord Appius,
what cheer ?

Why, where is my reward for this gear ?

Why did I ride, run, and revel,

And for all my jaunting now made a javel ?

Why—run, sir knave, call me Claudius ?

Then—run with a vengeance, watch Virginius

Then—hide, sirrah , is Virginia at church ?

Then—gallop to see where her father doth lurch

Then—up, sirrah , now what counsel ?

Of dame beauty what news canst thou tell ?
 Thus in hurly burly, from pillar to post,
 Poor Haphazard daily was toss'd ,
 And now with Virginius he goes sadly walking,
 And nothing at all will listen my talking
 But shall I be so used at his hands ?
 As lief I were near in Limbo bands
 That dionel, that drousy drakenosed drivell,
 He never learned his manneis in Siville ¹
 A judge may cause a gentleman—a gentleman ?
 nay, a jack-herring,
 As honest as he that carries his hose on his neck
 for fear of wearing
 A catiff, a cut-throat, a churl worthy blame
 I will serve him no longer, the devil give him shame !
 Yet, by the mouse-foot, I am not content,
 I will have a reward, sure, else will I repent
 To master Reward I straightways will go .
 The worst that can hap is but a no
 But sure I know his honesty is such,
 That he will recompense me with little or much
 And well this proverb cometh in my head,
 By'r lady, half a loaf is better than ne'er a whit of
 bread
 Therefore hap and be happy,² hap that hap may,
 I will put it in hazard, I [¹¹] give it assay
 All hail, Master Reward and righteous Justice
 I beseech you let me be recompensed too, accord-
 ing to my service ,
 For why all this long time I have lived in hope
 REWARD Thenforthyreward, then, here is a rope
 HAPHAZARD Nay, soft, my masters by Saint
 Thomas of Trunions,
 I am not disposed to buy of your onions

¹ [*Siville*. So for the sake of the *jeu de mot*]

² [Old copy, *happely*]

A rope ? (quoth you) away with that showing !
 It would grieve a man having two ploughs going
 Nay, stay, I pray you, and let the cat wink
 It is naught in dry summer for-letting my drink ¹

JUSTICE Let or let not, there is no remedy
 hanging shall be thy reward verily

HAPHAZARD Is there nothing but hanging to
 my lot doth fall ?

Then take you my reward , much good do it you
 withal

I am not so hasty, although I be claiming,
 But that I can afford you the most of my gaining
 I will set, let, grant, yield, permit and promise
 All the revenues to you of my service
 I am friendly, I am kindly, I proffer you fair .
 You shall be my full executor and heir

REWARD Nay, make you ready first to die, by
 the rood,

Then we will dispose it, as we think good
 Then those that with you to this did consent,
 The like reward shall cause them repent

JUSTICE. Nay, stay a while, Virginius is coming
 Nay, soft, Haphazard, you are not so cunning,
 Thus to escape without punishment

[HAPHAZARD *presses to go forth, but is
 forced to stay*] ²

REWARD. No, certes, it is not so expedient

Here entereth VIRGINIUS

O noble Justice, duty done, behold I come again,
 To show you that Appius he himself hath lewdly slain
 As soon as he in prison was enclosed out of sight,

¹ [Old copy, *naught* for *letting*—the meaning being apparently “It is too bad of you to stop my drink in this dry weather by hanging me”]

² [Old copy, *Prece to go forth*]

He desperate for bloody deed did sle himself out-
right,
And Claudius doth mercy crave, who did the deed
for fear.

Vouchsafe, O judge, to save his life, though
country he forbear

JUSTICE We grant him grace at thy request,
but banish him the land

And see that death be done outright on him that
here doth stand.

HAPHAZARD Nay, Master Virginius, [*Take him
by the hand*¹] I crave not for service the
thing worth ought

Hanging, quoth you? it is the last end of my
thought

Fie for shame, fie—stay, by my father's soul,

Why, this is like to Tom Turner's dole

Hang one man and save all the rest!

Take part one with another plain dealing is best.

REWARD This is our dealing, thus deal we with
thee

Take him hence, Virginius, go, truss him to a tree

HAPHAZARD Shall ye,² in a rope's name? whither
away with me?

VIRGINIUS Come, wend thou in haste thy death
for to take,

To the hangman I will lead thee, a quick despatch
to make

HAPHAZARD Must I needs hang? by the gods,
it doth spite me

To think how crabbedly this silk lace will bite me.

Then come, cousin Cutpurse, come, run, haste and
follow me.

¹ The words "take him by the hand" [in the old copy
form part of the text]

² [Old copy, *ye shall*.]

Haphazard must hang, come, follow the lively

JUSTICE Well, wend we now the final end of
fleshly lust we see

REWARD Content Reward is ready bent with
Justice to agree

*Here entereth FAME [with DOCTRINA and MEMORY
bearing a tomb, also VIRGINIUS]*¹

O stay, you noble Justice, stay ' Reward, do make
no haste

We ladies three have brought the corse, in earth
that must be placed

We have brought back Virginius the funeral to see
I giant him that the learned pen shall have the aid
of me

To write in leained veise the honour of her name
FAME And eke it shall resound by trump of
me Dame Fame

[Here let MEMORY write on the tomb]
I Memory will mind her life her death shall ever
reign

Within the mouth and mind of man, from age to
age again

JUSTICE And Justice, sure, will aid all those
that imitate her life

REWARD And I Reward will punish those that
move such dames to strife.

FAME Then sing we round about the tomb, in
honour of her name

REWARD Content we are with willing mind to
sing with sound of Fame

¹ [This stage direction, in the old copy, is divided into two portions, but all appear to enter together. The old copy reads also, as if it was Virginius who brought in the tomb, but surely it is Doctrina and Memory who do so.]

THE EPILOGUE.

As earthly life is granted none for evermore to
 reign,
But denting death will cause them all to grant this
 world as vain ,
Right worshipful, sith sure it is that mortal life
 must vade,
Do practise then to win his love, that all in all
 hath made
And by this poet's feigning here example do you
 take
Of Virginia's life of chastity, of duty to thy make ,
Of love to wife, of love to spouse, of love to hus-
 band dear,
Of bringing up of tender youth all these are noted
 here
I doubt it not, right worshipful, but well you do
 conceive
The matter that is ended now, and thus I take my
 leave
Beseeching God, as duty is, our gracious Queen to
 save
The nobles and the commons eke, with prosperous
 life, I crave !

FINIS

C A M B Y S E S.

EDITIONS.

A lamentable tragedy mixed full of pleasant mirth, conteyning the life of Cambises King of Persia, from the beginning of his kingdom vnto his death, his one good deed of execution, after that many wicked deeds and tyrannous murders, committed by and through him, and last of all his odious death by Gods Iustice appointed, in such order as followeth By Thomas Preston

THE DIVISION OF THE PARTS

COUNSEL,	} For one man	CAMBYSES,	} For one man
HUFF,		EPILOGUS	
PRAXASPES,		PROLOGUE,	} For one man
MURDER,		SISAMNES,	
LOB,		DILIGENCE,	
THE THIRD LORD		CRUELTY,	
		HOB,	
LORD,	} For one man	PREPARATION,	} For one man
RUFF,		THE FIRST LORD	
COMMON'S CRY,		AMBIDEXTER,	} For one man
COMMON'S COMPLAINT,		TRIAL.	
LORD SMIRDIS,			
VENUS		MERETRIX,	} For one man
		SHAME,	
KNIGHT,	} For one man	OTIAN,	
SNUFF,		MOTHER,	
SMALL HABILITY,		LADY,	
PROOF,		QUEEN	
EXECUTION,		YOUNG CHILD,	} For one man
ATTENDANCE,		CUPID	
SECOND LORD			

[Col] Imprinted at London by John Alldes 4^o. Black letter

A Lamentable Tragedie, &c. [Col.] Imprinted at London by Edward Alldes 4^o. Black letter

HAWKINS'S PREFACE.

THIS is the play that Shakespeare is supposed to allude to, when he introduces Falstaff speaking in King Cambyses' vein, in the "First Part of King Henry the Fourth"¹ It was written early in the reign of Elizabeth (according to some in 1561), by Thomas Preston, M A, Fellow of King's College, and afterwards LD and Master of Trinity Hall, in Cambridge He performed so admirably well in the tragedy of Dido, before Queen Elizabeth, when she was entertained in that university in 1564, and did so genteelly and gracefully dispute before her, that she gave him £20 per annum for so doing See Thomas Hatcher, or his continuator, in the catalogue of provosts, fellows, and scholars of King's College—MS under the year 1560 (Oldys' MSS Notes on Langbaine)

The play is here given from a black-letter copy in Mr Garrick's collection, printed by John Alde. [There

¹ [Like "King Darius' doleful strain," in allusion to the old interlude on that subject]

is a second edition from the press of his son and successor Edward Allde, both are undated ¹] The prologue and great part of "Cambyeses" was written by the author in long Alexandrines, which the narrowness of the page rendered it necessary here to subdivide

The prevailing turn for drollery and comic humour was at first so strong, that in order to gratify it even in more serious and solemn scenes, it was necessary still to retain the Vice or artful Buffoon, who (like his contemporary the privileged Fool in the courts of princes and castles of great men) was wont to enter into the most stately assemblies and vent his humour without restraint We have a specimen of this character in the play of "Cambyeses," where Ambidexter, who is expressly called the Vice, enters "with an old capcase for a helmet and a skimmer for his sword," in order, as the author expresses it, "to make pastime" ²

[Besides his play of "Cambyeses," Preston wrote and published two ballads,³ of which Hazlitt gives the full titles, and perhaps other things lost or unrecovered

¹ [The play was licenced to John Allde in 1569-70 See Collier's "Extracts," i. 205 As that printer continued in business till 1584, and the earliest dated piece with the younger Allde's name bears the same date, "Cambyeses" may have been republished about 1585, but it does not seem to have been licenced]

² Shakespeare's Clowns are genuine successors of the old Vice, and, as an editor of that poet has well observed, Punch still exhibits the entire character

³ [One of them is printed by Collier]

The best parts of "Cambyses" are the comic scenes, or those portions of the dialogue which are spoken by Ambidexter, these seem to indicate that Preston would have been more successful if he had avoided the tragic vein altogether, but his language is harsh and unpolished even for the time, as if the play had been written some years before it appeared in type. Yet this is scarcely probable, from the allusion to Bishop Bonner towards the conclusion.

With the admirable comedy of "Ralph Roister Doister" before their eyes, it might seem strange that later writers should have relapsed into comparative barbarism, if we had not abundant evidence of such degeneracy in every period of the history of our dramatic literature, including that which followed the publication of the unrivalled works of Shakespeare himself.]

The PROLOGUE entereth

AGATHON, he whose counsel wise
To princes weal extended,
By good advice unto a prince
Three things he hath commended
First is, that he hath government,
And ruleth over men ,
Secondly, to rule with laws,
Eke justice (saith he) then ,
Thurdly, that he must well conceive,
He may not always reign
Lo, thus the rule unto a prince
Agathon squared plain
Tully the wise, whose sapience
In volumes great doth tell,
Who in wisdom in that time
Did many men excel,
A prince (saith he) is of himself
A plain and speaking law,
The law, a schoolmaster divine,
This by his rule I draw.
The sage and witty Seneca
His words thereto did frame ,
The honest exercise of kings,
Men will ensue the same
But contrary-wise, if that a king
Abuse his kingly seat,
His ignomy and bitter shame
In fine shall be more great.

In Persia there reign'd a king,
Who Cyrus hight by name,
Who did deserve, as I do read,
The lasting blast of fame
But he, when sisters three had wrought
To shear his vital thread,
As hen due to take the crown,
Cambyses did proceed,
He in his youth was trained up
By trace of virtue's lore,
Yet (being king) did clean forget
His perfect race before
Then cleaving more unto his will,
Such vice did imitate,
As one of Icarus his kind,
Forewarning then did hate,
Thinking that none could him dismay
Ne none his facts could see,
Yet at the last a fall he took,
Like Icarus to be
Else as the fish, which oft had take
The pleasant bait from hook,
In safe did spring, and pierce the streams,
When fisher fast did look,
To hoist up from the wat'ry waves
Unto the dried land,
Then scap'd, at last by subtle bait
Come to the fisher's hand :
Even so this king Cambyses here,
When he had wrought his will,
Taking delight the innocent
His guiltless blood to spill,
Then mighty Jove would not permit
To prosecute offence,
But what measure the king did meet,
The same did Jove commence.

To bring to end with shame his race,
Two years he did not reign .
His cruelty we will dilate,
And make the matter plain ,
Craving that this may suffice now
Your patience to win
I take my way , behold, I see
The players coming in.

FINIS.

A COMEDY OF KING CAMBYSES.



*First enter CAMBYSES the king, KNIGHT, and
COUNCILLOR.*

CAMBYSES.

My Council grave and sapient,
With lords of legal train,
Attentive ears towards bend,
And mark what shall be said
So you likewise, my valiant knight,
Whose manly acts doth fly,
By brute of fame the sounding trumpet
Doth pierce the azure sky
My sapient words, I say, perpend,
And so your skill dilate
You know that Mors vanquished hath
Cyrus that king of state,
And I, by due inheritance,
Possess that princely crown,
Ruling by sword of mighty force
In place of great renown.
You know, and often have heard tell,
My father's worthy facts;

A manly Mars' heart he bair,
Appearing by his acts
And what, shall I to ground let fall
My father's golden praise ?
No, no , I mean for to attempt
This fame more large to raise,
In that that I, his son, succeed
His kingly seat as due
Extend your counsel unto me
In that I ask of you
I am the King of Persia,
A large and fertile soil
The Egyptians against us repugn,
As varlets slave and vile ,
Therefore I mean with Mars' heart,
With wars them to frequent,
Them to subdue as captives mine,
This is my heart's intent
So shall I win honour's delight,
And praise of me shall go
My Council, speak , and lordings eke,
Is it not best do so ?

COUNCIL.

O puissant king, your blissful words
Deserves abundant praise,
That you in this do go about
Your father's fame to raise
O blissful day, that king so young
Such profit should conceive ,
His father's praise and his to win,
From those that would deceive
Sure, my true and sovereign king,
I fall before you prest,
Answer to give as duty mine,
In that your grace request.

If that your heart addicted be
The Egyptians to convince,
Through Mars' aid the conquest won,
Then deed of happy prince
Shall pierce the skies unto the throne
Of the supernal seat,
And merit there a just reward
Of Jupiter the great
But then your grace must not turn back
From this pretenced will
For to proceed in virtuous life,
Employ endeavour still,
Extinguish vice, and in that cup
To drink have no delight.
To martial feats and kingly sports
Fix all your whole delight,

KING.

My Council gave, a thousand thanks
With heart I do you tender
That you my case so prosperous
Entirely do tender
I will not swerve from those your steps,
Whereto you would me train
But now, my lord and valiant knight,
With words give answer plain.
Are you content with me to go
The Mars' games to try?

LORD.

Yea, peerless prince, to aid your grace,
Myself will live and die

KNIGHT.

And I, for my hability,
For fear will not turn back ;
But, as the ship against the rocks,
Sustain and bide the wrack

KING

O willing hearts, a thousand thanks
I render unto you .
Strike up your drums with courage great ;
We will march forth even now.

COUNCIL

Permit (O King) few words to hear,
My duty serves no less ,
Therefore give leave to Council thine,
His mind for to express.

KING

Speak on, my Council, what it be ,
You shall have favour mine.

COUNCIL

Then will I speak unto your grace,
As duty doth me bind .
Your grace doth mean for to attempt
Of war the manly art ,
Your grace therein may hap receive,
With others, for your part
The dent of death in those affairs
All persons are alike

The heart courageous oftentimes
His detriment doth seek ,
It's best therefore for to permit
A ruler of your land
To sit and judge with equity,
When things of right are scann'd

KING

My grace doth yield to this your talk,
To be thus now it shall :
My Knight, therefore prepare yourself
Sisamnes for to call :
A judge he is of prudent skill,
Even he shall bear the sway,
In absence mine, when from the land
I do depart my way.

KNIGHT.

Your Knight before your grace even here
Himself hath ready prest,
With willing heart for to fulfil,
As your grace made request. [Exit.

COUNCIL.

Pleaseth your grace, I judge of him
To be a man right fit ;
For he is learned in the law,
Having the gift of wit
In your grace's precinct I do not view
For it a meeter man ,
His learning is of good effect,
Bring proof thereof I can.

I do not know what is his life,
His conscience hid from me,
I doubt not but the fear of God
Before his eyes to be

LORD

Report declares, he is a man
That to himself is high,
One that favourieth much the world,
And too much sets thereby
But this I say of certainty,
If he your grace succeed,
In your absence but for a while
He will be warn'd indeed
No injustice for to frequent,
No partial judge to prove,
But rule all things with equity,
To win your grace's love

KING

Of that he shall a warning have
My hests for to obey,
Great punishment for his offence
Against him will I lay

COUNCIL

Behold, I see him now aggress,
And enter into place.

SISAMNES.

O puissant prince and mighty king,
The gods preserve your grace !

Your grace's message came to me,
Your will purporting forth :
With grateful mind I it received,
According to mine oath,
Erecting then myself with speed,
Before your grace's eyes,
The tenor of your princely will
From you for to agnise.

KING.

Sisamnes, this the whole effect,
The which for you I sent :
Our mind it is to elevate,
You to great preferment.
My grace, and gracious Council eke,
Hath chose you for this cause :
In judgment you do office bear,
Which have the skill in laws ;
We think that you accordingly
By justice rule will deal,
That for offence none shall have cause
Of wrong you to appeal.

SISAMNES.

Abundant thanks unto your grace
For this benignity :
To you his Council in like case,
With lords of clemency.
What so your grace to me permits,
If I therein offend,
Such execution then commence,
And use it to this end.
That all other (by that my deed)
Example so may take ;
To admonish them to flee the same,
By fear it may them make.

KING

Then according to your word,
If you therein offend,
I assure you even from my breast
Correction shall extend
From Persia I mean to go ¹
Into the Egypt land,
Them to convince by force of aims
And win the upper hand.
While I therefore absent shall be,
I do you full permit,
As governor in this my right,
In that estate to sit,
For to detect, and eke correct,
Those that abuse my grace
This is the total of my will ,
Give answer in this case

SISAMNES

Unworthy much (O prince) am I,
And for this gift unfit ,
But sith that it hath pleased your grace,
That I in it must sit,
I do avouch unto my death,
According to my skill,
With equity for to observe
Your grace's mind and will ,
And nought from it to swerve indeed,
But sincerely to stay .
Else let me taste the penalty,
As I before did say

¹ [Might not this incident have suggested to Shakespeare the leading one in "Measure for Measure" ?]

KING.

Well then of this authority
I give you full possession.

SISAMNES.

And I will it fulfil also,
As I have made profession.

KING.

My Council, then, let us depart,
A small stay to make :
To Egypt land now forth with speed
My voyage I will take.
Strike up your drums us to rejoice,
To hear the warlike sound :
Stay you here, Sisamnes, judge,
And look well to your bound.
[*Exeunt* KING, LORD, and COUNCIL.

SISAMNES.

Even now the king hath me extoll'd,
And set me up aloft ;
Now may I wear the brodered guard,
And lay in down-bed soft ;
Now may I purchase house and land,
And have all at my will ;
Now may I build a princely place,
My mind for to fulfil ;
Now may I abrogate the law,
As I shall think it good ;
If any one me now offend,
I may demand his blood.
According to the proverb old,
My mouth I will up make ;

Now it doth lie all in my hand,
 To leave or else to take,
 To deal with justice to my bound,
 And so to live in hope
 But oftentimes the birds be gone,
 While one for nest doth grieve
 Do well or ill I dare avouch,
 Some evil on me will speak
 No, truly yet I do not mean
 The king's precepts to break,
 To place I mean for to return
 My duty to fulfil [Exit.

*Enter the VICE with an old capcase on
 his head, an old pail about his hips for
 harness, a scummer and a potlud by his
 side, and a rake on his shoulder*

AMBIDEXTER

Stand away, stand away, for the passion of God,
 Harnessed I am, prepared to the field
 I would have been content at home to have bod,
 But I am sent forth with my spear and shield
 I am appointed to fight against a snail,¹
 And Wilkin Wren the ancient shall bear,
 I doubt not but against him to prevail,
 To be a man my deeds shall declare
 If I overcome him, then a butterfly takes his part,
 His weapon must be a blue speckled hen
 But you shall see me overthrow him with a fart,
 So without conquest he shall go home again.
 If I overcome him, I must fight with a fly,
 And a black pudding the fly's weapon must be

¹ [This incident was no doubt suggested by a well known passage in the earlier play of "Theisites"]

At the first blow on the ground he shall lie,
I will be sure to thrust him through the mouth to
the knee

To conquest these fellows the man I will play,¹

Ha, ha, ha, now ye will make me to smile,

To see, if I can all men beguile

Ha, my name? my name would you so fain know?

Yea, I-wis, shall ye, and that with all speed.

I have forgot it, therefore I cannot show,

Ha, ha, now I have it, I have it indeed

My name is Ambidexter I signify one

That with both hands finely can play;

Now with king Cambyzes, and by and by gone

Thus do I run this and that way

For while I mean with a soldier to be,

Then give I a leap to Sisamnes the judge,

I dare avouch, ye shall his destruction see.

To all kind of estates I mean for to trudge

Ambidexter, nay he is a fellow if ye knew all

Cease for awhile, hereafter hear more ye shall

*Enter three Ruffians, HUFF, RUFF, and
SNUFF, singing.*

HUFF

Gog's flesh and his wounds, these wars rejoice my
heart,

By his wounds, I hope to do well, for my part

By Gog's heart, the world shall go evil, if I do not
shift,

At some old carl's bouget I mean for to lift

RUFF

By his flesh, nose, eyes, and ears,

I will venter void of all cares

¹ Here is evidently a line omitted, which it is impossible
to supply by conjecture

He is not a soldier that doth fear any doubt ,
If that he would bring his purpose about

SNUFF

Fear that fear list, it shall not be I
By Gog's wounds, I will make some neck stand
 awry ,
If I lose my share, I swear by Gog's heart,
Then let another take up my part

HUFF

Yet I hope to come the richest soldier away

RUFF

If a man ask ye, ye may hap to say nay

SNUFF

Let all men get what they can, not to lese I hope .
Wheresoever I go in, each corner I will grope.

AMBIDEXTER

What, and ye run into the corner of some pretty
 maid ?

SNUFF

To grope there, good fellow, I will not be afraid

HUFF

Gog's wounds, what art thou that with us dost mell ?
Thou seemest to be a soldier, the truth to tell ,
Thou seemest to be harnessed, I cannot tell how
I think he came lately from riding some cow ,
Such a deformed slave did I never see .
Ruff, dost thou know him ? I pray thee, tell me.

RUFF

No, by my troth, fellow Huff, I never see him before

SNUFF.

As for me I care not, if I never see him more
Come, let us run his arse against the post

AMBIDEXTER.

Ah, ye slaves, I will be with you at the host
Ah, ye knaves, I will teach ye how ye shall me
deride [*Here let him swinge them about.*
Out of my sight, I can ye not abide
Now, goodman pouchmouth, I am a slave with you !
Now have at ye afresh again even now
Mine arse against the post you will run ?
But I will make ye from that saying to turn

HUFF

I beseech ye heartily to be content

RUFF

I insure you, by mine honesty, no hurt we meant :
Beside that, again, we do not know what ye are ,
Ye know, that soldiers then stoutness will declare .
Therefore, if we have anything offended,
Pardon our rudeness, and it shall be amended.

AMBIDEXTER

Yea, God's pity, begin ye to entreat me ?
Have at ye once again ! by the mass, I will beat ye.
[*Fight again.*

HUFF

Gog's heart, let us kill him , suffer no longer
[*Draw their swords*]

SNUFF.

Thou slave, we will see, if thou be the stronger

RUFF.

Strike off his head at one blow ·
That we be soldiers, Gog's heart, let him know

AMBIDEXTER.

O' the passion of God, I have done, by mine honesty
I will take your part hereafter verily

ALL

Then, content , let us agree

AMBIDEXTER.

Shake hands with me, I shake hands with thee
Ye are full of courtesy, that is the best ,
And you take great pain, ye are a mannerly guest
Why, masters, do you not know me ? the truth to
me tell—

ALL.

No, trust us, not very well

AMBIDEXTER

Why, I am Ambidexter, whom many soldiers do love

HUFF

Gog's heart, to have thy company needs we must
prove

We must play with both hands with our hostess
and host,
Play with both hands, and score on the post,
Now and then with our captain for many a delay,
We will not stick with both hands to play.

AMBIDEXTER

The honestest man ye, ye may me trust.

Enter MERETRIX, with a staff on her shoulder

MERETRIX

What, is there no lads here that hath a lust
To have a passing trull to help at their need ?

HUFF

Gog's heart, she is come indeed
What, Mistress Meretrix ? by his wounds, welcome
to me

MERETRIX.

What will you give me ? I pray you, let me see.

RUFF

By his heart, she looks for gifts by and by.

MERETRIX

What, Master Ruff, I cly you mercy ;
The last time I was with you, I got a broken head,
And lay in the street all night for want of a bed

SNUFF.

Gog's wounds, kiss me, my trull so white.
In thee I swear is all my delight ,

If thou shouldest have had a broken head for my
sake,
I would have made his head to ache

MERETRIX

What, Master Ambidexter ? who looked for you ?

AMBIDEXTER

Mistress Meretrix, I thought not to see you here
now
There is no remedy , at meeting I must have a kiss

MERETRIX.

What, man ? I will not stick for that, by Giss
[Kiss.

AMBIDEXTER.

So now, gramercy, I pray thee be gone

MERETRIX.

Nay, soft, my friend , I mean to have one
Nay, soft , I swear, and if ye were my brother,
Before I let go, I will have another [Kiss, kiss, kiss

RUFF

God's heart, the whore would not kiss me yet.

MERETRIX.

If I be a whore, thou art a knave, then it is quit.

HUFF.

But hear'st thou Meretrix ? with who this night
wilt thou lie ?

MERETRIX.

With him that giveth the most money.

HUFF.

Gog's heart, I have no money in purse, ne yet in
clout.

MERETRIX.

Then get thee hence, and pack like a lout.

HUFF.

Adieu, like a whore

[*Exit* HUFF]

MERETRIX

Farewell, like a knave

RUFF.

Gog's nails, Mistress Meretrix, now he is gone,
A match ye shall make straight with me ;
I will give thee sixpence to lie one night with thee

MERETRIX.

Gog's heart, slave, dost thou think I am a six-
penny jug ?
No, wis ye, Jack, I look a little more smug.

SNUFF

I will give her eighteenpence to serve me first

MERETRIX

Gramercy, Snuff, thou art not the worst

RUFF

By Gog's heart, she were better be hanged, to forsake me, and take thee

SNUFF

Were she so ? that shall we see

RUFF

By Gog's heart, my dagger into her I will thrust

SNUFF

Ah, ye boy, ye would do it, and ye durst !

AMBIDEXTER

Peace, my masters, ye shall not fight .
He that draws first, I will him smite

RUFF

Gog's wounds, Master Snuff, are ye so lusty ?

SNUFF.

Gog's sides, Master Ruff, are ye so crusty ?

RUFF

You may happen to see

SNUFF

Do what thou darest to me

*[Here draw and fight. Here she must lay on
and coil them both, the VICE must run his
way for fear, SNUFF fling down his sword
and buckler, and run his way]*

MERETRIX

Gog's sides, knaves, seeing to fight ye be so rough,
Defend yourselves, for I will give ye both enough
I will teach you how ye shall fall out for me,
Yea, thou slave Snuff, no more blows wilt thou
bide?

To take thy heels a time hast thou spied?

Thou villain, seeing Snuff has gone away,

A little better I mean thee to pay

*[He falleth down, she falleth upon him, and
beats him, and taketh away his weapon]*

RUFF

Alas, good Mistress Meretrix, no more,
My legs, sides, and arms with beating be sore

MERETRIX

Thou a soldier, and loose thy weapon!

Go hence, sir boy, say, a woman hath thee beaten.

RUFF.

Good Mistress Meretrix, my weapon let me have;
Take pity on me, mine honesty to save!

If it be known this repulse I sustain,
It will redound to my ignomy and shame

MERETRIX

If thou wilt be my man, and wait upon me,
This sword and buckler I will give thee.

RUFF

I will do all at your commandment,
As servant to you I will be obedient.

MERETRIX

Then let me see how before me ye can go
When I speak to you, ye shall do so :
Off with your cap at place and at board .
Forsooth, Mistress Meretrix, at every word,
Tut, tut, in the camp such soldiers there be ;
One good woman would beat away two or three.
Well, I am sure, customers tairry at home .
Mannerly, before and let us begone [Exeunt.

Enter AMBIDEXTER

AMBIDEXTER

O' the passion of God, be they here still or no ?
I durst not abide to see her beat them so.
I may say to you I was in such a fright .
Body of me, I see the hair of my head stand upright.
When I saw her so hard upon them lay,
O' the passion of God, thought I, she will be with
me anon
I made no more ado, but avoided the thrust,
And to my legs began for to trust ,

And fell a laughing to myself, when I was once
gone
It is wisdom (quoth I), by the mass, to save one
Then into this place I intended to trudge,
Thinking to meet Sisamnes the judge.
Behold, where he cometh, I will him meet,
And like a gentleman I mean him to greet.

Enter SISAMNES

SISAMNES.

Since that the king's grace's majesty in office did
me set,
What abundance of wealth to me might I get ?
Now and then some vantage I achieve,
Much more yet may I take,
But that I fear unto the king
That some complaint will make

AMBIDEXTER.

Jesu, Master Sisamnes, you are unwise

SISAMNES

Why so ? I pray ye, let me agnise,
What, Master Ambidexter, is it you ?
Now welcome to me, I make God a vow

AMBIDEXTER

Jesu, Master Sisamnes, with me you are well ac-
quainted
By me rulers may be trimly painted
Ye are unwise, if ye take not time while ye may :
If ye will not now, when ye would, ye shall have
nay

What is he, that of you dare make exclamation,
Of your wrong-dealings to make explication?
Can you not play with both hands, and turn with
the wind?

SISAMNES

Believe me, your words draw deep in my mind,
In colour wise unto this day
To bribes I have inclined .
More the same for to frequent
Of truth I am now minded
Behold, even now unto me suitors do proceed

SMALL HABILITY

I beseech you here, good master judge,
A poor man's cause to tender ,
Condemn me not in wrongful wise,
That never was offender
You know right well, my right it is,
I have not for to give ¹
You take away from me my due,
That should my corpse relieve
The Commons of you do complam,
From them you devocate ,
With anguish great and grievous words
Their hearts do penetrate
From ¹ right you fell unto the wrong,
Your private gain to win ,
You violate the simple man,
And count it for no sin.

SISAMNES

Hold thy tongue, thou prattling knave,
And give to me reward ,

¹ [Old copy, *the*]

Else in this wise, I tell thee truth,
Thy tale will not be heard
Ambidexter, let us go hence, and let the knave
alone

AMBIDEXTER

Farewell, Small Hability, for help now get ye none
Bibes hath corrupt him, good laws to pollute
[*Exeunt*]

SMALL HABILITY

A naughty man that will not obey the king's con-
stitute
With heavy heart I will return,
Till God redress my pain
[*Exit*]

Enter SHAME, with a trumpet black

SHAME

From among the grisly ghosts I come,
From tyrant's testy train;
Unseemly Shame of sooth I am,
Procured to make plain
The odious facts and shameless deeds
That Cambyses king doth use,
All piety and virtuous life
He doth it clean refuse
Lechery and drunkenness
He doth it much frequent,
The tiger's kind to imitate
He hath given full consent
He nought esteems his Council grave,
Ne virtuous bringing up,
But daily still receives the drink
Of damned vice's cup

He can bide no instruction,
 He takes so great delight
 In working of iniquity,
 For to frequent his spite
 As fame doth sound the royal trump
 Of worthy men and tum,
 So shame doth blow with strained blast
 The trump of shame on him [*Exit.*

Enter the KING, LORD, PRAXASPES, *and* SISAMNES

KING

My judge, since my departure hence
 Have you used judgment right ?
 If faithful steward I ye find
 The same I will requite

SISAMNES

No doubt, your grace shall not once hear
 That I have done amiss

PRAXASPES

I much rejoice to hear so good news as this

Enter COMMONS' CRY *running in, speak this verse,*
go out again hastily

COMMONS' CRY.

Alas, alas, how are the Commons oppressed
 By that vile judge, Sisamnes by name ?
 I do not know, how it should be redressed ,
 To amend his life no whit he doth frame

We are undone, and thrown out of door
His damnable dealing doth us so torment
At his hand we can find no relief nor succour
God grant him grace for to repent
[*Run away crying*]

KING

What doleful cries be these, my lord
That sound do in my ear?¹
Intelligence if you can give,
Unto your king declare
To me it seemeth my Commons all
They do lament and cry
Out at¹ Sisamnes judge most chief,
Even now standing us by

PRAXASPES

Even so (O king) it seem'd to me,
As you rehearsal made,
I doubt the judge culpable be
In some respect or trade

SISAMNES

Redoubted king, have no mistrust,
No whit your mind dismay,
There is not one that can me charge
Or ought against me lay

*Enter COMMONS' COMPLAINT, with PROOF and
TRIAL*

COMMONS' COMPLAINT

Commons' Complaint I represent,
With thrall or doleful state,

¹ [Old copy *of*]

By urgent cause erected foith
 My grief for to dilate
 Unto the king I will prepare
 My misery to tell,
 To have relief of this my grief,
 And fettered feet so fell
 Redoubted prince and mighty king,
 Myself I prostrate here ,
 Vouchsafe (O king) with me to bear
 For this that I appear
 With humble suit I pardon crave
 Of you most royal gracie,
 To give me leave my mind to break,
 Before you in this place

KING

Commons' Complaint, keep nothing back,
 Fear not thy tale to tell ,
 Whate'er he be within this land
 That hath not used thee well,
 As prince's mouth shall sentence give,
 He shall receive the same ,
 Unfold the secrets of thy breast,
 For I extinguish blame

COMMONS' COMPLAINT

God preserve your royal gracie,
 And send you blissful days,
 That all you deeds might still accord
 To give to ¹ God the praise
 My complaint is (O mighty king)
 Against that judge you by ,
 Whose careless deeds, gain to receive,
 Hath made the Commons cry

¹ [Old copy, *the*]

CAMBYSES

He, by taking bribes and gifts
The poor he doth oppress,
Taking relief from infants young
Widows and fatherless

KING

Untruthful traitor and corrupt judge
How likest thou this complaint ?
Forewarning I to thee did give,
Of this to make restraint
And hast thou done this devilish deed,
Mine ne for to augment ?
I sentence give, thou Judas judge
Thou shalt thy deed repent

SISAMNES

O puissant prince, it is not so,
His complaint I deny

COMMONS COMPLAINT

If it be not so (most mighty king),
In place then let me die
Behold that I have brought with me
Both Proof and Trial true,
To stand even here, and sentence give
What by him did ensue

PROOF.

I Proof do him in this appeal,
He did the Commons wrong,
Unjustly he with them hath dealt,
His greedy¹ was so strong

¹ [Greediness or greed]

His heart did covet in to get,
 He cared not which way ,
 The poor did lese their due and right,
 Because they wont¹ to pay
 Unto him for bribes indeed,
 This was his wonted use
 Whereas your gracie good laws did make,
 He did the same abuse

TRIAL

I Trial here to verifie
 What Proof doth now unfold,
 To stand against him in his wrong,
 As now I dare be bold

KING

How likest thou this, thou cartiff vile ?
 Canst thou the same deny ?

SISAMNES.

O noble king, forgive my fact
 I yield to thy mercy

KING

Complaint and Proof, redress will I
 All this your misery
 Depart with speed from whence you came,
 And straight command by me
 The execution-man to come
 Before my grace with haste

ALL

For to fulfil this your request,
 No time we mean to waste [*Exeunt they three*]

¹ [Old copy, *want*]

KING

My lord, before my grace go call
Otian, this judge's son ,
And he shall hear, and also see,
What his father hath done
The father he shall suffer death,
The son his room^d succeed ,
And if that he no better prove,
So likewise shall he speed

PRAXASPES

As your grace hath commandment given,
I mean for to fulfil [*Step aside and fetch him*]

KING

Accursed judge, couldst thou consent
To do this cursed ill ?
According unto thy demand,
Thou shalt for this thy guilt
Receive thy death before mine eyes
Thy blood it shall be spilt

PRAXASPES

Behold (O king) Sisamnes' son
Before you doth appear

KING

Otian, this is my mind,
Therefore to me come near
Thy father here for judgment wrong
Procured hath his death,
And thou his son shalt him succeed
When he hath lost his breath ,

And if that thou dost once offend,
As thou seest thy father have,
In like wise thou shalt suffer death
No mercy shall thee save

OTIAN

O mighty king, vouchsafe your grace
My father to remit ,
Forgive his fault, his pardon I
Do ask of you as yet
Alas, although my father hath
Your princely heart offended,
Amends for miss he will now make,
And faults shall be amended
Instead of his requested life,
Pleaseth your grace take mine
This offer I as tender child,
So duty doth me bind

KING

Do not entreat my grace no more,
For he shall die the death ,
Where is the execution-man,
Him to bereave of breath ?

Enter EXECUTION

EXECUTION

At hand and, if it like your grace,
My duty to dispatch ,
In hope that I, when deed is done,
A good reward shall catch

KING

Dispatch with sword this judge's life,
Extinguish fear and cares

So done, draw thou his cursed skin
Straight over both his ears
I will see the office done,
And that before mine eyes

EXECUTION.

To do the thing my king commands,
I give the enterprize

SISAMNES

Otian, my son, the king to death
By law hath me condemned ,
And you in room and office mine
His grace's will hath placed
Use justice therefore in this case,
And yield unto no wrong,
Lest thou do purchase the like death,
Ere ever it be long

OTIAN

O father dear, these words to hear
That thou must die by force,
Bedews my cheeks with stilled tears ,
The king hath no remorse
The grievous grief and strained sighs
My heart doth break in twain,
And I deplore, most woful child,
That I should see you slain
O false and fickle frowning dame,
That turneth as the wind,
Is this the joy in father's age,
Thou me assign'st to find ?
O doleful day, unhappy hour,
That loving child should see

His father dear before his face,
 Thus put to death should be
 Yet, father, give me blessing thine,
 And let me once embrace
 Thy comely corpse in folded arms.
 And kiss thy ancient face

SISAMNES

O child, thou makes mine eyes to run,
 As rivers do, by stream ,
 My leave I take of thee, my son,
 Beware of this my beam

KING

Dispatch even now, thou man of death ,
 No longer seem to stay

EXECUTION

Come, Master Sisamnes, come on your way,
 My office I must pay ,
 Forgive therefore my deed

SISAMNES

I do forgive it thee, my friend ,
 Dispatch therefore with speed
 *[Smite him in the neck with a sword to
 signify his death]*

PRAXASPES

Behold (O king), how he doth bleed,
 Being of life bereft.

KING

In this wise he shall not yet be left

Pull his skin over his ears,
To make his death more vile

A wretch he was, a cruel thief,
My Commons to beguile

[Flays him with a false skin]

OTIAN

What child is he of nature's mould

Could bide the same to see,
His father dead in this wise ?

O, how it grieveth me !

KING

Otian, thou seest thy father dead,

And thou art in his room
If thou beest proud as he hath been,
Even thereto shalt thou come

OTIAN.

O king, to me this is a glass
With grief in it I view
Example that unto your grace
I do not prove untrue

PRAXASPES

Otian, convey your father hence
To tomb where he shall lie.

OTIAN.

And if it please your lordship,
It shall be done by and by.

Good execution-man, for need
Help me with him away

EXECUTION

I will fulfil, as you to me did say
[They take him away]

KING

My lord, now that my grace hath seen.
That finish'd is this deed,
To question mine give 'tentive ear,
And answer make with speed
Have not I done a gracious deed,
To redress my Commons' woe

PRAXASPES

Yea, truly, if it please your grace,
 Ye have indeed done so
 But now (O king) in friendly wise
 I counsel you in this ,
 Certain vices for to leave,
 That in you placed is
 The vice of drunkenness (O king)
 Which doth you sore infect,
 With other great abuses, which
 I wish you to detect

KING

Peace, my lord, what needeth this?
Of this I will not hear
To palace now I will return,
And there to make good cheer

God Bacchus he bestows his gifts,
We have good store of wine ,
And also that the ladies be
Both passing brave and fine
But, stay , I see a lord now come,
And eke a valiant knight
What news, my lord ? to see you here
My heart it doth delight

Enter LORD and KNIGHT to meet the KING

LORD

No news (O king), but of duty come,
To wait upon your grace

KING

I thank you, my lord and loving knight
I pray you with me trace
My lords and knight, I pray ye tell,
I will not be offended
Am I worthy of any crime
Once to be reprehended ?

PRAXASPES

The Persians much praise your grace
But one thing discommend,
In that to wine subject you be,
Wherein you do offend
Sith that the might of wine effect,
Doth oft subdue your brain,
My counsel is, to please their hearts,
From it you would refrain

LORD

No, no, my lord, it is not so ,
For this of prince they tell,
For virtuous proof and princely facts
Cyrus he doth excel ,
By that his grace by conquest great
The Egyptians did convince ,
Of him report abroad doth pass,
To be a worthy prince

KNIGHT

In person of Crœsus I answer make,
We may not his grace compare,
In whole respect for to be like,
Cyrus the king's father
In so much your grace hath yet no child,
As Cyrus left behind,
Even you I mean, Cambyses king,
In whom I favour find

KING.

Crœsus said well in saying so
But, Praxaspes, tell me why,
That to my mouth in such a sort
Thou should avouch a lie,
Of drunkenness me thus to charge
But thou with speed shalt see,
Whether that I a sober king
Or else a drunkard be
I know thou hast a blissful babe,
Wherein thou dost delight
Me to revenge of these thy words,
I will go wreak this spite
When I the most have tasted wine,
My bow it shall be bent,

At heart of him even then to shoot
Is now my whole intent
And if that I his heart can hit,
The king no drunkard is ,
If heart of his I do not kill,
I yield to thee in this
Therefore, Praxaspes, fetch to me
Thy youngest son with speed ,
There is no way, I tell thee plain,
But I will do this deed.

PRAXASPES

Redoubted prince, spare my sweet child.
He is mine only joy
I trust your grace to infant heart
No such thing will employ
If that his mother hear of this,
She is so nigh her flight,
In clay her corpse will soon be shrin'd
To pass from world's delight

KING

No more ado, go fetch me him,
It shall be as I say
And if that I do speak the word,
How dare ye once say nay ?

PRAXASPES

I will go fetch him to your grace ;
But so, I trust, it shall not be

KING

For fear of my displeasure great,
Go fetch him unto me.

Is he gone ? Now, by the gods,
 I will do as I say ,
 My lord, therefore, fill me some wine,
 I heartily you pray ,
 For I must drink to make my brain
 Somewhat intoxicate
 When that the wine is in my head
 O, trimly I can prate !

LORD

Here is the cup with filled wine,
 Thereof to take repast

KING

Give it me to drink it off,
 And see no wine be waste [Drink
 Once again enlarge this cup,
 For I must it still taste ¹ [Drink
 By the gods, I think, of pleasant wine
 I cannot take my fill
 Now drink is in, give me my bow,
 And arrows from sir knight ,
 At heart of child I mean to shoot,
 Hoping to cleave it right

KNIGHT

Behold (O king) where he doth come,
 His infant young in hand

PRAXASPES

O mighty king, your grace behest
 With sorrow I have scann'd,

¹ [Old copy, *taste it still*]

And brought my child fro mother's knee,
Before you to appear
And she thereof no whit doth know,
That he in place is here

KING.

Set him up my mark to be,
I will shoot at his heart

PRAXASPES

I beseech your grace not so to do,
Set this pretence¹ apart
Farewell, my dear and loving babe,
Come, kiss thy father dear,
A grievous sight to me it is,
To see thee slain even here
Is this the gain now from the king
For giving counsel good,
Before my face with such despite
To spill my son's heart-blood?
O heavy day to me this is
And mother in like case

YOUNG CHILD

O father, father, wipe your face,
I see the tears run from your eye
My mother is at home sewing of a band,
Alas, dear father, why do you cry?

KING.

Before me as a mark now let him stand,
I will shoot at him my mind to fulfil.

¹ [Intention]

YOUNG CHILD

Alas, alas ! father, will you me kill ?

Good Master King, do not shoot at me,
My mother loves me best of all

KING

I have despatched him, down he doth fall, [*Shoot*
As right as a line his heart I have hit
Nay, thou shall see, Praxaspes, stranger news yet
My knight, with speed his heart cut out,
And give it unto me

KNIGHT

It shall be done (O mighty king)
With all celerity

LORD

My lord Praxaspes, this had not been,
But your tongue must be walking ,
To the king of correction
You must needs be talking

PRAXASPES

No correction (my lord), but counsel for the best

KNIGHT

Here is the heart, according to your grace's behest

KING

Behold, Praxaspes, thy son's own heart
O, how well the same was hit !
After this wine to do this deed,
I thought it very fit

CAMBYSES

Esteem thou may'st right well there
No drunkard is the king,
That in the midst of all his cups
Could do this valiant thing
My lord and knight, on me attend,
To palace we will go,
And leave him here to take his son,
When we are gone him from

ALL

With all our hearts we give consent
To wait upon your grace

PRAXASPES

A woful man (O lord) am I,
To see him in this case
My days I deem desires their end,
This deed will help me hence,
To have the blossoms of my field
Destroy'd by violence

Enter MOTHER

MOTHER

Alas, alas ! I do hear tell
The king hath kill'd my son
If it be so, woe worth the deed,
That ever it was done
It is even so, my lord, I see,
How by him he doth weep
What meant I, that from hands of him
This child I did not keep ?
Alas ! husband and lord, what did you mean
To fetch this child away ?

PRAXASPES.

O lady wife, I little thought
For to have seen this day

MOTHER

O blissful babe, O joy of womb,
Heart's comfort and delight,
For counsel given unto the king,
Is this thy just requite ?
O heavy day and doleful time,
These mourning tunes to make !
With blubb'ied eyes into my arms
From earth I will thee take,
And wiap thee in mine apion white
But O my heavy heart ?
The spiteful pangs that it sustains
Would make it in two to part
The death of this my son to see,
O heavy mother now,
That from thy sweet and sug'red joy
To sorrow so shouldst bow
What grief in womb did I retain,
Before I did thee see ?
Yet at the last, when smart was gone,
What joy wert thou to me ?
How tender was I of thy food
For to preserve thy state ?
How stilled I thy tender heart
At times early and late ?
With velvet paps I gave thee suck,
With issue from my breast,
And danced thee upon my knee
To bring thee unto rest
Is this the joy of thee I reap ?
O king of tiger's brood !

O tiger's whelp, hadst thou the heart,
 To see this child's heart-blood ?
 Nature enforceth me, alas !
 In this wise to deploie ,
 To wring my hands, O wel-away,
 That I should see this hou !
 Thy mother yet will kiss thy lips,
 Silk-soft and pleasant white ,
 With wringing hands lamenting for
 To see thee in this plight
 My lording dear, let us go home,
 Our mourning to augment

PRAXASPES

My lady dear, with heavy heart
 To it I do consent
 Between us both the child to bear
 Unto our lordly place *[Exeunt]*

Enter AMBIDEXTER

AMBIDEXTER

Indeed, as ye say, I have been absent a long space
 But is not my cousin Cutpurse with you in the
 meantime ?
 To it, to it, cousin , and do your office fine.
 How like you Sisammes for using of me ?
 He play'd with both hands, but he sped ill favour-
 edly
 The king himself was godly uptained ,
 He professed virtue, but I think it was feigned .
 He plays with both hands good deeds and ill ;
 But it was no good deed Praxaspes' son for to kill
 As he for the good deed on the judge was com-
 mended,
 For all his deeds else he is reprehended.

The most evil-disposed person that ever was,
 All the state of his life he would not let pass
 Some good deeds he will do, though they be but
 few

The like things this tyrant Cambyses doth show.
 No goodness from him to none is exhibited,
 But still maledictions abroad is distributed
 And yet ye shall see in the rest of his race,
 What infamy he will work against his own grace
 Whist, no more words here comes the king's
 brother

*Enter LORD SMIRDIS, with ATTENDANCE and
 DILIGENCE*

SMIRDIS

The king's brother by birth am I,
 Issued from Cyrus' loins
 A grief to me it is to hear
 Of this the king's repines
 I like not well of those his deeds
 That he doth still frequent,
 I wish to God, that other ways
 His mind he could content
 Young I am, and next to him,
 No mo of us there be,
 I would be glad a quiet realm
 In this his reign to see

ATTENDANCE

My lord, your good and willing heart
 The gods will recompense,
 In that your mind so pensive is
 For those his great offence.

My lord, his grace shall have a time
To pain and to amend
Happy is he that can escape,
And not his grace offend

DILIGENCE

If that wicked vice he could refrain
From wasting wine forbear,
A moderate life he would frequent,
Amending this his square

AMBIDEXTER

My lord, and if you honour it shall please,
I can inform you what is best for your ease,
Let him alone, of his deeds do not talk,
Then by his side ye may quietly walk,
After his death you shall be king,
Then may you reform each kind of thing
In the meantime live quietly, do not with him deal,
So shall it redound much to your weal

SMIRDIS

Thou say'st true, my friend, that is the best
I know not whether he love me, or do me detest.

ATTENDANCE

Learn from his company all that you may,
I faithful Attendance will your honour obey
If against your honour he take any ire,
His grace is as like to kindle his fire,
To your honour's destruction as otherwise

DILIGENCE

Therefore, my lord, take good advice,
 And I Dilgence you case will so tender,
 That to his grace you honour shall be none
 offender

SMIRDIS

I thank you both, entire friends, with my honour
 still remain

AMBIDEXTER

Behold, where the king doth come with his train.

Enter KING and one LORD

KING

O lording dear, and brother mine,
 I joy your state to see ,
 Sumising much what is the cause,
 You absent thus from me

SMIRDIS

Pleaseth your grace, no absence I,
 But ready to fulfil
 At all assays, my prince and king,
 In that your grace me will
 What I can do in true defence,
 To you, my prince, aight,
 In readiness I always am
 To offer forth my might

KING

And I the like to you again
 Do here avouch the same.

ALL

For this your good agreement here,
Now praised be God's name

AMBIDEXTER

But hear ye, noble prince, hark in your ear
It is best to do as I did declare

KING

My lord and brother Smirdis now,
This is my mind and will,
That you to court of mine return,
And there to tarry still,
Till my return within short space
Your honour for to greet

SMIRDIS.

At your behest so will I do,
Till time again we meet
My leave I take from you (O king),
Even now I do depart
[*Exeunt SMIRDIS, ATTENDANCE, and*
DILIGENCE

KING

Farewell lord and brother mine,
Farewell with all my heart
My lord, my brother Smirdis is
Of youth and manly might,
And in his sweet and pleasant face
My heart doth take delight

LORD

Yea, noble prince, if that your grace
Before his honour die,
He will succeed a virtuous king,
And rule with equity

KING

As you have said, my lord, he is
Chief here next my grace
And if I die to-morrow, next
He shall succeed my place

AMBIDEXTER

And if it please your grace (O king),
I heard him say,
For your death unto the god[s,]
Day and night he did pray
He would live so virtuously,
And get him such a praise,
That Fame by trump his due deserts
His honour should up-raise
He said your grace deserved had
The cursing of all men,
That ye should never after him
Get any praise again

KING

Did he speak thus of my grace,
In such spiteful wise?
Or else dost thou presume to fill
My princely ears with lies?

LORD.

I cannot think it in my heart,
That he would report so

KING

How sayst thou ? speak the truth,
Was it so or no ?

AMBIDEXTER

I think so, if it please you grace, but I cannot tell

KING

Thou play'st with both hands, now I perceive
well,
But for to put all doubts aside,
And to make him lese his hope,
He shall die by dent of sword,
Or else by choking rope
Shall he succeed when I am gone,
To have more praise than I ?
Were he father as brother mine,
I swear that he shall die
To please mine I will therefore
His death for to pursue

[Exit

AMBIDEXTER

Are ye gone ? straightway I will follow you
How like ye now, my masters ? doth not this gear
cotton ?
The proverb old is verified, soon ripe and soon
rotten.
He will not be quiet, till his brother he kill'd
His delight is wholly to have his blood spill'd.
Marry, sir, I told him a notable lie
If it were to do again, man I durst do it, I
Marry, when I had done to it I durst not stand
Thereby you may perceive I use to play with each
hand

But how now, cousin Cutpurse ? with whom play
you ?

Take heed, for his hand is groping even now
Cousin, take heed, if ye do secretly grope ,
If ye be taken, cousin, ye must look through a
rope [Exit

Enter LORD SMIRDIS alone

SMIRDIS

I am wand'ring alone, here and there to walk ,
The court is so unquiet, in it I take no joy
Solitary to myself now I may talk ,
If I could rule, I wist what to say.

Enter CRUELTY and MURDER with bloody hands.

CRUELTY

My coequal partner Murder, come away ,
From me long thou may'st not stay

MURDER

Yes, from thee I may stay, but not thou from me
Therefore I have a prerogative above thee.

CRUELTY.

But in this case we must together abide
Come, come ; Lord Smirdis I have spied
Lay hands on him with all festination,
That on him we may work our indignation

SMIRDIS

How now, my friends ? What have you to do
with me ?

MURDER

King CambySES hath sent us unto thee,
Commanding us straitly without mercy or favour
Upon thee to bestow our behaviour
With Cruelty to murder you, and make you away.
[Strike him in divers places]

SMIRDIS

Yet pardon me, I heartily you pray
Consider, the king is a tyrant tyrannious,
And all his doings be damnable and pernicious
Favour me therefore, I did him never offend

CRUELTY.

No favour at all, your life is at an end.
Even now I strike his body to wound
Behold, now his blood springs out on the ground.
[A little bladder of vinegar pricked.]

MURDER

Now he is dead, let us present him to the king

CRUELTY.

Lay to your hand, away him to bring *[Exeunt.]*

Enter AMBIDEXTER

AMBIDEXTER

O' the passion of God, yonder is a heavy court
Some weeps, some wails, and some make great
sport
Lord Smirdis by Cruelty and Murder is slain,

But, Jesus ! for want of him, how some do complain !
 If I should have had a thousand pound, I could
 not forbear weeping

Now Jesus have his blessed soul in keeping !
 Ah good lord to think on him, how it doth me
 grieve !

I cannot for bear weeping, ye may me believe [*Weep*
 O my heart ! how my pulses do beat

With sorrowful lamentations I am in such a heat

Ah my heart ! how for him it doth sorrow !

Nay, I have done in faith now, and God give you
 good morrow !

Ha, ha, weep ! nay, laugh, with both hands to
 play,

The king through his cruelty hath made him away.

But hath not he wrought a most wicked deed ?

Because king after him he should not proceed,

His own natural brother, and having no more,

To procure his death by violence soie,

In spite because his brother should never be king,

His heart being wicked consented to this thing

Now he hath no more brothers nor kindred alive.

If the king use this gear still, he cannot long thrive.

Enter HOB and LOB.

HOB

God's hat, neighbours, come away, it's time to
 market to go

LOB.

God's vast, neighbour, zay ye zo ?

The clock hath stricken vive, ich think, by lakin .¹

¹ [By our lady]

Bum vay,¹ vrom sleep cham not very well waken.
But, neighbour Hob, neighbour Hob, what have ye
to zell ?

HOB

Bum troth, neighbour Lob, to you I chil tell
Chave two goslings and a chine of good pork,
There is no vatter between this and Yoik
Chave a pot of strawberries and a calf's head
A zennight zince to-morrow it hath been dead

LOB

Chave a score of eggs and of butter a pound :
Yesterday a nest of goodly young rabbits I vound
Chave forty things mo, of more and of less,
My brain is not very good them to express
But God's hat neighbour, wot'st what ?

HOB

No,,not well neighbour, what's that ?

LOB

Bum vay, neighbour, master king is a zhrode lad,
Zo God help me and holidam, I think the vool be
mad
Zome zay he deal cruelly, his brother he did kill,
And also a goodly young lad's heart-blood he did
spill.

HOB

Vorbod of God, neighbour, has he played such a
voolish deed ?

¹ [By my faith, and a little further on we have *bum troth*—by my troth]

AMBIDEXTER

Goodman Hob and goodman Lob, God be your
speed

As you two towards market did ¹ walk,
Of the king's cruelty I did hear you talk,
I insue you he is a king most vile and pernicious;
His doings and life are odious and vicious

LOB

It were a good deed zomebody would break his
head

HOB

Bum vay, neighbour Lob, I chould he were dead

AMBIDEXTER

So would I, Lob and Hob, with all my heart
Now with both hands will ye see me play my
part? [*Aside*

Ah, ye whoreson traitorly knaves,
Hob and Lob, out upon you, slaves!

LOB

And thou call'st me knave, thou art another
My name is Lob, and Hob my next neighbour

AMBIDEXTER

Hob and Lob, ah ye country patches!
Ah ye fools! ye have made wrong matches,
Ye have spoken treason against the king's grace
For it I will accuse ye before his face,
Then for the same ye shall be martyr'd
At the least ye shall be hang'd, drawn, and quartered.

¹ [Old copy, *do*]

HOB

O gentleman, ye shall have two pear-pies, and tell
not of me

LOB

By God, a vat goose chill give thee
I think no hurt, by my vather's soul I swear

HOB

Chave lived well all my life-time my neighbours
among,
And now chould be loth to come to zuch wrong
To be hanged and quartered the grief would be
great

LOB

A foul evil on thee, Hob ! who bid thee on it treat ?
Voi it was thou that first did him name

HOB

Thou liest like a valet, and thou zay'st the same,
It was zuch a voolish Lob as thou

LOB

Speak many words, and by Cod's nails I vow,
Upon thy pate my staff I will lay

AMBIDEXTER.

By the mass, I will cause them to make a fray
[*Aside.*
Yea, Lob, thou sayest true, all came through him.

LOB

Bum vay, thou Hob, a little would make me ye
 tim,
 Give thee a zwap on thy nose, till thy heart ache

HOB

If thou darest, do it, else, man, cly cieke
 I trust, before thou hurt me.
 With my staff chill make a Lob of thee

*[Here let them fight with their staves, not
 come near another by three or four yards,
 the VICE set them on as hard as he can
 one of their wives come out, and all to beat
 the VICE, he run away]*

*Enter MARIAN-MAY-BE-GOOD, HOB'S wife, running
 in with a broom, and part them*

MARIAN

O' the body of me, husband Hob, what, mean you
 to fight?
 For the passion of God, no more blows smite
 Neighbours and friends so long, and now to fall out!
 What, in your age to seem so stout?
 If I had not parted ye, one had kill'd another

LOB

I had not cared, I swear by God's mother

MARIAN

Shake hands again at the request of me,
 As ye have been friends, so friends still be.

HOB

Bum troth, cham content, and zay'st word, neighbour Lob ?

LOB

I am content ; agreed, neighbour Hob
[Shake hands, and laugh heartily one at another]

MARIAN

So, get you to market, no longer stay ,
 And with yonder knave let me make a fiay

HOB

Content, wife Marian chill do as thou dost say
 But buss me, ich pray thee, at going away
[Exeunt HOB, LOB]

MARIAN

Thou whoreson knave and picken'd boy,
 Why didst thou let them fight ?
 If one had kill'd another here,
 Couldst thou their deaths requite ?
 It bears a sign by this thy deed,
 A cowardly knave thou art ,
 Else wouldst thou draw that weapon thine,
 Like a man them to part

AMBIDEXTER

What, Marian-may-be-good, are you come prating ?
 Ye may hap get a box on the ear with your talking .

If they had kill'd one another, I had not cared a
pease

*[Here let her swing him with¹ her broom, she
gts him down, and he her down, thus one
on the top of another make pastime*

MARIAN

Ah villain, myself on thee I must ease :
Give me a box on the ear ? that will I try ;
Who shall be master, thou shalt see by and by.

AMBIDENTER

O, no more, no more, I beseech you heartily,
Even now I yield, and give you the mastery
[Run his way out, whilst she is down

MARIAN

Ah knave, dost thou throw me down, and run thy
way ?
If he were here again, O, how I would him pay !
I will after him, and if I can him meet,
With these my nails his face I will greet

*Enter VENUS leading out her son CUPID blind
he must have a bow and two shafts, one headed
with gold and the other headed with lead*

VENUS

Come forth, my son, unto my words
Attentive ears resign :
What I pretend, see you frequent,
To force this game of mine

¹ [Old copy, *in*]

The king a kinswoman hath,
 Adorn'd with beauty store ,
 And I wish that Diana's gifts,
 They twain shall keep no more ,
 But use my silver sug'ed game
 Their joys for to augment
 When I do speak to wound his heart.
 Cupid my son, consent
 And shoot at him the shaft of love
 That bears the head of gold,
 To wound his heart in love's wise,
 His grief for to unfold
 Though kin she be unto his grace
 That nature me expel,
 Against the course thereof he may,
 In my game please me well ,
 Wherefore, my son, do not forget,
 Forthwith pursue the deed

CUPID

Mother, I mean for to obey,
 As you have whole decreed
 But you must tell me, mother dear,
 When I shall arrow draw ,
 Else your request to be attain'd
 Will not be worth a straw
 I am blind and cannot see ,
 But still do shoot by guess ,
 The poets well in places store
 Of my might do express

VENUS

Cupid my son, when time shall serve
 That thou shalt do this deed,
 Then warning I to thee will give
 But see thou shoot with speed

Enter LORD, LADY, WAITING MAID

LORD

Lady dear, to king akin,
 Forthwith let us proceed
 To trace abroad the beauty fields,
 As erst we had decreed
 The blowing buds whose savoury scents
 Our sense will much delight
 The sweet smell of musk-white rose,
 To please the appetite,
 The chipping buds, whose pleasant tunes
 Therein shall hear record,
 That our great joy we shall it find,
 In field to walk abroad
 On lute and cittern there to play
 A heavenly harmony,
 Our ears shall hear, heart to content,
 Our sports to beautify¹

LADY

Unto your words, most comely lord,
 Myself submit do I,
 To trace with you in field so green,
 I mean not to deny
 [*Here trace up and down playing*]

MAID

And I your waiting maid at hand
 With diligence will be
 For to fulfil with heart and hand,
 When you shall command me

¹ [Old copy, *beautie*]

CAMBYSES

Enter KING, LORD, and KNIGHT

KING

Come on, my Lord and Knight, abroad
Our mirth let us employ
Since he is dead, this heart of mine
In corpse I feel it joy
Should brother mine have reigned king,
When I had yielded breath?
A thousand brothers I rather had,
To put them all to death
But, O, behold where do I see
A lord and lady fair,
For beauty she most worthy is
To sit in prince's chair

VENUS

Shoot forth, my son, now is the time
That thou must wound his heart

CUPID

Content you, mother, I will do my part
[*Shoot there, and go out VENUS and CUPID*]

KING

Of truth, my lord, in eye of mine
All ladies she doth excel
Can none report, what dame she is,
And to my grace it tell?

LORD

Redoubted prince, pleaseth your grace,
To you she is akin,
Cousin-german nigh of birth,
By mother's side come in

KNIGHT

And that her waiting maiden is,
Attending her upon
He is a lord of prince's court,
And will be there anon
They sport themselves in pleasant field,
To former used use ,

KING

My Lord, and Knight, of truth I speak,
My heart it cannot choose ,
But with my lady I must speak,
And so express my mind
My lord and ladies, walking there,
If you will favour find,
Present yourselves unto my grace,
And by my side come stand

FIRST LORD

We will fulfil, most mighty king,
As your grace doth command

KING

Lady dear, intelligence
My grace hath got of late ,
You issued out of mother's stock,
And kin unto my state
According to rule of birth you are
Cousin-german mine ,
Yet do I wish that farther off
This kindred I could find
For Cupid he, that eyeless boy,
My heart hath so inflamed
With beauty you me to content
The like cannot be named ,

Fo! since I ent'ied in this place,
And on you fix'd mine eyes,
Most burning fits about my heart
In ample wise did rise
The heat of them such force doth yield,
My corpse they scorch, alas !
And burns the same with wasting heat,
As Titan doth the grass
And sith this heat is kindled so,
And fresh in heart of me,
There is no way but of the same
The quencher you must be
My meaning is, that beauty yours
My heart with love doth wound
To give me love, mind to content
My heart hath you out-found
And you are she must be my wife,
Else shall I end my days
Consent to this, and be my queen,
To wear the crown with praise

LADY

If it please your grace (O mighty king)
You shall not this request,
It is a thing that nature's course
Doth utterly detest
And high it would the God displease,
Of all that is the worst,
To grant your grace to marry so,
It is not that I durst
Yet humble thanks I render now
Unto you, mighty king,
That you vouchsafe to great estate,
So gladly would me bring
Were it not it were offence,
I would it not deny ,

CAMBYSES

But such great honour to achieve
My heart I would apply
Therefore (O king) with humble heart
In this I pardon crave
Mine answer is in this request,
Your mind ye may not have

KING

May I not? nay, then I will,
By all the gods I vow
And I will marry thee as wife,
This is mine answer now
Who dare say nay what I pretend
Who dare the same withstand,
Shall lose his head, and have report
As traitor through my land
There is no nay, I will you have
And you my queen shall be

LADY

Then, mighty king, I crave your grace,
To hear the words of me
Your counsel take of lordings' wit,
The laws aright peruse,
If I with safe may grant this deed,
I will it not refuse.

KING

No, no, what I have said to you,
I mean to have it so
For counsel thence I mean not, I,
In this respect to go
But to my palace let us go,
The marriage to prepare,
For to avoid my will in this,
I can it not forbear.

LADY

O God, forgive me, if I do amiss ,
The king by compulsion enforceth me this

MAID

Unto the gods for your estate
I will not cease to pray ,
That you may be a happy queen,
And see most joyful day

KING

Come on, my lords, with gladsome hearts
Let us rejoice with glee
Your music show to joy this deed
At the request of me

BOTH

For to obey your grace's words
Our honours do agree

[*Exeunt*]

Enter AMBIDEXTER

AMBIDEXTER

O' the passion of me ! many, as ye say, yonder is
a royal court ,
There is triumphing, and sport upon sport
Such loyal lords with such lordly exercise,
Frequenting such pastime as they can devise ,
Running at tilt, justing, with running at the ring,
Masquing and mumming, with each kind of thing,
Such dancing, such singing, with musical harmony
Believe me, I was loth to absent their company

But will you believe ? Jesu ! what haste they
 made, till they were married ?
 Not for a million of pounds one day longer they
 would have tarried
 O, there was a banquet royal and superexcellent ,
 Thousands and thousands at that banquet was
 spent
 I muse of nothing but how they can be married so
 soon ,
 I care not, if I be married before to-morrow at noon,
 If marriage be a thing that so may be had
 How say you, maid ? to marry me will ye be glad ?
 Out of doubt, I believe, it is some excellent treasure,
 Else to the same belongs abundant pleasure
 Yet with mine ears I have heard some say,—
That ever I was married, now curs'd be the day !
 Those be they, that with curs'd wives be matched,
 That husband for hawks' meat of them is up
 snatched,
 Head broke with a bedstaff, face be all-to scratched
 Knave, slave and villain ! a coil'd coat now and then
 When the wife hath given in, she will say, alas,
 good-man !
 Such were better unmarried, my masters, I trow,
 Than all their life after to be matched with a shrow

Enter PREPARATION

PREPARATION

With speed I am sent all things to prepare.
 My message to do as the king did declare
 His grace doth mean a banquet to make,
 Meaning in this place repast for to take
 Well, the cloth shall be laid, and all things in
 readiness,
 To court to return, when done is my business

AMBIDEXTER

A proper man, and also a fit,
For the king's estate to prepare a banquet

PREPARATION

What, Ambidexter? thou art not unknown,
A mischief on all good faces, so that I curse not
mine own
Now, in the knave's name, shake hands with me

AMBIDEXTER

Well said, goodman pouchmouth, your reverence I
see,
I will teach ye, if your manners no better be
Ah, ye slave! the king doth me a gentleman allow:
Therefore I look that to me ye shall bow [*Fight*

PREPARATION

Good Master Ambidexter, pardon my behaviour
For this you deed ye are a knave for your labour

AMBIDEXTER

Why, ye stale counteily villain, nothing but knave?
[*Fight*

PREPARATION

I am sorry, your mastership offended I have
Shake hands, that between us agreement may
be,
I was over-shot with myself, I do see.
Let me have your help, this furniture to provide,
The king from this place will not long abide

AMBIDEXTER

[Set the fruit on the board]
 Content, it is the thing that I would wish
 I myself will go fetch on dish
*[Let the VICE set a dish of nuts, and let them
 fall in the bringing of them in]*

PREPARATION

Cleanly! Master Ambidexter, for fair on the
 ground they lie

AMBIDEXTER

I will have them up again by and by

PREPARATION

To see all in readiness I will put you in trust
 There is no nay, to the court needs I must
[Exit PREPARATION]

AMBIDEXTER

Have you no doubt, but all shall be well?
 Mary, sir, as you say, this gear doth excel
 All things is in a readiness, when they come hither,
 The king's grace and the queen both together
 I beseech ye, my masters, tell me, is it not best
 That I be so bold as to bid a guest?
 He is as honest a man as ever spur'd cow
 My cousin Cutpurse, I mean, I beseech ye, judge
 you
 Believe me, cousin, if to be the king's guest ye
 could be taken,
 I trust that offer would not be forsaken

But, cousin, because to that office ye are not like
to come,
Frequent your exercises, a horn on your thumb,
A quick eye, a sharp knife, at hand a receiver
But then take heed, cousin, ye be a cleanly conveyor,
Content yourself, cousin, for this banquet you are
unfit,
When such as I at the same am not worthy to sit
.

Enter KING QUEEN, LORDS, &c

KING.

My queen and lords, to take repast
Let us attempt the same,
Here is the place, delay no time,
But to our purpose frame

QUEEN.

With willing hearts your whole behest
We mind for to obey.

ALL

And we, the rest of prince's train,
Will do as you do say [*Sit at the banquet*]

KING

Methink, mine ears doth wish the sound
Of music's harmony,
Here for to play before my grace,
In place I would them spy
[*Play at the banquet*]

AMBIDEXTER

They be at hand, sir, with stick and fiddle ,
 They can play a new dance called *Hey-diddle-
 diddle*

KING

My queen, perpend - what I pronounce
 I will not violate ,
 But one thing which my heart makes glad,
 I mind to explicate
 You know, in court uptrained is
 A lion very young,
 Of one litter two whelps beside,
 As yet not very strong ,
 I did request one whelp to see
 And this young lion fight
 But lion did the whelp convince
 By strength of force and might
 His brother whelp, perceiving that
 The lion was too good,
 And he by force was like to see
 The other whelp his blood,
 With force to lion he did run
 His brother for to help
 A wonder great it was to see
 That friendship in a whelp
 So then the whelps between them both
 The lion did convince ,
 Which thing to see before mine eyes
 Did glad the heart of prince
 [*At this tale told let the QUEEN weep*]

QUEEN

These words to hear makes stilling tears
 Issue from crystal eyes

KING

What dost thou mean, my spouse to weep
For loss of any prize ?

QUEEN

No, no (O king) , but as you see
Friendship in brothers whelp,
When one was like to have repulse
The other yielded help
And was this favour show'd in dogs,
To shame of royal king ?
Alack, I wish these ears of mine
Had not once heard this thing
Even so should you (O mighty king)
To brother been a stay ,
And not, without offence to you,
In such wise him to slay
In all assays it was your part
His cause to have defended ,
And whosoever had him misused,
• To have them reprehended
But faithful love was more in dog,
Than it was in your grace

KING

O cursed catiff, vicious and vile,
I hate thee in this place
Thus banquet is at an end,
Take all these things away
Before my face thou shalt repent
The words that thou dost say
O wretch most vile, didst thou the cause
Of brother mine so tender ?
The loss of him should grieve thy heart,
He being none offender

It did me good his death to have
 So will it to have thine ,
 What friendship he had at my hands
 The same even thou shalt find
 I give consent and make a vow,
 That thou shalt die the death ,
 By Cruel's sword, and Murder fell
 Even thou shalt lose the breath
 Ambidexter, see with speed
 To Cruelty ye go ,
 Cause him hither to approach,
 Murder with him also

AMBIDEXTER

I ready am for to fulfil,
 If that it be your grace's will

KING

Then nought oblight¹ my message given,
 Absent thyself away

AMBIDEXTER

[*Aside*] Then in this place I will no longer stay
 If that I durst, I would mourn your case ,
 But, alas, I dare not for fear of his grace
 [*Exit* AMBIDEXTER]

KING

Thou cursed jill, by all the gods
 I take an oath and swear,
 That flesh of thine these hands of mine
 In pieces small could tear ,

¹ [Forget A very rare word]

But thou shalt die by dent of sword,
 There is no friend ne foe
 Shall find remorse at prince's hand
 To save the life of thee

QUEEN

O mighty king and husband mine,
 Vouchsafe to hear me speak,
 And hence give to spouse of thine
 Her patient mind to break
 For tender love unto your grace
 My words I did so frame,
 For pure love doth heart of king
 Me violate and blame
 And to your grace is this offence,
 That I should purchase death ?
 Then cursed time that I was queen,
 To shorten this my breath !
 Your grace doth know by marriage true
 I am your wife and spouse,
 And one to save another's health
 (At troth-plight) made our vows
 Therefore, O king, let loving queen
 At thy hand find remorse,
 Let pity be a mean to quench
 That cruel raging force
 And pardon plight from prince's mouth,
 Yield grace unto your queen,
 That amity with faithful zeal
 May ever be us between

KING

Ah crafty vile, to pity thee
 My heart it is not bent ?
 Ne yet to pardon your offence
 It is not mine intent

FIRST LORD.

Our mighty prince, with humble suit
Of you this grace I crave,
That this request it may take place.
Your favour for to have.
Let mercy yet abundantly
The life of queen preserve,
Sith she is most obedient wife
Your grace's will doth serve.
As yet your grace but while with her
Hath had cohabitation ;
And sure this is no desert why,
To yield her indignation.
Therefore (O king) her life prolong,
To joy her days in bliss.

SECOND LORD.

Your grace shall win immortal fame
In granting unto this ;
She is a queen whose goodly hue
Excels the royal rose :
For beauty bright Dame Nature she
A large gift did dispose ;
For comeliness who may compare ?
Of all she bears the bell ;
This should give cause to move your grace
To love her very well ;
Her silver breasts in those your arms
To sing the songs of love ;
Fine qualities most excellent
To be in her you prove ;
A precious pearl of price to prince,
A jewel passing all ;
Therefore (O king) to beg remorse
On both my knees I fall ;
To grant her grace to have her life
With heart I do desire.

KING.

You villains twain, with raging force
Ye set my heart on fire
If I consent that she shall die,
How dare ye crave her life ?
You two to ask this at my hand
Doth much enlarge my strife,
Were it not for shame, you two should die,
That for her life do sue
But favour mine from you is gone,
My lords, I tell you true
I sent for Cruelty of late,
If he would come away,
I would commit her to his hands
His cruel part to play
Even now I see where he doth come,
It doth my heart delight

Enter CRUELTY and MURDER

CRUELTY

Come, Murder, come, let us go forth with might,
Once again the king's commandment we must
fulfil

MURDER.

I am contented to do it with a good will

KING.

Murder and Cruelty, for both of you I sent,
With all festination your offices to frequent
Lay hold on the queen, take her to your power,
And make her away within this hour,
Spare for no fear, I do you full permit
So I from this place do mean for to fit.

BOTH

With courageous hearts, O king, we will obey.

KING

Then come, my lords, let us depart away

BOTH THE LORDS

With heavy hearts we will do all your grace doth
say *[Exeunt KING and LORDS]*

CRUELTY

Come, lady and queen, now are you in our hand-
ling
In faith, with you we will use no dandling

MURDER

With all expedition, I Murder will take place,
Though thou be a queen, ye be under my grace

QUEEN

With patience I will you both obey

CRUELTY.

No more words, but go with us away

QUEEN

Yet, before I die, some psalm to God let me sing

BOTH.

We be content to permit you that thing

QUEEN.

Farewell, you ladies of the court,
 With all your masking hue
 I do forsake these broder'd guards,
 And all the fashions new,
 The court and all the courtly train,
 Wherein I had delight,
 I banished am from happy sport,
 And all by spiteful spite
 Yet with a joyful heart to God
 A psalm I mean to sing,
 Forgiving all, and the king,
 Of each kind of thing. [*Sing and Exeunt*]

Enter AMBIDEXTER weeping

AMBIDEXTER

Ah, ah, ah, ah ! I cannot choose but weep for the
 queen
 Nothing but mourning now at the court there is
 seen
 O, O, my heart, my heart, O, my bum will break
 Very grief so torments me that scarce I can
 speak
 Who could but weep for the loss of such a lady ?
 That cannot I do, I swear by mine honesty
 But, Lord ! so the ladies mourn crying, alack !
 Nothing is worn now but only black,
 I believe all [the] cloth in Watling Street to make
 gowns would not serve ¹
 If I make a lie, the devil let me starve !

¹ [This reference to Watling Street as an early emporium for cloth is interesting, and does not seem to have been noticed]

All ladies mourn both young and old ;
 There is not one that wearcth a point's worth of
 gold

There is a sort for fear of the king do pray,
 That would have him dead, by the mass I dare
 say

What a king was he that hath used such tyranny?
 He was akin to Bishop Bonner,¹ I think verily ,
 For both their delights was to shed blood,
 But never intended to do any good
 Cambyses put a judge to death , that was a good
 deed ,

But to kill the young child was worse to proceed ,
 To murder his brother, and then his own wife !
 So help me God and halldom, it is pity of his life,
 Hear ye ? I will lay twenty thousand pound,
 That the king himself doth die by some wound ,
 He hath shed so much blood, that his will be shed
 If it come so to pass, in faith, then he is sped

*Enter the KING without a gown, a sword thrust up
 into his side bleeding*

KING.

Out alas ? what shall I do ? my life is finished ,
 Wounded I am by sudden chance, my blood is
 minished .

Gog's heart, what means might I make my life to
 preserve ?

Is there nought to be my help ? nor is there nought
 to serve ?

Out upon the court, and lords that there remain !

¹ [Here Preston makes Ambidexter refer to Bonner as dead, an event which happened in 1569, and as this play was licenced in 1569-70, it must have been written immediately prior to its entry at Stationers' Hall]

To help my grief in this my case will none of them
 take pain ?
 Who but I in such a wise his death's wound could
 have got ?
 As I on horse-back up did leap, my sword from
 scabbard shot,
 And run me thus into the side, as you right well
 may see
 A marvell's chance unfortunate, that in this wise
 should be.
 I feel myself a-dying now, of life bereft am I
 And death hath caught me with his dart, for want
 of blood I spy.
 Thus gasping here on ground I lie, for nothing I
 do care,
 A just reward for my misdeeds my death doth
 plain declare

[Here let him quake and stir

AMBIDEXTER

How now, noble king? pluck up your heart,
 What, will you die, and from us depart?
 Speak to me, and you be alive
 He cannot speak, but behold now with death he
 doth strive!
 Alas, good king. alas, he is gone!
 The devil take me, if for him I make any moan
 I did prognosticate of his end, by the mass,
 Like as I did say, so is it come to pass.
 I will be gone, if I should be found here,
 That I should kill him it would appear
 For fear with his death they do me charge,
 Farewell, my masters, I will go take barge
 I mean to be packing, now is the tide
 Farewell, my masters, I will no longer abide

[Exit AMBIDEXTER

Enter three LORDS.

FIRST LORD

Behold, my lords, it is even so,
As he to us did tell,
His grace is dead upon the ground,
By dent of sword most fell.

SECOND LORD

As he in saddle would have leapt,
His sword from sheath did go,
Goring him up into the side,
His life was ended so

THIRD LORD

His blood so fast did issue out,
That nought could him prolong
Yet before he yielded up the ghost,
His heart was very strong.

FIRST LORD.

A just reward for his misdeeds
The God above hath wrought,
For certainly the life he led
Was to be counted nought.

SECOND LORD.

Yet a princely burial he shall have,
According his estate,
And more of him here at his time
We have not to dilate.

THIRD LORD.

My lords, let us take him up,
To carry him away

BOTH

Content we are, with one accord,
To do as you do say *[Exeunt all]*

EPILOGUS.

Right gentle audience, here have you perused
The tragical history of this wicked king,
According to our duty, we have not refused,
But to our best intent express'd everything
We trust none is offended for this our doing
Our author craves likewise, if he have squared
amiss,

By gentle admonition to know where the fault is

His good will shall not be neglected to amend the
same,

Praying all to bear therefore with his simple deed,
Until the time serve a better he may frame
Thus yielding you thanks, to end we decreed
That you so gently have suffered us to proceed,
In such patient wise as to hear and see.

We can but thank you therefore, we can do no
more, we.

As duty binds us, for our noble queen let us pray,
And for her honourable council, the truth that
they may use,

To practise justice, and defend her grace each day,
To maintain God's word they may not refuse,
To correct all those, that would her grace and
 grace's laws abuse,
Beseeching God over us she may reign long,
To be guided by truth, and defended from wrong

THE MISFORTUNES OF ARTHUR

E D I T I O N

*Certaine Devises and shewes presented to her Majestie by
the Gentlemen of Grayes-Inne, at her Highnesse Court
in Greeneuich, the twenty eighth day of Februaire in
the thirtieth yeare of her Majesties most happy Raigne
At London Printed by Robert Robinson 1587 8^o
Black-letter*

MR COLLIER'S PREFACE.

It appears that eight persons, members of the Society of Gray's Inn, were engaged in the production of "The Misfortunes of Arthur," for the entertainment of Queen Elizabeth, at Greenwich, on the 8th February 1587-8, viz., Thomas Hughes, the author of the whole body of the tragedy, William Fulbecke, who wrote two speeches substituted on the representation and appended to the old printed copy, Nicholas Trotte, who furnished the introduction, Francis Flower, who penned choruses for the first and second acts, Christopher Yelverton, Francis Bacon, and John Lancaster, who devised the dumb-shows, then usually accompanying such performances; and a person of the name of Penuddock, who, assisted by Flower and Lancaster, "directed the proceedings at court"

Regarding Hughes and Trotte no information has survived. Fulbecke was born in 1566, became, as we are told, an eminent writer on the law, and in the year when this tragedy was brought out, published a work called "Christian Ethics." The "Maister Francis Bacon," spoken of at the conclusion of the piece, was,

of course, no other than [the great] Bacon, and it is a new feature in his biography, though not perhaps very prominent nor important, that he was so nearly concerned in the preparation of a play at court. In February 1587-8, he had just commenced his twenty-eighth year. Christopher Yelverton, as early as 1566, had written the epilogue to Gascoigne's "Jocasta," and on the present occasion was probably resorted to for his experience in such undertakings. Regarding Flower, Lancaster, and Penruddock we have nothing to communicate.

"The Misfortunes of Arthur" is a dramatic composition only known to exist in the Garrick Collection.¹ Judging from internal evidence, it seems to have been printed with unusual care under the superintendence of the principal author. In the course of it, some lines and words were cancelled, and those which were substituted were pasted over the objectionable passages. In the notes we have given both versions, and the whole is reprinted as nearly as possible in its original shape. The mere rarity of this unique drama would not have recommended it to our notice, but it is not likely that such a man as Bacon would have lent his aid to the production of a piece which was not intrinsically good, and unless we much mistake, there is a richer and a nobler vein of poetry running through it than is to be found in any previous work of the kind. The blank verse is generally free and flowing, although now and then deformed by alliteration, and

¹ [A copy is in the library of the Duke of Devonshire, it was formerly Kemble's.]

rendered somewhat monotonous by the want of that variety of rhythm, which Marlowe may be said to have introduced, and which Shakespeare scarcely exceeded.

Most of the characters, and particularly those of Arthur and Mordred, are drawn with distinctness and vigour the fiery and reckless ambition of the son is excellently contrasted with the cool determination and natural affection of the father. As an illustration of the former we may refer to many passages, but especially to several in the third scene of the second act, while the character and disposition of the latter are depicted in a masterly manner both before and after the final battle. This catastrophe, as far as relates to the death of Mordred, is mentioned by Dante in canto xxxii. of his "Inferno"—

"Non quelli a cui fu rotto il petto e l'ombra
Con esso un colpo per la man d'Artu "

The substance of the story is to be found in the "Morte Arthur" The action is one, but the unities of time and place are disregarded, and although the tragedy in many respects is conducted upon the plan of the ancients, there are in it evident approaches to the irregularity of our romantic drama. It forms a sort of connecting link between such pieces of unimpassioned formality as "Ferrex and Porrex," and rule-rejecting historical plays, as Shakespeare found them and left them.

THE NAMES OF THE SPEAKERS

GORLOIS, *Duke of Cornwall's Ghost*

GUENEVERA, *the Queen*

FRONIA, *a Lady of her train*

ANGHARAD, *Sister to the Queen*

MORDRED, *the Usurper.*

CONAN, *a faithful Councillor*

Nuntius of Arthur's landing

The Herald from Arthur

GAWIN, *King of Albany*

GILLA, *a British Earl*

GILLAMOR, *King of Ireland*

CHELDRICH, *Duke of Saxony*

The Lord of the Picts

ARTHUR, *King of Great Britain*

CADOR, *Duke of Cornwall*

HOEL, *King of Little Britain*

The Herald from Mordred

ASCHILLUS, *King of Denmark*

The King of Norway

A number of Soldiers

Nuntius of the last battle

GILDAS, *a nobleman of Britain*

CHORUS

THE INTRODUCTION.

AN introduction, penned by Nicholas Trotte, Gentleman, one of the Society of Gray's Inn, which was pronounced in manner following — viz, Three Muses came on the stage apparelled accordingly, bringing five Gentlemen Students with them, attired in then usual garments, whom one of the Muses presented to Her Majesty as captives The cause whereof she delivered by speech as followeth —

Of conquest (glacious queen) the signs and fruits,
Achieved 'gainst such as wrongfully withheld
The service by choice wits to Muses due,
In humblest wise these captives we present
And lest your highness might suspect the gift,
As spoil of war that justice might impeach,
Hear and discern how just our quarrel was,
Avouched (as you see) by good success
A dame there is, whom men *Astroea* term,
She that pronounceth oracles of laws,

Who to prepare fit servants for her train,
As by commission, takes up flow'ring wits,
Whom first she schooleth to forget and scorn
The noble skills of language and of arts,
The wisdom which discourse of stories teach
The ornaments which various knowledge yields
But poesy she hath in most disdain,
And marshals it next Folly's scorned place
Then, when she hath these worthy prints defac'd
Out of the minds that can endure her hand
What doth she then supply instead of these ?
Forsooth, some old reports of altered laws,
Clamours of courts, and cavils upon words,
Grounds without ground, supported by conceit,
And reasons of more subtlety than sense
What shall I say of moot points strange, and
doubts

Still argued, but never yet agreed ?
And she that doth deride the poet's law,
Because he must his words in order place,
Forgets her forms of pleading, more precise—
More bound to words than is the poet's lore
And for these fine conceits she fitly chose
A tongue that barbarism itself doth use
We, noting all these wrongs, did long expect
Their hard condition would have made them wise,
To offer us their service, plac'd so ill,
But finding them addicted to their choice,
And specially desirous to present

- Your Majesty with fruits of province new,
Now did resolve to double force and skill,
And found and us'd the vantage of the time,
Surpris'd their fort, and took them captives all
So now submiss, as to their state belongs,
They gladly yield their homage long withdrawn,
And Poetry, which they did most contemn,
They glory now her favours for to wear

My sisters laugh'd to see them take the pen,
And lose their wits all in unwonted walks
But to your highness that delight we leave,
To see these poets new then style advance
Such as they are, or nought or little worth,
Deign to accept, and therewith we beseech,
That novelty give price to worthless things

*Unto this speech one of the Gentlemen answered
as followeth*

Good ladies, unacquaint with cunning reach,
And eas'ly led to glory in your pow'r,
Hear now abash'd our late dissembled minds
Nor now the first time, as yourselves best know,
Ye Muses sought our service to command
Oft have ye wandered from Parnassus Hill,
And showed yourselves with sweet and tempting
 * grace,
But yet return'd, your train increas'd with few
This resolution doth continue still
Unto Astrea's name we honour bear,
Whose sound perfections we do more admire
Than all the vaunted store of Muses' gift,
Let this be one (which last you put in me
In well depiaving that deserveth praise)
No eloquence, disguising reason's shape,
Nor poetry, each vain affection's muse,
No various history, that doth lead the mind
Abroad to ancient tales from instant use,
Nor these, nor other mo, too long to note,
Can win Astrea's servants to remove
Their service once devote to better things
They, with attentive minds and serious wits,
Revolve records of deep judicial acts,
They weigh with steady and indifferent hand
Each word of law, each circumstance of right,

They hold the grounds which time and use hath
sooth'd,¹

Though shallow sense conceive them as conceits—
Presumptuous sense, whose ignorance dare judge
Of things remov'd by reason from her reach
One doubt, in moots by argument increas'd
Clears many doubts experience doth object
The language she first chose, and still retains
Exhibits naked truth in aptest terms
Our industry maintaineth unimpeach'd
Privilege of prince, respect to peers,
The Commons' liberty and each man's right
Suppresseth mutin force and practice fraud,
Things that for worth our studious care deserve
Yet never did we banish nor reject
Those ornaments of knowledge nor of tongues
That slander envious ignorance did raise
With Muses still we intercourse allow,
T' enrich our state with all their foreign freight,
But never homage nor acknowledgment
Such as of subjects allegiance doth require
Now hear the cause of your late conquest won
We had discovered your intent to be
(And, sure, ye ladies are not secret all,
Speech and not silence is the Muse's grace)
We well perceiv'd (I say) your mind to be
T' employ such prisoners, as themselves did yield,
To serve a Queen, for whom her purest gold
Nature refin'd, that she might therein set
Both private and imperial virtues all
Thus (Sovereign Lady of our laws and us)
Zeal may transform us into any shape
We, which with trembling hand the pen did guide,
Never well pleas'd, all for desire to please,

¹ Shown to be *true* the author has converted the substantive *sooth* into a verb

INTRODUCTION

For still your rare perfections did occur,
Which are admu'd of Muses and of men
O, with how steady hand and heart assur'd,
Should we take up the warlike lance, or sword,
With mind resolv'd to spend our loyal blood
Your least command with speed to execute !
O, that before our time the fleeting ship
Ne'er wandered had in watery wilderness,
That we might first that venture undertake
In strange attempt t' approve our loyal hearts !
Be it soldiers, seamen, poets, or what else,
In service once enjoin'd, to ready minds
Our want of use should our devotion increase
Now since instead of art we bring but zeal,
Instead of praise we humbly pardon crave
The matter which we purpose to present,
Since straghts of time our liberty controls,
In tragic notes the plagues of vice recounts
How suits a tragedy for such a time ?
Thus—for that since your sacred Majesty
In gracious hands the regal sceptre held,
All tragedies are fled from State to stage

NICHOLAS TROILE

The misfortunes of Arthur (Uther Pendragon's son)
reduced into tragical notes by Thomas Hughes, one
of the society of Gray's Inn, and here set down
as it passed from under his hands, and as it was
presented, excepting certain words and lines,
where some of the actors either helped their
memories by brief omission, or fitted their acting
by some alteration, with a note in the end of
such speeches as were penned by others, in lieu
of some of these hereafter following

The Argument of the Tragedy.

At a banquet made by Uther Pendragon for the solemnising of his conquest against the Saxons, he fell enamoured of Igrerna, wife to Gorlois, Duke of Cornwall who, perceiving the king's passion, departed with his wife and prepared wars at Cornwall, where also, in a stronghold beyond him, he placed her. Then the king levied an army to suppress him, but waxing impatient of his desire to Igrerna, transformed himself, by Merlin his cunning, into the likeness of Gorlois, and after his acceptance with Igrerna he returned to his siege, where he slew Gorlois. Igrerna was delivered of Arthur and Anne, twins of the same birth. Uther Pendragon, fifteen years after, pursuing the Saxons, was by them poisoned. Arthur delighted in his sister Anne, who made him father of Mordred. Seventeen years after, Lucius Tiberius of Rome demanded a tribute, due by conquest of Cæsar. Arthur gathered his powers of thirteen kings besides his own, and leaving his queen Guenevera in the tuition of Mordred, to whom likewise he committed the kingdom in his absence, arrived at France where, after nine years' wars, he sent the slain body of Tiberius unto Rome for the tribute. During this absence, Mordred grew ambitious, for th' effecting whereof he made love to Guenevera, who gave ear unto him. Then by th' assistance of Gilla, a British lord, he usurped, and for maintenance entertained with large promises the Saxons, Irish, Picts, and Normans. Guenevera hearing that Arthur was already embarked for return, through despair purposing diversely, sometimes to kill her husband, sometimes to kill herself, at last resolved to enter into religion. Arthur at his landing was resisted on the strands of Dover,

where he put Mordred to flight. The last field was fought at Cornwall where, after the death of one hundred and twenty thousand, saving on either side twenty, Mordred received his death, and Arthur his deadly wound.

The Argument and Manner of the First Dumb-Show

Sounding the music, there rose three furies from under the stage, apparelled accordingly with snakes and flames about their black hair and garments. The first with a snake in the right hand, and a cup of wine, with a snake athwart the cup, in the left hand. The second with a firebrand in the right hand, and a Cupid in the left. The third with a whip in the right hand and a Pegasus in the left. While they went masking about the stage, there came from another place three nuns, which walked by themselves. Then after a full sight given to the beholders, they all parted, the furies to Mordred's house, the nuns to the cloister. By the first fury with the snake and cup was signified the banquet of Uther Pendragon, and afterward his death which ensued by the poisoned cup. The second fury, with her firebrand and Cupid, represented Uther's unlawful heat and love conceived at the banquet, which never ceased in his posterity. By the third, with her whip and Pegasus, was prefigured the cruelty and ambition which then ensued and continued to th' effecting of this tragedy. By the nuns was signified the remorse and despair of Guenevere that, wanting other hope, took a nunnery for her refuge. After their departure, the four which represented the Chorus took their places.

The Argument of the First Act

- 1 In the first scene the spirit of Gorlois, Duke of Cornwall, the man first and most wronged in this history, being despoil'd both of wife, dukedom, and life, craveth revenge for these injuries, denouncing the whole misfortune ensuing
- 2 In the second scene Guenevera, hearing that Arthur was on the seas returning desperately, menaceth his death, from which intent she is dissuaded by Flouia, a lady of her court, and privy to her secrets
- 3 In the third scene Guenevera perplexedly mindeth her own death, whence being dissuaded by her sister, she resolveth to enter into religion
- 4 In the fourth scene Mordred goeth about to persuade Guenevera to persist in her love, but misseth thereof, and then is exhorted by Conan (a nobleman of Britain) to reconcile himself to his father at his coming, but refuseth so to do, and resolveth to keep him from landing by battle

THE MISFORTUNES OF ARTHUR.

THE FIRST ACT AND FIRST SCENE

GORLOIS ¹

Since thus through channels black of Limbo lake,
And deep infernal flood of Stygian pool,
The ghastly Charon's boat transported back
Thy ghost from Pluto's pits and glooming shade
To former light, once lost by destiny's doom,
Where proud Pendragon, briol'd with shameful lust,
Despoil'd thee eist of wife, of land and lite,
Now, Gorlois, work thy wish, cast here thy gall
Glut on revenge ! thy wiath abhois delays
Whit though (besides Pendragon's poisoned end)
The vile reproach he wrought thee by thy pheen,²

¹ Ben Jonson opens his "Cataline" with the ghost of Sylla "ranging for revenge," and he was only thirteen years old, when "The Misfortunes of Arthur" was performed at Greenwich before the Queen. Hughes, doubtless, had the commencement of Seneca's "Thyestes" in his mind, and throughout he has been indebted more or less to that and other classical authorities. The ghost of Polydorus opens the "Hecuba" of Euripides. The ghost of Gorlois in this instance speaks the prologue to the tragedy.

² *Pheen* is companion, and is most ordinarily applied to the male sex. Gorlois, however, refers to the infidelity of his wife.

Through deep increase of crimes alike is plagu'd
And that the shame thou suffer'd'st for his lusts,
Reboundeth back and stifflcth in his stock,
Yet is not mischief's measure all fulfill'd
Nor weak sufficient wrought Thy murdered corpse
And dukedom left for heavier vengeance cries
Come, therefore, blooms of settled mischief's root
Come, each thing else what fury can invent
Wreak all at once ' infect the an with plagues,
Till bad to worse, till worse to worse be turn'd '
Let mischiefs know no mean, nor plagues an end '
Let th' offspring's sin exceed the former stock '
Let none have time to hate his former fault,
But still with fresh supply let punish'd crime
Increase, till time it make a complete sin '
Go to some fact, which no age shall allow
Nor yet conceal—some fact must needs be dur'd,
That for the horror great and outrage fell
Thereof may well beseem Pendragon's blood
And first, while Arthur's navies homeward float,
Triumphantly bedeck'd with Roman spoils,
Let Guenevere express what frantic mood
Distract a wife, when wronging wedlock's rights,
Both fond and fell, she loves and loathes at once
Let deep despair pursue till, loathing life,
Her hateful head in cowl and cloister lurk
Let traitorous Mordred keep his sire from shore ,
Let Britain rest a prey for foreign powers ,
Let sword and fire, still fed with mutual strife,
Turn all the kings to ghosts let civil wars
And discord swell, till all the realm be torn '
Even in that soil whereof myself was Duke,
Where first my spouse Igeina brake her vow,
Where this ungracious offspring was begot
In Cornwall—there let Mordred's death declare
Let Arthur's fatal wound bewray, the wrong,
The murder vile, the rape of wife and weal,

Wherewith then sue incens'd both Gods and man
 Thus, thus Pendragon's seed, so sown and reap'd
 Thus cursed imps, ill-born and worse consum'd,
 Shall render just revenge for parents' crimes
 And penance do, t' assuage my swelling wrath
 The whiles, O Cassiopœa, gem-bright sign,
 Most sacred sight and sweet celestial star,
 This climate's joy, plac'd in imperial throne,
 With fragrant olive-branch portending peace
 And whosoe'er besides, ye heavenly powers
 (Her stately train with influence divine,
 And mild aspect all prone to Britain's good)
 Foresee what present plagues do threat this isle
 Prevent not this my wreak For you there rests
 A happier age, a thousand years to come.
 An age for peace, religion, wealth, and ease,
 When all the world shall wonder at your bliss
 That, that is yours! Leave this to Gorrus' ghost
 And see where comes one engine of my hate,
 With moods and manners fit for my revenge [*Exit*

THE SECOND SCENE

GUENEVERA, FRONIA

GUENEVERA And dares he after nine years' space
 return,
 And see her face, whom he so long disclaim'd?
 Was I then chose and wedded for his stale,
 To look and gape for his returnless sails,
 Puff'd back and flitting spread to every wind?
 O wrong, content with no revenge, seek out
 Undared plagues teach Mordred how to rage
 Attempt some bloody, dreadful, unskilful fact,
 And such as Mordred would were rather his

Why stayest ? It must be done ! let bridle go :
Frame out some trap beyond all vulgar guile,
Beyond Medea's wiles : attempt some fact,
That any wight unwieldy¹ of herself,
That any spouse unfaithful to her pheeer,
Durst e'er attempt in most despair of weal.
Spare no revenge, b' it poison, knife, or fire !

FRONIA. Good madam, temper these outrageous
moods,

And let not will usurp, where wit should rule.

GUENEVERA. The wrath that breatheth blood
doth loathe to lurk :

What reason most withholds, rage wrings perforce.
I am disdain'd : so will I not be long.

That very hour that he shall first arrive,
Shall be the last that shall afford him life.

Though neither seas, nor lands, nor wars abroad
Sufficed for thy foil, yet shalt thou find

Far worse at home—thy deep-displeased spouse.

Whate'er thou hast subdu'd in all thy stay

This hand shall now subdue ; then stay thy fill.

What's this ? my mind recoils and irks these
threats :

Anger delays, my grief gins to assuage,

My fury faints, and sacred wedlock's faith

Presents itself. Why shunn'st thou fearful wrath ?

Add coals afresh : preserve me to this venge,

At least exile thyself to realms unknown,

And steal his wealth to help thy banish'd state ;

For flight is best. O base and heartless fear !

Theft ? Exile ? Flight ? all these may fortune send

Unsought ; but thee beseems more high revenge.

Come, spiteful fiends, come, heaps of furies fell,

Not one by one, but all at once ! my breast

¹ Unwieldy or *unmanageable* of herself—not having any control over her actions. The sense is a little constrained.

Raves not enough it likes me to be fill'd
With greater monsters yet My heart doth throb.
My liver boils somewhat my mind portends,
Uncertain what, but whatsoever, it's huge
So it exceed, be what it will, it's well
Omit no plague, and none will be enough
Wrong cannot be reveng'd but by excess

FRONIA O, spare this heat ! you yield too much
to rage

Y' are too unjust Is there no mean in wrong ?

GUENEVERA Wrong claims a mean, when first
you offer wrong

The mean is vain when wrong is in revenge
Great harms cannot be hid the grief is small,
That can receive advice, or rule itself

FRONIA Hatred conceal'd doth often hap to hurt
But once profess'd, it oft'ner fails revenge
How better tho' wert to repress you me
A lady's best revenge is to forgive

What mean is in your hate ? how much soe'er
You can invent or dare, so much you hate

GUENEVERA And would you know what mean
there is in hate ?

Call love to mind, and see what mean is there !
My love, redoubled love, and constant faith
Engaged unto Mordred works so deep,
That both my heart and marrow quite be burnt,
And sinews dried with force of wontless flames
Desire to joy him still torments my mind
Fear of his want doth add a double grief.
Lo, here the love that stirs this meaningless hate !

FRONIA Eschew it far such love impugns the
laws

GUENEVERA. Unlawful love doth like, when
lawful loathes.

FRONIA And is your love of husband quite
extinct ?

GUENEVERA The greater flame must needs delay
the less

Besides, his sore revenge I greatly fear

FRONIA How can you then attempt a fresh
offence?

GUENEVERA Who can appoint a stint to her
offence?

FRONIA But here the greatness of the fact
should move

GUENEVERA The greater it, the fitter for my
grief

FRONIA To kill your spouse?

GUENEVERA A stranger and a foe

FRONIA You liege and king

GUENEVERA He wants both realm and crown

FRONIA Nature affords not to you sex such
strength

GUENEVERA Love, anguish, wrath, will soon
afford enough

FRONIA What rage is this?

GUENEVERA Such as himself shall rue

FRONIA Whom Gods do press enough, will you
annoy?

GUENEVERA Whom Gods do press, they bend,
whom man annoys,

He breaks

FRONIA Your grief is more than his deserts
Each fault requires an equal hate be not severe,
Where crimes be light As you have felt, so grieve

GUENEVERA And seems it light to want him
nine year space?

Then to be spoil'd of one I hold more dear?

Think all too much, b' it ne'er so just, that feeds
Continual grief the lasting woe is worst

FRONIA Yet let your highness shun these des-
perate moods

Cast off this rage and fell-disposed mind

Put not shame quite to flight have some regard
Both of your sex and future fame of life
Use no such cruel thoughts, as far exceed
A manly mind, much more a woman's heart

GUENEVERA Well, shame is not so quite exil'd,
but that

I can and will respect your sage advice
Your counsel I accept give leave a while,
Till fiery wiath may slake, and rage relent

[*Exit Froma*]

THE THIRD SCENE

GUENEVERA, ANGHARAT

GUENEVERA The love, that for his rage will not
be rul'd,

Must be restrain'd fame shall receive no foil
Let Arthur live, whereof to make him sure
Myself will die, and so prevent his harms
Why stayest thou thus amaz'd, O slothful wrath ?
Mischief is meant, despatch it on thyself

ANGHARAT Her breast, not yet appeas'd from
former rage,
Hath chang'd her wrath which, wanting means to
work

Another's woe (for such is fury's wont),
Seeks out his own, and raves upon itself
Assuage (alas) that over fervent ire
Through too much anger you offend too much
Thereby the rather you deserve to live
For seeming worthy in yourself to die

GUENEVERA Death is decreed, what kind of
death, I doubt

Whether to drown or stifle¹ up this breath,
 Or forcing blood to die with dint of knife
 All hope of prosperous hap is gone My fame,
 My faith, my spouse—no good is left unlost¹
 Myself am left there's left both seas and lands,
 And sword, and fire and chains, and choice of
 harms

O gnawing, easeless grief¹ who now can heal
 My maimed mind² It must be heal'd by death

ANGHARAT No mischief must be done while I
 be by,

O, if there must, there must be more than one
 If death it be you seek, I seek it too,
 Alone you may not die, with me you may

GUENEVERA They that will drive th' unwilling
 to their death,

Or frustrate death in those that fain would die,
 Offend alike They spoil, that bootless spare

ANGHARAT But will my tears and mournings
 move you nought?

GUENEVERA Then it is best to die when friends
 do mourn

ANGHARAT Each-where is death¹ the fates
 have well ordain'd,

That each man may bereave himself of life,
 But none of death death is so sure a doom,
 A thousand ways do guide us to our graves
 Who then can ever come too late to that,
 Whence, when he is come, he never can return?
 Or what avails to hasten on our ends,
 And long for that which destinies have sworn¹
 Look back in time too late is to repent,
 When furious rage hath once cut off the choice

¹ These lines as they stand in the original are nonsense—

“Whether to dround or stifle up his breath
 On forcing blood to dye with dint of knife”

GUENEVERA. Death is an end of pain, no pain
itself

Is't meet a plague for such excessive wrong
Should be so short? Should one stroke answer
all?

[*Soliloquizes*] And would'st thou die? well, that
contents the laws

What, then, for Arthur's sake? What for thy fame,
Which thou hast stain'd? What for thy stock
thou sham'st?

Not death nor life alone can give a full
Revenge join both in one—die and yet live
Where pain may not be oft, let it be long
Seek out some lingering death, whereby thy corpse
May neither touch the dead nor joy the quick
Die, but no common death pass nature's bounds

ANGHARAT Set plaints aside despair yields no
relief,

The more you search a wound the more it stings

GUENEVERA When guilty minds torment them-
selves, they heal,

While wounds be cur'd, grief is a salve for grief

ANGHARAT Grief is no just esteemer of our
deeds

What so hath yet been done, proceeds from chance

GUENEVERA The mind and not the chance doth
make th' unchaste

ANGHARAT Then is your fault from fate, you
rest excus'd

None can be deemed faulty for her fate

GUENEVERA No fate, but manners fail, when
we offend

Impute mishaps to fates, to manners faults

ANGHARAT Love is an error that may blind the
best

GUENEVERA. A mighty error oft hath seem'd a
sin

My death is vowed, and death must needs take
place

But such a death as stands with just remorse
Death to the world and to her slippery joys
A full divorce from all this courtly pomp,
Where daily penance, done for each offence,
May render due revenge for every wrong
Which to accomplish, pray my dearest friends,
That they forthwith, attain'd in saddest guise,
Conduct me to the cloister next hereby, •
There to profess, and to renounce the world
ANGHARAT Alas ! what change were that ! from
kingly roofs

To cloistered cells—to live and die at once !
To want your stately troops, your friends and kin,
To shun the shows and sights of stately court,
To see in sort alive your country's death
Yea, whatsoe'er even death itself withdraws
From any else, that life withdraws from you
Yet since your highness is so fully bent,
I will obey • the whiles assuage your grief [Exit

THE FOURTH SCENE

MORDRED, GUENEVERA, CONAN

MORDRED The hour, which erst I always feared
most

The certain ruin of my desperate state,
Is happened now ! why turn'st thou (mind) thy
back ?

Why at the first assault dost thou recoil ?
Trust to't, the angry heavens contrive some
spite,

And dreadful doom t' augment thy cursed hap
Oppose to each revenge thy guilty head,

And shun no pain, nor plague fit for thy fact
 What shouldst thou fear, that see'st not what to
 hope ?¹

No danger's left before all's at thy back
 He safely stands, that stands beyond his harms
 Thine (death) is all that east and west can see
 For thee we live, our coming is not long
 Spare us but whiles we may prepare our graves
 Though thou wert slow, we hasten of ourselves
 The hour that gave did also take our lives
 No sooner men than mortal were we born
 I see mine end draws on, I feel my plagues.

GUENEVERA No plague for one ill-born to die
 as ill

MORDRED O Queen ! my sweet associate in this
 plunge
 And desperate plight, behold, the time is come,
 That either justifies our former faults,
 Or shortly sets us free from every fear

GUENEVERA My fear is past, and wedlock love
 hath won
 Retire we thither yet, whence first we ought
 Not to have stir'd Call back chaste faith again
 The way that leads to good is ne'er too late :
 Who so repents is guiltless of his crimes

MORDRED What means this course ? Is Arthur's
 wedlock safe,
 Or can he love, that hath just cause to hate ?
 That nothing else were to be fear'd
 Is most apparent, that he hates at home,
 Whate'er he be whose fancy strays abroad
 Think, then, our love is not unknown to him,

¹ Milton has this thought, almost in the same words,
 allowing for the difference of an interrogation

"For where no hope is left, is left no fear"

—*Pan Reg III 206*

Whereof what patience can be safely hop'd ?

Nor love nor sovereignty can bear a peer

GUENEVERA Why dost thou still stir up my
flames delay'd ¹

His strays and errors must not move my mind

A law for private men binds not the king

What, that I ought not to condemn my liege,

Nor can, thus guilty to mine own offence !

Where both have done amiss, both will relent

He will forgive that needs must be forgiven

MORDRED A likely thing, your faults must
make you friends ,

What sets you both at odds must join you both.

Think well, he casts already for revenge,

And how to plague us both. I know his law ,

A judge severe to us, mild to himself

What then avails you to return too late,

When you have passed too far ? You feed vain
hopes

GUENEVERA. The further past, the more this
fault is yours

It served your turn t' usurp your father's crown

His is the crime, whom crime stands most in stead

MORDRED. They that conspire in faults offend
alike .

Crime makes them equal, whom it jointly stains

If for my sake you then pertook my guilt,

You cannot guiltless seem the crime was joint

GUENEVERA Well should ¹ she seem most guilt-
less unto thee,

Whate'er she be, that's guilty for thy sake

The remnant of that sober mind, which thou

Had'st heretofore ne'er vanquish'd, yet resists

Suppress, for shame, that impious mouth so taught,

¹ The word *should* is accidentally repeated in this line in the old copy.

And so much skill'd t' abuse the wedded bed
Look back to former fates Troy still had stood,
Had not her prince made light of wedlock's loie
The vice that threw down Troy doth threat thy
throne

Take heed there Mordred stands, whence Paris
fell [Exit

CONAN Since that your highness knows for cer-
tain truth,

What power your sire prepares to claim his right
It nearly now concerns you to resolve
In humblest sort to reconcile yourself
Gainst his return

MORDRED Will war?

CONAN That lies in chance.

MORDRED I have as great a share in chance as
he

CONAN His ways be blind that maketh chance
his guide

MORDRED Whose refuge lies in chance, what
daies he not?

CONAN Wars were a crime far worse than all
the rest.

MORDRED The safest passage is from bad to
worse

CONAN That were to pass too far and put no
mean

MORDRED He is a fool that puts a mean in
crimes

CONAN But sword and fire would cause a com-
mon wound

MORDRED. So sword and fire will often seal
the sore.

CONAN. Extremest cures must not be used first

MORDRED. In desperate times the headlong way
is best.

CONAN. Y' have many foes.

MORDRED No more than faithful friends

CONAN Trust t'it, their faith will faint where
fortune fails

Where many men pretend a love to one,
Whose power may do what good or harm he will,
'Tis hard to say which be his faithful friends

Dame Flattery flitteth oft she loves and hates

With time, a present friend, an absent foe

MORDRED But yet I'll hope the best ¹

CONAN Even then you fear

The worst fears follow hopes, as fumes do flames

Mischief is sometimes safe, but ne'er secure

The wrongful sceptre's held with trembling hand

MORDRED Whose rule wants right, his safety's
in his sword,

For sword and sceptre comes to kings at once

CONAN The kingliest point is to affect but right

MORDRED Weak is the sceptre's hold that seeks
but right

The ease whereof hath danger'd many crowns

As much as water differeth from the fire,

So much man's profit jars from what is just

A free recourse to wrong doth oft secure

The doubtful seat, and plucks down many a foe

The sword must seldom cease a sovereign's hand

Is scanty safe, but whiles it smites Let him

Usurp no crown that likes a guiltless life.

Aspiring power and justice seld agree

He always fears that shames to offer wrong

CONAN What son would use such wrong against
his sire?

MORDRED Come, son, come, sue, I first prefer
myself,

And since a wrong must be, then it excels

¹ "But yet I'll hope the best" is by mistake given to Conan in the old copy

When 'tis to gain a crown I hate a peer
 I loathe, I nk, I do detest a head
 B' it nature, be it reason, be it pride,
 I love to rule ' my mind, nor with, nor by,
 Nor after any claims, but chief and first ' !

CONAN But think what fame and grievous bruits
 would run
 Of such disloyal and unjust attempts
 MORDRED Fame goes not with our ghosts the
 senseless soul,

Once gone, neglects what vulgar bruit reports
 She is both light and vain

CONAN She noteth, though

MORDRED She feareth states ¹

CONAN She carpeth, ne'ertheless

MORDRED She's soon suppress'd

CONAN As soon she springs again
 Tongues are untam'd and fame is envy's dog,
 That absent barks, and present fawns as fast
 It fealing dares, and yet hath never done,
 But duces though death redeem us all from foes
 Besides, yet death redeems us not from tongues ²

MORDRED Ere Arthur land, the sea shall blush
 with blood,
 And all the stands with smoking slaughters reek.
 Now (Mars) protect me in my first attempt ' !
 If Mordred scape, this realm shall want no wals
 [*Exeunt.*]

CHORUS

1.

See here the drifts of Gorlois, Cornish Duke,
 And deep desire to shake his sovereign's throne

¹ In the old copy Mordred's reply is made a part of Conan's observation

² By an apparent error in the original the five preceding lines are given to Mordred.

How foul his fall, how bitter his rebuke,
Whiles wife, and weal, and life, and all be gone !
He now in hell tormented wants that good
Lo, lo, the end of traitorous bones and blood !

2.

Pendragon broil'd with flames of filthy fires,
By Merlin's mists enjoy'd Igerna's bed
Next spoiled Gorlois, doubling his desires ;
Then was himself through force of poison sped
Who sows in sin, in sin shall reap his pain
The doom is sworn death gaeidons death again

3

Whiles Arthur wars abroad and reaps renown,
Gueneveia prefers his son's desire ,
And traitorous Mordred still usurps the crown,
Affording fuel to her quenchless fire,
But death's too good, and life too sweet for these,
That wanting both should taste of neither's ease

4

In Rome the gaping gulf would not decrease,
Till Curtius corse had closed her yearning jaws
In Thebes the rot and murrain would not cease,
Till Laus brood had paid for breach of laws
In Britain wars and discord will not stent,
Till Uther's line and offspring quite be spent

The Argument of the Second Act

1 In the first scene a Nuntio declareth the success of Arthur's wars in France, and Mordred's foil, that resisted his landing.

2 In the second scene, Mordred eniaged at the overthrow voweth a second battle, notwithstanding Conan's dissuasion to the contrary

3 In the third scene, Gawin (brother to Mordred by the mother) [comes] with an herald from Arthur to imparley of peace, but after some debate thereof, peace is rejected

4 In the fourth scene, the King of Ireland and other foreign princes assume Mordred of their assistance against Arthur

The Argument and Manner of the Second Dumb-Show

Whiles the music sounded, there came out of Mordred's house a man stately attired, representing a king who, walking once about the stage, then out of the house appointed for Arthur there came three Nymphs appparelled accordingly, the first holding a Cornucopia in her hand, the second a golden branch of olive, the third a sheaf of corn. These orderly, one after another, offered these presents to the king, who scornfully refused. a second after which there came a man bareheaded, with long black shagged hair down to his shoulders, appparelled with an Irish jacket and shirt, having an Irish dagger by his side, and a dart in his hand. Who first with a threatening countenance looking about, and then spying the king, did furiously chase and drive him into Mordred's house. The king represented Mordred, the three Nymphs with their proffers the treaty of peace, for the which Arthur sent Gawin with an herald unto Mordred, who rejected it. the Irishman signified Revenge and Fury, which Mordred conceived after his foil on the shores, whereunto Mordred headlong yeldeth himself.

THE SECOND ACT AND FIRST SCENE

NUNTIUS

NUNTIUS Lo, here at length the stately type of
Troy,
And Britain land the promis'd seat of Bute,
Deck'd with so many spoils of conquered kings !
Hail, native soil, these nine years' space unseen !
To thee hath long-renowned Rome at last
Held up her hands, bereft of former pomp
But first, inflam'd with wonted valour's heat,
Amidst our sorest siege and thickest broils
She stoutly fought, and fiercely waged wars
Tiberius courage gave, upbraiding oft
The Roman force, their wonted luck, and long
Retained rule by wars throughout the world
What shame it were since such achieved spoils,
And conquests gain'd both far and wide, to want
Of courage then, when most it should be mov'd !
How Britons erst paid tribute for their peace,
But now rebel and dare them at their doors
For what was France but theirs ? Herewith incens'd,
They fiercely lav'd, and bent their force afresh
Which Arthur spying, cried with thundering voice,
Fie (Britons) fie ! what hath bewitch'd you thus ?
So many nations foil'd, must Romans foil ?
What sloth is this ? Have you forgot to war,
Which ne'er knew hour of peace ? turn to your
foes,
Where you may bathe in blood and fight your fill
Let courage work ! what can he not that dares ?
Thus he, [the] puissant guide in doubtful wars,
Asham'd to shun his foes, inflam'd his friends.
Then yielding to his stately steed the reins,
He furious drives the Roman troops about

He ples each place, lest fates mought alter ought,
Pursuing hap, and uging each success
He yields in nought, but instantly persists,
In all attempts, wherein whatso withstands
His wish, he joys to work away by wiack,
And matching death to death, no passage seeks
But what destruction works with blade or blood
He scorns the yielded way, he fiercely iaves
To break and bruise the ranks in thickest throngs.
All headlong bent and prone to present spoil
The foes enforc'd withstand, but much dismay'd
They senseless fight, while millions lose then lives
At length Tiberius, pierc'd with point of spear,
Doth bleeding fall, engor'd with deadly wound
Hereat the rest recoil and headlong fly,
Each man to save himself The battle quails,
And Britons win unto their most renown
Then Arthur took Tiberius' breathless corse,
And sent it to the Senators at Rome,
With charge to say This is the tribute due
Which Arthur ought as time hereafter serves,
He'll pay the like again, the while he rests
Your debtor thus But O! this sweet success,
Pursu'd with greater harms, turn'd soon to soule.
For lo, when foreign soles and seas were past
With safe return, and that the king should land,
Who but his only son (O outrage rare)
With hugy host withstood him on the shore!
There were prepar'd the foreign aids from far
There were the borrowed powers of divers kings,
There were our parents, brethren, sons and kin,
Their wrath, their ire, there, Mordred, was thy rage
Where erst we sought abroad for foes to foil,
Behold, our Fates had sent us foes unsough
When foreign realms supplanted want supply,
O blessed home, that hath such boon in store!
But let this part of Arthur's prowess lurk,

Not let it e'er appear by my report,
What monstrous mischiefs rage in civil wars
O, rather let due tears and wailings want !
Let all in silence sink what hence ensu'd
What best deserveth mention here is this
That Mordred vanquish'd trusted to his flight,
That Arthur eachwhere victor is return'd
And lo, where Mordred comes with heavy head
He wields no slender weight that wields a crown
[Exit

THE SECOND SCENE

MORDRED, CONAN.

MORDRED And hath he won ? Be strands and
shores possessed ?
Is Mordred foil'd ? the realm is yet unwon,
And Mordred lives, reserv'd for Arthur's death !
Well, 'twas my first conflict I knew not yet
What wars requir'd but now my sword is flesh'd,
And taught to gore and bathe in hottest blood
Then think not, Arthur, that the crown is won !
Thy first success may rue our next assault,
Even at our next encounter (hap when 'twill)
I vow by heaven, by earth by hell, by all,
That either thou or I, or both shall die !

CONAN Nought should be rashly vow'd against
your sire

MORDRED. Whose breast is free from rage may
soon b' advised

CONAN The best redress from rage is to relent

MORDRED. 'Tis better for a king to kill his foes.

CONAN So that the subjects also judge them
foes

MORDRED The subjects must not judge their
king's decrees

CONAN The subjects' force is great

MORDRED ¹ Greater the king's

CONAN. The more you may, the more you ought
to fear

MORDRED He is a fool that feareth what he
may

CONAN. Not what you may, but what you ought,
is just

MORDRED He that amongst so many so unjust
Seeks to be just, seeks peril to himself

CONAN A greater peril comes by breach of laws

MORDRED The laws do licence as the sove-
reign lists

CONAN Least ought he list, whom laws do
licence most

MORDRED. Imperial power abhors to be re-
strain'd.

CONAN As much do meaner grooms ² to be
compell'd

MORDRED The fates have heav'd and rais'd my
force on high

CONAN The gentler should you press those that
are low

MORDRED I would be fear'd

CONAN The cause why subjects hate

MORDRED A kingdom's kept by fear

CONAN And lost by hate

He fears as man[y] himself whom many fear

MORDRED The timorous subject dares attempt
no change

¹ Arthur's name is misprinted for that of Mordred in this place in the original.

² It stands *rooms* in the old copy, but to make sense of the line we must read *grooms* [Grooms is here and afterwards used in the sense of *man*]

CONAN What dares not desperate dread?

MORDRED¹ What? torture, threats

CONAN O spare! 'twere safer to be lov'd.

MORDRED As safe to be obey'd

CONAN Whiles you command but well

MORDRED Where rulers dare command but
what is well,

Pow'r is but prayer, commandment but request

CONAN If pow'r be join'd with right, men must
obey

MORDRED My will must go for right

CONAN If they assent

MORDRED My sword shall force assent

CONAN No, gods forbid!

MORDRED What! shall I stand, whiles Arthur
sheds my blood?

And must I yield my neck unto the axe?

Whom fates constrain, let him forego his bliss,

But he that needless yields unto his bane,

When he may shun, doth well deserve to lose

The good he cannot use Who would sustain

A baser life, that may maintain the best?

We cannot part the crown a regal throne

Is not for two the sceptre fits but one

But whether is the fitter of us two,

That must our swords discern, and shortly shall

CONAN How much were you to be renowned
more,

If casting off these ruinous attempts,

You would take care how to supply the loss,

Which former wars and foreign broils have
wrought,

How to deserve the people's hearts with peace,

¹ This reply, which belongs to Mordred, is given to Conan in the old copy

With quiet rest and deep-desired ease ·
 Not to increase the rage that long hath reign'd,
 Nor to destroy the realm you seek to rule
 Your father rear'd it up, you pluck it down.
 You lose your country, whiles you win it thus ·
 To make it yours, you strive to make it none
 Where kings impose too much, the commons
 grudge, ¹

Good-will withdraws, assent becomes but slow
 MORDRED Must I to gain renown incur my
 plague,

Or hoping praise sustain an exile's life?
 Must I for country's ease disease myself,
 Or for their love despise my own estate? ²
 No 'Tis my hap that Britain serves my turn;
 That fear of me doth make the subjects crouch,
 That what they grudge they do constrained
 yield

If their assents be slow, my wrath is swift:
 When favour fails to bend, let fury break
 If they be yet to learn, let terror teach,
 What kings may do, what subjects ought to bear
 Then is a kingdom at a wished stay,
 When whatsoever the sovereign wills or mills,
 Men be compell'd as well to praise as bear,
 And subjects' wills enforc'd against their wills

CONAN But whoso seeks true praise and just
 renown,

¹ Instead of the words "commons grudge," "realm envies" has been substituted and wafered over the text. The alteration, like some others, seems to have been originally pasted upon the objectionable passage.

² The following were substituted for the four preceding lines

"The first art in a kingdom is to scorn
 The envy of the realm He cannot rule
 That fears to be env'd What can divorce
 Envy from sovereignty? Must my deserts!"

Would rather seek their praising hearts than
tongues

MORDRED True praise may happen to the
basest gloom ,

A forced praise to none but to a prince

I wish that most, that subjects most repine

CONAN But yet where wais do threaten your
estate,

There needeth friends to fortify your crown

MORDRED Each crown is made of that at-
tractive mould,

That of itself it draws a full defence

CONAN That is a just and no usurped crown ,

And better were an exile's life, than thus

Disloyally to wrong your sue and liege

Think not that impious crimes can prosper long

A time they 'scape, in time they be repaid

MORDRED The hugest crimes bring best success
to some

CONAN. Those some be rare

MORDRED Why may not I be rare ?

CONAN It was their hap.

MORDRED It is my hope

CONAN But hope may miss, where hap doth
hurl

MORDRED So hap may hit, where hope doth
aim

CONAN. But hap is last, and rules the stern

MORDRED So hope is first, and hoists the sail

CONAN Yet fear , the first and last do seld
agree.

MORDRED. Nay, dare , the first and last have
many means

But cease at length , your speech molests me
much

My mind is fix'd give Mordred leave to do

What Conan neither can allow nor like.

CONAN But lo, an Herald sent from Arthur's
host
Gods grant his message may portend our good ¹

THE THIRD SCENE

HERALD, GAWIN, MORDRED

HERALD Your sire, O Prince, considering what
distress

The realm sustains by both your mutual wars,
Hath sent your brother Gawin, Alban king,
To treat of truce, and to imparle of peace

MORDRED Speak, brother. what command-
ment sends our sire?

What message do you bring? My life or death?

GAWIN A message far unmeet, most needful
tho'.

The sire commands not where the son rebels
His love descends too deep to wish your death

MORDRED And mine ascends too high to wish
his life

GAWIN Yet thus he off'eth Though your
faults be great

And most disloyal, to his deep abuse,
Yet yield yourself, he'll be as prone to grace,
As you to ruth—an uncle, sire, and hege
And fitter were your due submission done,
Than wrongful wars to leave his right and realm

MORDRED It is my fault that he doth want his
right

It is his own to vex the realm with wars

¹ It does not appear whether Conan goes out, or stands by, listening to the dialogue between Mordred and Gawin in the following scene.

"GAWIN It is his right that he attempts to seek
It is your wrong that driveth him thereto

MORDRED 'Tis his insatiate mind, that is not
so content,

Which hath so many kingdoms more besides

GAWIN The more you ought to tremble at his
pow'r

MORDRED. The greater is my conquest, if I win

GAWIN The more your foil, if you should hap
to lose

For Arthur's fame and valour's such, as you

Should rather imitate, or at the least

Envy, if hope of better fancies fail'd

For whereas envy reigns, though it repines,

Yet doth it fear a greater than itself

MORDRED He that envies the valour of his foe,
Detects a want of valour in himself

He fondly fights that fights with such a foe,

Where 'twere a shame to lose, no praise to win,

But with a famous foe succeed what will,

To win is great renown, to lose less foil

His conquests, were they more, dismay me not

The oft'ner they have been, the more they threat

No danger can be thought both safe and oft,

And who hath oft'ner waged wars than he?

Escapes secure him not he owes the price

Whom chance hath often miss'd, chance hits at
length,

Or if that chance have furthered his success,

So may she mine, for chance hath made me king

GAWIN As chance hath made you king, so
chance may change

Provide for peace that's it the highest peers,

No state except, even conquerors, ought to seek

Remember Arthur's strength, his conquests late,

His fiery mind, his high-aspiring heart

Mark then the odds he expect, you untried,

He ripe, you green Yield you, whiles yet you
may,

He will not yield he wins his peace with wars
MORDRED If chance may change, his chance
was last to win,

The likelier now to lose His haughty heart
And mind I know I feel mine own no less
As for his strength and skill, I leave to hap :
Where many meet, it lies not all in one
What though he vanquish'd have the Roman
troops,

That boots him not himself is vanquish'd here
Then weigh your words again if conquerors ought
To seek for peace, the conquered must perforce
But he'll not yield, he'll purchase peace with
wars

Well, yield that will, I neither will nor can
Come peace, come wars, choose him, my danger's
his,

His safety mine our states do stand alike.

If peace be good, as good for him as me,

If wars be good, as good for me as him

GAWIN What cursed wars (alas) were those,
wherein

Both son and sire should so oppose themselves !

Him whom you now, unhappy man, pursue,

If you should win, yourself would first bewail

Give him his crown to keep it peril breeds

MORDRED The crown I'll keep myself, ensue
what will

Death must be once ; how soon, I least respect

He best provides that can beware in time,

Not why nor when, but whence and where he falls.

What fool, to live a year or twain in rest,

Would lose the state and honour of a crown ?

GAWIN Consider then your father's grief and
want,

Whom you bereave of kingdom, realm, and crown,
MORDRED Trust me, a huge and mighty kingdom 'tis

To bear the want of kingdom, realm, and crown
GAWIN A common want, which works each worlding's woe

That many have too much, but none enough
It were his praise could he be so content,
Which makes you guilty of the greater wrong
Wherefore think on the doubtful state of wars
Where Mars hath sway, he keeps no certain course

Sometimes he lets the weaker to prevail,
Sometimes the stronger troops hope, fear, and rage

With eyeless lot rules all uncertain good,
Most certain harms be his assured haps
No luck can last, now here, now there it lights
No state alike, chance blindly snatcheth all,
And fortune maketh guilty whom she lists
MORDRED Since therefore fear and hope, and hap in wars,

Be all obscure, till their success be seen,
Your speech doth rather drive me on to try,
And trust them all, mine only refuge now

GAWIN And fear you not so strange and uncouth wars?

MORDRED. No, were they wars that grew from out the ground!

GAWIN Nor yet your sire so huge, yourself so small?

MORDRED The smallest axe may fell the hugest oak.

GAWIN Nor that, in felling him, yourself may fall?

MORDRED He falleth well, that falling fells his foe.

GAWIN Nor common chance, whereto each
man is thrall?

MORDRED Small manhood were to tuyn my
back to chance

GAWIN Nor that, if chance afflict, kings brook
it not?

MORDRED I bear no breast so unprepar'd for
harms

Even that I hold the kinghest point of all,
To brook afflictions well and by how much
The more his state and tottering empire sags,
To fix so much the faster foot on ground
No fear but doth forejudge, and many fall
Into their fate, whiles they do fear their fate
Where courage quails, the fear exceeds the harm :
Yea, worse than war itself is fear of war¹

GAWIN War seemeth sweet to such as have not
tried,²

But wisdom wills we should forecast the worse
The end allows the act . that plot is wise,
That knows his means, and least relies on chance
Eschew the course where error lurks , there grows
But grief where pain is spent, no hope to speed
Stive not above your strength, for where your force
Is overmatch'd with your attempts, it faints,
And fruitless leaves what bootless it began

MORDRED All things are rul'd in constant
course no fate
But is foreset the first day leads the last.
No wisdom then, but difference in conceit,
Which works in many men as many minds

¹ *Pegor est bello timor ipse belli—*

Seneca, *Thyestes*, A III Chor

Jasper Heywood ("Thyestes Faithfully Englished" 1560) thus translates this passage—

"Worse is then warie it selfe the feare of fyght"

² [*Dulce bellum inexpertis*]

You love the mean, and follow virtue's race .
 I like the top, and aim at greater bliss
 You rest content my mind aspires to more
 In brief, you fear, I hope , you doubt, I dare
 Since, then, the sagest counsels are but strifes,
 Where equal wits may wrest each side alike,
 Let counsel go . my purpose must proceed
 Each likes his course, mine own doth like me best
 Wherefore, ere Arthur breathe or gather strength,
 Assault we him, lest he assault us first.
 He either must destroy, or be destroy'd
 The mischief's in the midst , catch he that can
 GAWIN But will no reason rule that desperate
 mind ?

MORDRED A fickle mind that every reason rules !
 I rest resolv'd, and to my sire say thus —
 If here he stay but three days to an end,
 And not forthwith discharge his band and host,
 'Tis Mordred's oath, assure himself to die
 But if he find his courage so to serve,
 As for to stand to his defence with force,
 In Cornwall, if he dare, I'll try it out

GAWIN O strange contempt ! like as the craggy
 rock
 Resists the streams and flings the waltering waves
 Aloof, so he rejects and scorns my words [Exit ¹

THE FOURTH SCENE

MORDRED, GILLA, GILLAMOR, CHELDRICUS,
 DUX PICTORUM, CONAN

MORDRED. Lo, where (as they decreed) my faith-
 ful friends

¹ i e, Gawin . the Herald went out before

Have kept their time. Be all your powers repaid!

GILLA They be, and all with ardent minds to
Mars

They cry for wars, and longing for th' alarm,
Even now they wish t' encounter with their foes

MORDRED What could be wish'd for more?
puissant king,

For your great help and valiant Irish force,

If I obtain the conquest in these wars,

Whereas my father claims a tribute due

Out of your realm, I here renounce it quite

And if assistance need in doubtful times,

I will not fail to aid you with the like

GILLA It doth suffice me to discharge my
realm,

Or at the least to wreak me on my foes.

I rather like to live your friend and peer,

Than rest in Arthur's homage and disgrace

MORDRED Right noble duke, through whom
the Saxons vow

Then lives with mine, for my defence in wars,

If we prevail and may subdue our foes,

I will, in lieu of your so high deserts,

Give you and yours all British lands that lie

Between the flood of Humber and the Scots

Besides as much in Kent as Horsa and

Hengistus had, when Vortigern was king

CHELDRICUS Your gracious proffers I accept
with thanks,

Not for the gain, but for the good desire

I have henceforth to be your subject here

May thereby take effect, which I esteem

More than the rule I bear in Saxon soil

MORDRED. Renowned lord, for your right
hardy Picts

And chosen warriors to maintain my cause,

If our attempts receive a good success,

The Alban crown I give to you and yours

DUX PICTORUM. Your highness' bounty in so
high degree,

Were cause enough to move me to my best

But sure yourself, without regard of meed,

Should find both me and mine at your command

MORDRED Lord Gilla, if my hope may take
success,

And that I be thereby undoubted king,

The Cornish dukedom I allot to you.

GILLA My liege, to further your desir'd attempts,
I joyfully shall spend my dearest blood

The rather that I found the king your sire

So heavy lord to me and all my stock

MORDRED Since then our rest is on't, and we
agreed,

To war it out, what resteth now but blows ?

Drive dest'nies on with swords, Mars frames the
means !

Henceforth what Mordred may, now lies in you

Ere long, if Mars ensue with good success,

Look, whatso'er it be that Arthur claims

By right or wrong, or conquests gain'd with blood

In Britain or abroad, is mine to give —

To show, I would have said I cannot give

What every hand must give unto itself

Whereof who lists to purchase any share,

Now let him seek and win it with his sword

The fates have laid it open in the field

What stars (O heavens) or poles, or powers divine,

Do grant so great rewards for those that win !

Since then our common good, and each man's care

Requires our joint assistance in these toils,

Shall we not hazard our extremest hap,

And rather spend our fates, than spare our foes ?

The cause I care for most is chiefly yours

This hand and heart shall make mine own secure

That man shall see me foiled by myself,
Whate'er he be, that sees my foe unfoild
Fear not the field, because of Mordred's faults,
Nor shrink one jot the more for Arthur's right
Full safely fortune guideth many a guilt,
And fates have none but wretches whom they
wrench

Wherefore make speed to cheer your soldiers'
hearts

That to their fires ye yet may add more flames
The side that seeks to win in civil wars
Must not content itself with wonted heat.

[*Exeunt omnes præter MORDRED and CONAN*]

CONAN Would God your highness had been
more advised,

Ere too much will had drawn your wits too far !
Then had no wars endanger'd you nor yours,
Nor Mordred's cause required foreign care

[*Exit*]

MORDRED A troubled head : my mind revolts
to fear,

And bears my body back I inwards feel my
fall

My thoughts misgive me much Down, terror ! I
Perceive mine end, and desperate though I must
Despise despair, and somewhat hopeless hope,
The more I doubt the more I dare by fear
I find the fact is fittest for my frame

What though I be a ruin to the realm,
And fall myself therewith ? no better end :

His last mishaps do make a man secure
Such was King Priam's end who, when he died,
Clos'd and wrapp'd up his kingdom in his death
A solemn pomp, and fit for Mordred's mind,
To be a grave and tomb to all his realm.

[*Exit*]

CHORUS

1

Ye princely peers, extoll'd to seats of state,
Seek not the fair that soon will turn to foul
Oft is the fall of high and hovering fate,
And rare the room which time doth not control
The safest seat is not on highest hill,
Where winds and storms and thunders thump
their ill
Far safer were to follow sound advice,
Than for such pride to pay so dear a price

2

The mounting mind that climbs the haughty
cliffs,
And soaring seeks the tip of lofty type,
Intoxicates the brain with giddy drifts,
Then rolls and reels and falls at length plum-like
Lo, heaving high is of so small forecast,
To totter first, and tumble down at last
Yet Pegasus still rears himself on high,
And coltishly doth kick the clouds in sky

3

Who saw the grief engraven in a crown,
Or knew the bad and bane, whereto it's bound,
Would never stick to throw and fling it down,
Nor once vouchsafe to heave it from the ground
Such is the sweet of this ambitious power,
No sooner had, than turns oftsoons to sour,
Achiev'd with envy, exercis'd with hate,
Guarded with fear, supported with debate

4

O restless race of high-aspiring head !
O worthless rule both pitied and enyied !
How many millions to their loss you lead,
With love and lure of kingdoms' bliss untried !
So things untasted cause a quenchless thirst,
Which, were they known, would be refused first
Yea, oft we see, yet seeming cannot shun
The fact we find as fondly dar'd as done

The Argument of the Third Act

1 In the first scene Cador and Howell incite and exhort Arthur unto war who, moved with fatherly affection towards his son, notwithstanding their persuasions, resolveth upon peace

2 In the second scene an herald is sent from Mordred to command Arthur to discharge his armies under pain of death, or otherwise, if he dare, to try it by battle

3 In the third scene Arthur calleth his assistants and soldiers together, whom he exhorteth to pursue their foes

4 In the fourth scene Arthur, between grief and despair, resolveth to war

The Argument and Manner of the Third Dumb-Show

During the music after the second act, there came upon the stage two gentlemen attired in a peaceable manner, which brought with them a table, carpet and cloth and then having covered the table they furnish it with incense on the one end and banquetting dishes on the other end. Next there came two gentlemen apparelled like

Soldiers, with two naked swords in their hands, the which they laid across upon the table. Then there came two sumptuously attired and warlike who, spying this preparation, smelled the incense and tasted the banquet. During the which there came a messenger and delivered certain letters to those that fed on the dainties who, after they had well viewed and perused the letters, furiously flung the banquet under feet, and violently snatching the swords unto them, they hastily went their way. By the two first that brought in the banquet was meant the servants of peace by the second two were meant the servants of war by the two last were meant Arthur and Cador. By the Messenger and his letters was meant the defiance from Mordred.

THE THIRD ACT AND FIRST¹ SCENE.

ARTHUR, CADOR, HOWELL

ARTHUR. Is this the welcome that my realm prepares?

Be these the thanks I win for all my wars?
Thus to forbid me land? to slay my friends?
To make their blood distain my country shores?
My son (belike), lest that our force should faint
For want of wars, prepar'd us wars himself
He thought (perhaps) it mought impair our fame,
If none rebell'd, whose foil might praise our power
Is this the fruit of Mordred's forward youth
And tender age, discreet beyond his years?
O false and guileful life! O crafty world!

¹ It had been originally printed *Second*, but corrected by pasting *First* over it.

How cunningly convey'st thou fraud unseen !
Th' ambitious seemeth meek, the wanton chaste ,
Disguised vice for virtue vaunts itself
Thus (Arthur), thus hath fortune play'd her part,
Blind for thy weal, clear-sighted for thy woe
Thy kingdom's gone, thy sphere affords no faith
Thy son rebels of all thy wonted pomp
No jot is left, and fortune hides her face
No place is left for prosperous plight mishaps
Have room and ways to run and walk at will
Lo (Cador) both our states, your daughter's trust,
My son's respect, our hopes repos'd in both !

CADOR The time, [O] puissant Prince, permits
not now

To moan our wrongs, or search each several soie
Since Arthur thus hath ransack'd all abroad,
What marvel is 't, if Mordred rave at home ?
When far and near your wars had worn the world,
What wars were left for him but civil wars ?
All which requires revenge with sword and fire,
And to pursue your foes with present¹ force
In just attempts Mars gives a nightful doom

ARTHUR Nay, rather (Cador) let them run their
race,

And leave the heavens revengers of my wrong
Since Britain's prosperous state is thus debas'd
In servile sort to Mordred's cursed pride,
Let me be thrall, and lead a private life
None can refuse the yoke his country bears
But as for wars, in sooth, my flesh abhors
To bid the battle to my proper blood
Great is the love which nature doth inforce
From kin to kin, but most from sire to son

HOWELL The noble neck disdains the servile
yoke .

¹ Old copy, *presence*.

Where rule hath pleas'd, subjection seemeth strange
A king ought always to prefer his realm
Before the love he bears to kin or son
Your realm destroy'd is ne'er restor'd again,
But time may send you kin and sons enough

ARTHUR How hard it is to rule th' aspiring
mind,

And what a kingly point it seems to those,
Whose lordly hands the stately sceptre sways,
Still to pursue the drift they first decreed,
My wonted mind and kingdom lets me know
Think not but, if you drive this hazard on,
He desperate will resolve to win or die
Whereof who knows which were the greater guilt,
The sire to slay the son, or son the sire ?

CADOR If bloody Mars do so extremely sway,
That either son or sire must needs be slain,
Give law the choice let him die that deserves.
Each impotent affection notes a want
No worse a vice than lenity in kings
Remiss indulgence soon undoes a realm
He teacheth how to sin that winks at sins,
And bids offend that suffereth an offence
The only hope of leave increaseth crimes,
And he that pardoneth one, embold'neth all
To break the laws Each patience fostereth wrong
But vice severely punish'd faints at foot,
And creeps no further off than where it falls
One sour example will prevent more vice
Than all the best persuasions in the world
Rough rigour looks out right, and still prevails.
Smooth mildness looks too many ways to thrive
Wherefore, since Mordred's crimes have wrong'd
the laws

In so extreme a sort, as is too strange,
Let right and justice rule with rigour's aid,
And work his wrack at length, although too late,

That damning laws, so damned by the laws,
He may receive his deep deserved doom
So let it fare with all that dare the like
Let sword, let fire, let torments be their end
Severity upholds both realm and rule

ARTHUR Ah too severe ! far from a father
mind.

Compassion is as fit for kings as wrath
Laws must not low'r , rule oft admitteth ruth
So hate, as if there were yet cause to love
Take not their lives as foes which may be friends.
To spoil my son were to despoil myself
Oft, whiles we seek our foes, we seek our foils
Let's rather seek how to allure his mind
With good deserts · deserts may win the woist

HOWELL Where Cato first had saved a thief
from death,

And after was himself condemn'd to die,
When else not one would execute the doom,
Who but the thief did undertake the task ?
If too much bounty work so bad effects
In thankless friends, what for a ruthless foe ?
Let laws have still their course the ill-dispos'd
Grudge at their lives to whom they owe too much

ARTHUR But yet where men with reconciled
minds

Renew their love with recontinued grace,
Atonement frames them friends of former foes,
And makes the moods of swelling wrath to 'suage.
No faster friendship than that grows from grief,
When melting minds with mutual ruth relent.
How close the severed skin unites again,
When salves have smoothly heal'd the former
hurts !

CADOR. I never yet saw heart so smoothly heal'd,
But that the scar bewray'd the former wound ·
Yea, where the salve did soonest close the skin,

The sore was oft'ner covered up than cur'd
 Which festering deep and fill'd within, at last
 With sudden breach grew greater than at first
 What then for minds which have revenging moods,
 And ne'er forget the cross they forced bear?
 Whereto if reconciliation come, it makes
 The t'one secure, whiles t'other works his will
 Atonement sold defeats, but oft defers
 Revenge beware a reconciled foe

ARTHUR Well, what avails to linger in this
 life,

Which fortune but reserves for greater grief?
 This breath draws on but matter of mishap
 Death only frees the guiltless from annoys
 Who so hath felt the force of greedy fates,
 And 'dur'd the last decree of grisly death,
 Shall never yield his captive arms to chains,
 Nor drawn in triumph deck the victor's pomp

HOWELL What mean these words? Is Arthur
 forc'd to fear?

Is this the fruit of your continual wars,
 Even from the first remembrance of your youth?

ARTHUR My youth (I grant) and prime of bud-
 ding years,

Puff'd up with pride and fond desire of praise,
 Foreweening nought what perils might ensue,
 Adventured all and raught to will the reins¹
 But now this age requires a sager course,
 And will, advis'd by harms, to wisdom yields
 Those swelling spirits, the self-same cause which
 first

Set them on gog, even fortune's favours quail'd,
 And now mine oft'nest scapes do scare me
 most.

I fear the trap whereat I oft have tripp'd.

¹ i e, *Reach'd or gave the reins to will*

Experience tells me plain that chance is frail,
And oft the better past, the worse to come

CADOR Resist these doubts 'tis ill to yield to
harms

'Tis safest then to dare, when most you fear

ARTHUR As safe sometimes to fear, when most
we dare •

A causeless courage gives repentance place.

HOWELL If fortune fawn

ARTHUR Each way on me she frowns,
For win I, lose I, both procure my grief.

CADOR Put case you win, what grief?

ARTHUR Admit I do, what joy?

CADOR Then may you rule

ARTHUR When I may die

CADOR To rule is much

ARTHUR Small, if we covet nought

CADOR. Who covets not a crown?

ARTHUR He that discerns the sword aloft

CADOR That hangeth fast

ARTHUR But by a hair

CADOR Right holds it up

ARTHUR Wrong pulls it down

CADOR The Commons help the king

ARTHUR They sometimes hurt

CADOR At least the Peers

ARTHUR Seld, if allegiance want

CADOR Yet sovereignty

ARTHUR Not if subjection¹ fail

CADOR Doubt not the realm is yours

ARTHUR. 'Twas mine 'till now.

CADOR And shall be still.

ARTHUR If Mordred list.

¹ The word *subjection* in this place has been pasted over
“allegiance”

CADOR 'Twere well your crown were won

ARTHUR Perhaps 'tis better lost

HOWELL The name of rule should move a princely mind

ARTHUR Trust me, bad things have often glorious names

HOWELL The greatest food that fortune can afford.

ARTHUR A dangerous good, that wisdom would eschew

HOWELL Yet weigh the hearsay of the old renown

And fame, the wonderer of the former age,
Which still extols the facts of worthiest wights,
Preferring no deserts before your deeds
Even she exhorts you to this new attempt,
Which left untried your winnings be but loss

ARTHUR Small credit will be given of matters past

To Fame, the flatterer of the former age
Were all believ'd which antique bruit imports,
Yet wisdom weighs the peril join'd to praise
Rare is the fame (mark well all ages gone)
Which hath not hurt the house it most enhanc'd
Besides, fame's but a blast that sounds awhile,
And quickly stints, and then is quite forgot.
Look, whatsoe'er our virtues have achiev'd,
The chaos vast and greedy time devours
To-day all Europe rings with Arthur's praise
'Twill be as hush'd as if I ne'er had been
What boots it then to venture life or limb
For that which needs ere long we leave or lose?

CADOR. Can blind affection so much blear the wise,

Or love of graceless son so witch the sire,
That what concerns the honour of a prince,

With country's good and subject's just request,
Should lightly be contemned by a king ?
When Lucius sent but for his tribute due,
You went with thirteen kings to looꝑ him out.
Have Romans, for requiring but their own,
Abode your nine years' brunts? Shall Mordred
'scape,

That wrong'd you thus in honour, queen, and
realm ?

Were this no cause to stir a king to wrath,
Yet should your conquests, late achiev'd 'gainst
Rome,

Inflame your mind with thirst of full revenge

ARTHUR Indeed, continual wars have chaf'd
our minds,

And good success hath bred impatient moods
Rome puffs us up, and makes us too—too fierce
There, Britons, there we stand, whence Rome did
fall

Thou, Lucius, mak'st me proud, thou heav'st my
mind

But what ? shall I esteem a crown ought else
Than as a gorgeous crest of easeless helm,
Or as some brittle mould of glorious pomp,
Or glittering glass which, while it shines, it breaks ?
All this a sudden chance may dash, and not
Perhaps with thirteen kings, or in nine years
All may not find so slow and ling'ring fates
What that my country cries for due remorse,
And some relief for long-sustained toils ?
By seas and lands I daily wrought her wrack,
And spareless spent her life on every foe
Each where my soldiers perish'd, whilst I won :
Throughout the world my conquest was their spoil
A fair reward for all their deaths, for all
Their wars abroad, to give them civil wars !
What boots it then, reserv'd from foreign foils,

To die at home ? what end of ruthless rage ?
 At least let age and nature, worn to nought,
 Provide at length their graves with wished groans
 Pity then hoary hairs, their feeble fists,
 Their withered limbs, their strengths consum'd in
 camp !

Must they still end their lives amongst the blades ?
 Rests there no other fate, whilst Arthur reigns ?
 What deem you me ? A fury fed with blood,
 Or some Cyclopiian, born and bred for brawls ?
 Think on the mind that Arthur bears to peace
 Can Arthur please you nowhere but in wars ?
 Be witness, heavens, how far 'tis from my mind
 Therewith to spoil or sack my native soil
 I cannot yield, it brooks not in my breast
 To seek her ruin whom I erst have rul'd,
 What relics now soe'er both civil broils
 And foreign wars have left, let those remain
 Th'are few enough, and Britons fall too fast

THE SECOND SCENE

An HERALD from MORDRED

HOWELL Lo, here an herald sent from Mordred's camp
 A froward message, if I read aright
 We mought not stir his wrath, perhaps this may
 Persuasions cannot move a Briton's mood,
 And yet none sooner stung with present wrong

[*Aside*]
 HERALD. Hail, peerless prince ! whiles fortune
 would, our king,
 Though now bereft of crown and former rule
 Vouchsafe me leave my message to impart,
 No jot enforc'd, but as your son affords.

If here you stay but three days to an end,
And not forthwith discharge your bands and host,
'Tis Mordred's oath assure yourself to die
But if you find your courage so to serve,
As for to stand to your defence with force,
In Cornwall (if you dare) he'll try it out

ARTHUR Is this the choice my son doth send
his sire?

And must I die, or try it, if I dare?
To die were ill, thus to be dar'd is worse
Display my standard forth! let trumpet and drum
Call soldiers near to hear their sovereign's hest

THE THIRD SCENE

GAWIN *King of Albany*, ASCHILLUS *King of Denmark*,
KING OF NORWAY *A number of Soldiers*

ARTHUR O friends, and fellows of my weariest
toils,

Which have borne out with me so many brunts,
And desperate storms of wars and brainsick Mars!
Lo now the hundredth month, wherein we win!
Hath all the blood we spent in foreign coasts,
The wounds and deaths, and winters bode abroad,
Deserved thus to be disgraced at home?

All Britain rings of wars no town nor field
But swarms with armed troops the mustering
trains

Stop up the streets no less a tumult's rais'd,
Than when Hengistus fell, and Horsa, fierce
With treacherous truce, did overrun the realm
Each corner threateneth death both far and near
Is Arthur vex'd What, if my force had fail'd
And standard fall'n, and ensigns all been torn,
And Roman troops pursu'd me at the heels,

With luckless wars assay'd in foreign soils?
Now that our fortune heaves us up thus high,
And heavens themselves renew our old renown,
Must we be dar'd? Nay, let that princock come,
That knows not yet himself, nor Arthur's foice,
That ne'er yet waged wars, that's yet to learn
To give the charge yea, let that princock come,
With sudden soldiers pamper'd up in peace,
And gowned troops and wantons worn with ease,
With sluggish Saxons' crew and Irish kerns,
And Scottish aid, and false redshanked Picts,
Whose slaughters yet must teach their former foil
They shall perceive with sorrow, ere they part,
When all their toils be told, that nothing works
So great a waste and ruin in this age,
As do my wars O Mordred, blessed son!
No doubt these market-mates, so highly hur'd,
Must be the stay of thy usurped state
And lest my head, inclining now to years,
Should joy the rest, which yet it never reap'd,
The traitor Gilla, train'd in treacherous jars,
Is chief in arms to reave me of my realm
What corner (ah), for all my wars, shall shroud
My bloodless age? what seat for due deserts?
What town or field for ancient soldiers' rest?
What house? what roof? what walls for wearied
limbs?
Stretch out again, stretch out your conquering
hands!
Still we must use the force so often us'd
To those that will pursue a wrong with wreak
He giveth all, that once denies the right
Thou soil, which erst Diana did ordain
The certain seat and bow'r of wand'ring Brute
Thou realm, which aye I reverence as my saint,
Thou stately Britain, th' ancient type of Troy,
Bear with my forced wrongs! I am not he,

That willing would impeach thy peace with wars !
 Lo, here both far and wide I conqueror stand
 Arthur, each where thine own, thy liege, thy king
 Condemn not mine attempts , he, only he,
 Is sole in fault that makes me thus thy foe
 Here I renounce all leagues and treats of truce
 Thou, fortune, henceforth art my guard and guide !
 Hence, peace ! on wars run fates let Mars be judge ,
 I erst did trust to right, but now to rage
 Go, tell the boy that Arthur fears no biags
 In vain he seeks to brave it with his sire
 I come (Mordred), I come, but to thy pain
 Yea, tell the boy his angry father comes
 To teach a novice both to die and dare

[*Herald exit*]

HOWELL If we without offence (O greatest guide
 Of British name) may pour our just complaints,
 We most mislike that you too mild a mood
 Hath thus withheld our hands and swords from
 strokes

For what ? were we behind in any help ?
 Or without cause did you misdoubt our force,
 Or truth so often tried with good success ?
 Go to conduct your army to the field ,
 Place man to man, oppose us to our foes
 As much we need to work, as wish your weal

CADOR Seems it so soon to win by civil wars ?
 Were it to goe with pike my father's breast ,
 Were it to rive and cleave my brother's head ,
 Were it to tear peacemeal my dearest child,
 I would enforce my grudging hands to help
 I cannot term that place my native soil,
 Whereto your trumpets send their warlike sounds.
 If case requir'd to batter down the tow'rs
 Of any town that Arthur would destroy,
 Yea, were 't of Britain's self, which most I reed,
 Her bulwarks, fortress, rampiers, walls and fence,

These arms should rear the rams to run them down
Wherefore, ye princes, and the rest, my mates,
If what I have averi'd in all your names,
Be likewise such as stands to your content,
Let all your yeas avow my premise¹ true

SOLDIERS Yea, yea, &c

ASCHILLUS Wherein, renowned king, myself or
mine,

My life, my kingdom, and all Denmark's pow'r,
May serve your turn account them all your own

KING OF NORWAY And whatsoe'er my force, or
Norway aid,

May help in your attempts, I vow it here

GAWIN As heretofore I always serv'd you best
So let this day be judge of Gawin's trust
Either my brother Mordred dies the death
By mine assault, or I at least by his

ARTHUR Since thus (my faithful mates) with
vows alike

And equal love to Arthur's cause you join
In common care to wreak my private wrongs,
Lift up your ensigns eft, stretch out your strengths,
Pursue your fates, perform your hopes to Mars
Lo, here the last and outmost work for blades!
This is the time that all our valour craves
This time by due desert restores again
Our goods, our lands, our lives, our weal and all
This time declares by fates whose cause is best,
This, this condemns the vanquish'd side of guilt.
Wherefore, if for my sake you scorn yourselves,
And spare no sword nor fire in my defence,
Then, whiles my censure justifies your cause,
Fight, fight again, and clear your blades from
crime

The judge once chang'd, no wars are free from guilt

¹ [Old copy, *promise*]

The better cause gives us the greater hope
Of prosperous waies , wherein, if once I hap
To spy the wonted signs, that never fail'd
Their guide—your threatening looks, your fiery
eyes,

And bustling bodies prest to present spoil,
The field is won ! Even then, methinks, I see
The wonted wastes and scattered heads of foes,
The Irish carcass kick'd, and Picts oppress'd,
And Saxons slain to swim in streams of blood
I quake with hope I can assure you all,
We never had a greater match in hand
March on ! Delay no fates, whilst fortune fawns ,
The greatest praise of war consists in speed

[Exeunt Reges et Cohors]

THE FOURTH SCENE

CADOR, ARTHUR

CADOR Since thus (victorious king) your peers
allies,
Your lords, and all your powers be ready prest,
For good, for bad, for whatsoe'er shall hap,
To spend both limb and life in your defence,
Cast off all doubts and rest yourself on Mars
A hopeless fear forbids a happy fate

ARTHUR In sooth (good Cador), so our fortune
fares,
As needs we must return to wonted force
To wars we must , but such unhappy wars,
As leave no hope for right or wrong to 'scape
Myself foresees the fate , it cannot fall
Without our dearest blood much may the mind
Of pensive sire presage, whose son so sins
All truth, all trust, all blood, all bands be broke !

The seeds are sown that spring to future spoil
My son, my nephew, yea, each side myself,
Nearer than all (woe's me), too near, my foe !
Well, 'tis my plague for life so lewdly led
The price of guilt is still a heavier guilt,
For were it light, that ev'n by both myself
Was bad, I made my sister bad nay, were
That also light, I have begot as bad,
Yea, worse, an heir assign'd to all our sins
Such was his birth what base, what vulgar vice,
Could once be look'd for of so noble blood ?
The deeper guilt descends, the more it roots
The younger imps effect the huger crimes

[*Exeunt*]

CHORUS

1

When many men assent to civil wars
And yield a suffrage to enforce the fates,
No man bethinks him of his own mishap,
But turns that luck unto another's share
Whereas if fear did first forewarn each toil,
Such love to fight would breed no Briton's bane
And better were still to preserve our peace,
Than thus to vent for peace through waging wars
What folly to forego such certain haps,
And in their stead to feed uncertain hopes !
Such hopes as oft have puff'd up many a realm,
Till cross-success hath press'd it down as deep
Whiles blind affection, fetch'd from private cause,
Misguiding wit hath mask'd in wisdom's veil,
Pretending what in purpose it abhorr'd

2

Peace hath three foes encamped in our breasts,
Ambition, wrath and envy, which subdu'd,

We should not fail to find eternal peace
 'Tis in our pow'r to joy it all at will,
 And few there be, but if they will, they may
 But yet even those, who like the name of peace,
 Through fond desire repine at peace itself,
 Between the hope whereof and it itself
 A thousand things may fall, that further wars.
 The very speech sometimes and treats of truce
 Is slash'd and cut asunder with the sword
 Nor self the name of peace doth edge our minds.
 And sharpeneth on our fury, till we fight ;
 So that the mention made of love and rest
 Is oft a whetstone to our hate and rage

3

Lo, here the end that kingly pomp imparts
 The quiet rest that princely palace plights ¹
 Care upon care, and every day anew
 Fresh rising tempest tires the tossed minds
 Who strives to stand in pomp of princely port,
 On giddy top and culm of slippery court,
 Finds oft a heavy fate, whiles too much known
 To all, he falls unknown unto himself ¹
 Let whoso else that list affect the name,
 But let me seem a potentate to none
 My slender bark shall creep ² anenst the shore,
 And shun the winds that sweep the waltering
 waves
 Proud fortune overslips ³ the safest roads,

¹ " Illi mors gravis incubat,
 Qui notus nimis omnibus,
 Ignotus moritur sibi "

—*Sen. Thyestes*, act II Chor

² In the original misprinted *ceepe*

³ *Overhypes* in the original

And seeks amidst the surging seas those keels,
Whose lofty tops and tacklings touch the clouds

4

O base, yet happy boors ! O gifts of gods
Scant yet perceiv'd ! when powd' red ermine robes
With secret sighs, mistrusting then extremes,
In baleful breast forecast their foultring¹ fates,
And stir, and strive, and storm, and all in vain,
Behold the peasant poor with tattered coat,
Whose eyes a meaner fortune feeds with sleep,
How safe and sound the careless snudge doth
snore

Low-roofed lurks the house of slender hap,
Costless, not gay without, scant clean within,
Yet safe, and oft'ner shrouds the hoary hairs,
Than haughty turrets, rear'd with curious art,
To harbour heads that wield the golden crest
With endless cark in glorious courts and towns,
The troubled hopes and trembling fears do dwell

The Argument of the Fourth Act

1 In the first scene Gildas and Conan confer of the state of Britain

2 In the second scene Nuntius maketh report of the whole battle, with the death of Mordred, and Arthur's and Cadur's deadly wound.

3 In the third scene Gildas and Conan lament the unfortunate state of the country.

¹ [In the Chorus to the third scene, the word *foulter* is used in the undoubted sense of falter—

“They fall and foulter like the mellow fruit”

But see Nares, edit. 1859, *v. fouldring*]

The Argument and Manner of the Fourth Dumb Show

During the music appointed after the third act, there came in a Lady courtly attired with a counterfeited child in her arms, who walked softly on the stage. From another place there came a king crowned, who likewise walked on another part of the stage. From a third place there came four soldiers all armed who, spying this Lady and King, upon a sudden pursued the Lady, from whom they violently took her child, and flung it against the walls, she, in mournful sort wringing her hands, passed her way. Then in like manner they set on the king, tearing his crown from his head, and casting it in pieces under feet, drave him by force away, and so passed themselves over the stage. By this was meant the fruit of war, which spareth neither man, woman, nor child, with the end of Mordred's usurped crown.

THE FOURTH ACT AND FIRST SCENE

GILDAS, CONAN

GILDAS Lord Conan, though I know how hard
a thing

It is for minds train'd up in princely thrones,
To hear of ought against their humour's course,
Yet, sithence who forbiddeth not offence,
If well he may, is cause of such offence,
I could have wish'd (and blame me not, my lord)
Your place and countenance both with son and sire
Had more prevail'd on either side, than thus
T'have left a crown in danger for a crown

Through civil wars, our country's wonted woe
Whereby the kingdom's wound, still fest'ring deep,
Sucks up the mischievous¹ humour to the heart
The staggering state of Britain's troubled brains,
Headsick and sore encumbered in her crown,
With giddy steps runs on a headlong race
Whereto this tempest tends, or where this storm
Will break, who knows? but gods avert the
worst!

CONAN Now surely (Gildas) as my duty stood
Indifferent for the best to son and sire,
So (I protest), since these occasions grew,
That in the depth of my desire to please,
I more esteem'd what honest faith requir'd
In matters meet for their estates and place,
Than how to feed each fond affection, prone
To bad effects, whence their disgrace mought grow
And as for Mordred's desperate and disloyal plots,
They had been none, or fewer at the least,
Had I prevail'd, which Arthur knows right well
But even as counters go sometimes for one,
Sometimes for thousands more, sometimes for none
So men in greatest countenance with their king
Can work by fit persuasion sometimes much,
But sometimes less, and sometimes nought at all

GILDAS Well, we that have not spent our time in
wars,
But bent our course at peace and country's weal,
May rather now expect what strange event
And chance ensues of these so rare attempts,
Than enter to discourse upon their cause,
And err as wide in words, as they in deeds.

CONAN And lo, to satisfy your wish therein,
Where comes a soldier sweating from the camp

¹ [Old copy, *mischiefes*]

THE SECOND SCENE

NUNCIUS

NUNCIUS Thou echo shrill, that haunt'st the hollow hills,

Leave off, that wont to snatch the latter word

Howl on a whole discourse of our distress

Clip off no clause, sound out a perfect sense

GILDAS What fresh mishap (alas), what new annoy

Removes our pensive minds from wonted woes,

And yet requires a new lamenting mood,

Declare ! we joy to handle all our harms

Our many griefs have taught us still to mourn

NUNCIUS But (ah) my tongue denies my speech his aid .

Great force doth drive it forth , a greater keeps

It in I rue, surpris'd with wantless woes

CONAN Speak on what grief so'er our fates afford

NUNCIUS Small griefs can speak, the great astonish'd stand¹

GILDAS What greater sin could hap, than what be pass'd ?

What mischiefs could be meant, more than were wrought ?

NUNCIUS And think you there's to be an end to sins ?

No, crime proceeds those made but one degree

What mischiefs erst were done, term sacred deeds

Call nothing sin but what hath since ensu'd

A greater grief requires your tears Behold

These fresh annoys your last mishaps be stale

¹ *Cuius leues loquuntur, ingentes stupent*

"The grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er-faught heart and bids it break "

—*Macbeth*, act iv, sc 3.

GONAN Tell on (my friend) suspend our minds
no more

Hath Arthur lost ? hath Mordred won the field ?

NUNCIUS O, nothing less ! would, gods, it were
but so !

Arthur hath won, but we have lost the field

The field ? Nay, all the realm and Britain's bounds

GILDAS How so ? If Arthur won, what could we
lose ?

You speak in clouds, and cast perplexed words

Unfold at large, and sort our sorrows out

NUNCIUS Then list awhile this instant shall
unwrap

Those acts, those wars, those hard events, that all

The future age shall ever have cause to curse—

Now that the time diw on, when both the camps

Should meet in Cornwall fields, th' appointed place

The reckless troops, whom fates forbad to live

Till noon or night, did storm and rave for wars

They swarm'd about their guides, and clust'ring call'd

For signs to fight, and fierce with uproars fell,

They onwards hal'd the hasting hours of death

A direful frenzy rose each man his own

And public fates all heedless headlong flung

On Mordred's side were sixty thousand men,

Some borrowed powers, some Britons bred at home.

The Saxons, Irish, Normans, Picts and Scots

Were first in place the Britons followed last

On Arthur's side there were as many more

Islandians, Goths, Norwegians, Albans, Danes,

Were foreign aids which Arthur brought from
France,

A trusty troop and tried at many a trench.

That now the day was come, wherein our state

For aye should fall, whenceforth might men inquire

What Britain was, these wars thus near bewray'd

Nor could the heavens no longer hide these harms,

But by prodigious signs portend our plagues
For lo, ere both the camps encountering cop'd,
The skies and poles opposed themselves with storms
Both east and west with tempests dark were
dimm'd,
And showers of hail and rain outrageous pour'd
The heavens were rent, each side the lightning
flash'd,
And clouds with hideous claps did thundering roar
The armies, all aghast, did senseless stand,
Mistrusting much both force, and foes, and fates,
'Twas hard to say which of the two appall'd
Them most, the monstrous air or too much fear
When Arthur spied his soldiers thus amaz'd,
And hope extinct, and deadly dread drawn on
My mates (quoth he) the gods do scour the skies,
The fates contend to work some strange event,
And fortune seeks by storms in heavens and earth,
What pageants¹ she may play for my behoof
Of whom she knows she then deserves not well,
When (ling'ring ought) she comes not at the first
Thus said, rejoicing at his dauntless mind,
They all reviv'd and former fear recoil'd,
By that the light of Titan's troubled beams
Had piercing scattered down the drooping fogs,
And greeted both the camps with mutual view
Their choler swells, whiles fell-disposed minds
Bounce in their breasts, and stir uncertain storms.
Then paleness wan and stern, with cheerless
change,
Possessing bleak their lips and bloodless cheeks,
With troublous trembling, shows their death is near
When Mordred saw the danger thus approach'd,
And boist'rous throngs of warriors threat'ning
blood,

¹ [Old copy, *pagions*]

His instant ruin gave a nod at fates,
And mind, though prone to Mars, yet daunted
paus'd

The heart which promis'd eist a sure success,
Now throbs in doubts, nor can his own attempts
Afford him fear, nor Arthur's yield him hope
This passion lasts not long he soon recalls
His ancient guise, and wonted rage returns
He loathes delays, and scorch'd with sceptre's lust,
The time and place, wherein he oft had wish'd
To hazard all upon extremest chance,
He offer'd spies, and spied pursues with speed.
Then both the armies met with equal might,
This stirr'd with wrath, that with desire to rule,
And equal prowess was a spur to both
The Irish king whirl'd out a poisoned dart,
That lighting pierced deep in Howell's brains,
A peerless prince and near of Arthur's blood
Hereat the air with uproar loud resounds,
Which efts on mountains rough rebounding rears
The trumpets hoarse their trembling tunes do tear,
And thund'ring drums their dreadful larums ring
The standards broad are blown and ensigns spread,
And every nation bends his wonted wars
Some near their foes, some further off do wound,
With dart or sword, or shaft, or pike, or spear,
The weapons hide the heavens, a night compos'd
Of warlike engines overshades the field
From every side these fatal signs are sent,
And boist'ious bangs with thumping thwacks fall
thick

Had both these camps been of usurping kings,
Had every man thereof a Mordred been,
No fiercelier had they fought for all their crowns
The murders meanless wax'd, no art in fight,
Nor way to ward nor try each other's skill
But thence the blade, and hence the blood ensues

CONAN But what ' did Mordred's eyes endure
this sight ?

NUNCIUS They did , and he himself, the spur of
fiends

And Gorgons all, lest any part of his
Scap'd free from guilt, inflam'd their minds to
wrath,

And with a valour, more than virtue yields,
He cheer'd them all, and at their back with long
Outreached spear stirr'd up each ling'ring hand
All fury-like, frounc'd up with frantic frets,
He bids them leave and shun the meaner sort,
He shows the kings and Britain's noblest peers

GILDAS He was not now to seek what blood to
draw

He knew what juice refresh'd his fainting crown,
Too much of Arthur's heart O, had he wist,
How great a vice such virtue was as then,
In civil wars, in rooting up his realm !
O frantic fury, far from valour's praise !

NUNCIUS There fell Aschillus stout, of Den-
mark king ,

There valiant Gawin, Arthur's nephew dear,
And late by Augel's death made Alban king,
By Moidred's hand hath lost both life and crown.
There Gilla wounded Cadour, Cornish duke,
In hope to win the dukedom for his meed
The Norway king, the Saxon's duke, and Picts,
In woeful sort fell grovelling to the ground
There prince and peasant both lay hurl'd on heaps .
Mars frown'd on Arthur's mates the fates wax'd
fierce,

And jointly ran this race with Mordred's rage

CONAN But with what joy (alas) shall he return,
That thus returns the happier for this field ?

NUNCIUS These odds endure not long, for Mars
retires,

And fortune, pleas'd with Arthur's moderate fear,
Returns more full, and friendlier than he went
For when he saw the powers of fates oppos'd,
And that the dreadful hour was hastened on,
Perplexed much in mind at length resolves,
That fear is covered best by daring most
Then forth he pitch'd the Saxon duke with-
stood,

Whom with one stroke he headless sent to hell
Not far from thence he spied the Irish king,
Whose life he took as price of broken truce
Then Cadur forward press'd, and haply met
The traitor Gilla, worker of these wars,
Of whom by death he took his due revenge
The remnant then of both the camps concur,
They Britons all, or most, few foreigners left
These wage the wars and hence the deaths ensue
Nor t' one nor t' other side that can destroy
Her foes so fast, as 'tis itself destroyed
The brethren broach their blood, the sire, the
son's,

The son again would prove by too much wrath,
That he, whom thus he slew, was not his sire
No blood nor kin can 'suage their ireful moods.
No foreign foe they seek, nor care to find
The Briton's blood is sought on every side
A vain discourse it were to paint at large
The several fates and foils of either side,
To tell what groans and sighs the parting ghosts
Sent forth, who dying bare the fellest breast,
Who changed cheer at any Briton's fall,
Who oft'nest stroke, who best bestow'd his blade,
Who vent'ured most, who stood, who fell, who
fail'd

Th' effect declares it all thus far the field
Of both these hosts, so huge and main at first,
There were not left on either side a score,

For son and sire to win and lose the realm
The which when Mordred saw, and that his sire
'Gainst foes and fates themselves would win the
field,

He sigh'd and 'twixt despair and rage he cried .
Here (Arthur), here, and hence the conquest comes
Whiles Mordred lives, the crown is yet unwon !
Hereat the prince of prowess, much amaz'd,
With thrilling tears and count'nance cast on
ground,

Did groaning fetch a deep and earnful sigh
Anon, they fierce encountering both concurr'd
With grisly looks and faces like their fates,
But dispar minds and inward moods unlike
The sire with mind to safeguard both, or t'one ;
The son to spoil the t'one or hazard both
No fear nor fellness fail'd on either side
The wager lay on both their lives and bloods
At length, when Mordred spied his force to faint,
And felt himself oppress'd with Arthur's strength,
(O hapless lad, a match unmeet for him)
He loathes to live in that afflicted state,
And, valiant with a forced virtue, longs
To die the death in which perplexed mind,
With grening teeth and crabbed looks he cries,
I cannot win, yet will I not be won
What ! should we shun our fates, or play with
Mais,

Or thus defraud the wars of both our bloods ?
Whereto do we reserve ourselves, or why
Be we not sought ere this amongst the dead ?
So many thousands murther'd in our cause,
Must we survive, and neither win nor lose ?
The fates, that will not smile on either side
May frown on both So saying, forth he flings,
And desperate runs on point of Arthur's sword !
(A sword, alas, prepar'd for no such use),

Whefeon engor'd he glides till, near approach'd,
 With dying hand he hews his father's head
 So through his own annoy he 'nnoys his liege,
 And gains by death access to daunt his sire
 There Mordred fell, but like a prince he fell,
 And as a branch of great Pendragon's graft
 His life breathes out his eyes forsake the sun,
 And fatal clouds infer a lasting 'clipse
 There Arthur staggering scant sustain'd himself,
 There Cador found a deep and deadly wound,
 There ceas'd the wars, and there was Britain lost !
 There lay the chosen youths of Mais, there lay
 The peerless knights, Bellona's bravest train,
 There lay the mirrors rare of martial praise,
 There lay the hope and branch of Brute sup-
 press'd
 There fortune laid the prime of Britain's pride,
 There laid her pomp, all topsy-turvy turn'd

[*Exit*

THE THIRD SCENE.

GILDAS, CONAN

GILDAS. Come, cruel griefs, spare not to stretch
 our strengths,
 Whiles baleful breasts invite our thumping fists
 Let every sign that mournful passions work,
 Express what piteous plights our minds amaze
 This day supplants what no day can supply,
 These hands have wrought those wastes, that never
 age,
 Nor all the brood of Brute shall e'er repair
 That future men may joy the surer rest,
 These wars prevent their birth and nip their
 spring.
 What nations erst the former age subdu'd

With hourly toils to Britain's yoke, this day
Hath set at large, and backwards turn'd the fates
Henceforth the Keins may safely tread their bogs,
The Scots may now their mroads old renew,
The Saxons well may vow their former claims,
And Danes without their danger drive us out
These wars found not th' effect of wonted wars,
Nor doth their weight the like impression work :
There several fates annoy'd but several men,
Here all the realm and people find one fate
What there did reach but to a soldier's death,
Contains the death of all a nation here
These blades have given this isle a greater wound
Than time can heal—the fruit of civil wars
A kingdom's hand hath goi'd a kingdom's heart.

CONAN When fame shall blaze these acts in
latter years,
And time to come, so many ages hence,
Shall efts report our toils and British pains,
Or when perhaps our children's children read
Our woful wars display'd with skilful pen,
They'll think they hear some sounds of future facts,
And not the ruins old of pomp long past ;
'Twill move their minds to ruth, and frame afresh
New hopes and fears, and vows, and many a wish,
And Arthur's cause shall still be favour'd most
He was the joy and hope, and hap, of all,
The realm's defence, the sole delay of fates,
He was our wall and fort twice thirteen years
His shoulders did the Briton state support
Whiles yet he reign'd, no foreign foes prevail'd,
Nor once could hope to bind the Briton bounds,
But still both far and near were forc'd to fly ;
They thrall to us, we to ourselves were free
But now, and henceforth aye, adieu that hope,
Adieu that pomp, that freedom, rule and all !
Let Saxons now, let Normans, Danes and Scots

Enjoy our meadows, fields, and pleasant plains !
Come, let us fly to mountains, cliffs, and rocks
A nation hurt, and ne'er in case to heal !
Henceforth, the weight of fates thus fallen aside,
We rest secure from fear of greater foil
Our leisure serves to think on former times,
And know what erst we were, who now are thus
[*Exeunt*]

CHORUS

O Britain's prosperous state, were heavenly
powers
But half so willing to preserve thy peace,
As they are prone to plague thee for thy wars !
But thus, O gods, yea, thus it likes you still,
When you decree to turn and touse the world,
To make our errors cause of your decrees
We fretting fume, and burning wax light wood,
We cry for swords and harmful harness crave,
We rashly rave, whiles from our present rage
You frame a cause of long-foredeemed doom

2

When Britain so desired her own decay,
That even her native brood would root her up,
Seem'd it so huge a work, O heavens, for you
To tumble down and quite subvert her state,
Unless so many nations came in aid ?
What thirst of spoil, O fates ! In civil wars
Were you afraid to faunt for want of blood ?
But yet, O wretched state in Britons fond,
What needed they to stoop to Mordred's yoke,
Or fear the man themselves so fearful made ?

Had they but link'd like friends in Arthur's
bands,
And join'd their force against the foreign foes,
These wars and civil sins had soon surceas'd,
And Mordred, reft of rule, had fear'd his sire

3

Would gods these wars had drawn no other blood,
Than such as sprang from breasts of foreign foes !
So that the fountain, fed with changeless course,
Had found no nearer vents for dearer juice
Or if the fates so thirst for British blood,
And long so deeply for our last decay,
O, that the rest were spar'd and safe reserv'd,
Both Saxons, Danes, and Normans most of all !
Hereof, when civil wars have worn us out,
Must Britain stand, a borrow'd blood for Brute

4

When prosperous haps and long-continuing bliss
Have pass'd the ripeness of their budding growth,
They fall and foulter like the mellow fruit,
Surcharg'd with burden of their own excess :
So fortune, wearied with our often wars,
Is forc'd to faint and leave us to our fates.
If men have minds presaging ought their harms,
If ever heavy heart foreween her woe,
What Briton lives so far remov'd from home,
In any air or pole, or coast abroad,
But that even now, through nature's sole instinct,
He feels the fatal sword imbrue his breast,
Wherewith his native soil for aye is slain !
What hopes and haps he wasted in these wars !
Who knows the foils he suffered in these fields ?

The Argument of the Fifth Act

1 In the first scene Arthur and Cador returned deadly wounded, and bewailed the misfortunes of themselves and their country, and are likewise bewailed of the Chorus

2 In the second scene the ghost of Gorois returneth rejoicing at his revenge, and wishing ever after a happier fate unto Britain, which done, he descendeth where he first rose

The Argument and Manner of the Fifth and Last Dumb Show

Sounding the music, four gentlemen all in black, half-armed, half-unarmed, with black scarfs overthwart their shoulders, should come upon the stage The first bearing aloft in the one hand, on the truncheon of a spear, an helmet, an arming sword, a gauntlet, &c, representing the trophæa in the other hand a target, depicted with a man's heart sore-wounded, and the blood gushing out, crowned with a crown imperial and a laurel garland, thus written in the top *En totum quod super est*—signifying the King of Norway, which spent himself and all his power for Arthur, and of whom there was left nothing but his heart to enjoy the conquest that ensued The second bearing, in the one hand, a silver vessel full of gold, pearls, and other jewels, representing the spolia in the other hand a target, with an elephant and dragon thereon fiercely combating, the dragon under the elephant, and sucking, by his extreme heat, the blood from him, is crushed in pieces with the fall of the elephant, so as both die at last, thus written above *Victor an victus?* representing the King of Denmark, who fell through Mordred's wound, having first with his

soldiers destroyed the most of Mordred's army. The third bearing, in the one hand, a Pyramid with a laurel wreath about it, representing Victory, in the other hand a target with this device—a man sleeping, a snake drawing near to sting him, a lizard, preventing the snake by fight the lizard, being deadly wounded, awaketh the man who, seeing the lizard dying, pursues the snake and kills it, this written above *Tibi mortuus*, signifying Gawin, king of Albany, slain in Arthur's defence by Mordred, whom Arthur afterwards slew. The fourth bearing, in the one hand, a broken pillar, at the top thereof the crown and sceptre of the vanquished king, both broken asunder, representing the conquest over usurpation, in the other hand a target, with two cocks painted thereon, the one lying dead, the other with his wings broken, his eyes pecked out, and the blood everywhere gushing forth to the ground, he standing upon the dead cock and crowing over him, with this emblem in the top *Qua vi, perdit*, signifying Cadwaladr deadly wounded by Gilla, whom he slew. After these followed a king languishing, in complete harness black, bruised and battered unto him, besprinkled with blood, on his head a laurel garland, leaning on the shoulders of two heralds in mourning gowns and hoods, the one in Mais his coat of arms, the other in Arthur's, presenting Arthur victorious, but yet deadly wounded. There followed a page with a target, whereon was portraited a pelican pecking her blood out of her breast to feed her young ones, through which wound she dieth, this written in the top *Qua fovi, periit*, signifying Arthur's too much indulgence of Mordred, the cause of his death. All this represented the dismayed and unfortunate victory of Arthur, which is the matter of the Act ensuing.

THE FIFTH ACT AND FIRST SCENE

ARTHUR, CADOR, CHORUS

ARTHUR Come, Cador, as our friendship was
most firm

Throughout our age, so now let's link as fast
Thus did we live in wars, thus let us die
In peace, and arm in arm partake our fates.
Our wounds, our grief, our wish, our hap alike,
Our end so near all crave each other's help

CADOR O king, behold the fruit of all our fame !
Lo, here our pomp, consumed with ourselves .
What all our age with all our wars had won,
Lo, here one day hath lost it all at once !
Well, so it likes the heavens thus fortune gibes ,
She hoisteth up to hurl the deeper down

FIRST CHORUS O sacred prince ! what sight is
this we see ?

Why have the fates reserved us to these woes ?
Our only hope, the stay of all our realm,
The pillar of our state, thus sore oppress'd !
O, would the gods had favour'd us so much,
That as we lived partakers of your pains,
And likewise joy'd the fruit of your exploits,
So having thus bereft our sovereign's bliss,
They had with more indifferent doom conjoin'd
The subjects' both and sovereign's bane in one !
It now (alas) engendereth double grief,
To rue your want and to bewail our woes

ARTHUR Rue not, my Britons, what my rage
hath wrought,
But blame your king, that thus hath rent your
realm

My meanless moods have made the fates thus fell,
And too much anger wrought in me too much .

For had impatient ire endured abuse,
And yielded where resistance threat'ned spoil,
I mought have lived in foreign coasts unfoil'd,
And six score thousand men had been unmoan'd !
But wrong, incensing wrath to take revenge,
Preferred chance before a better choice

SECOND CHORUS 'Twas Moidred's wrong and
too unjust deserts
That justly mov'd your highness to such wrath
Your claim requir'd no less than those attempts
Your cause right good was prais'd and play'd for
most

ARTHUR I claim'd my crown, the cause of claim
was good,
The means to claim it in such sort was bad
Yea, rather than my realm and native soil
Should wounded fall, thus bruised with these wars,
I should have left both realm and right, and all,
Or dur'd the death ordain'd by Mordred's oath

CADOR And yet, so far as Mars could bide a
mean,
You hateless sought the safeguard of them all :
Whereto the better cause or badder chance
Did draw, you still inclin'd, preferring oft
The weaker side, sometimes for love, sometimes
For right (as fortune sway'd), your son, yourself
So pity spar'd what reason sought to spoil,
Till all at length with equal spoil was spent

THIRD CHORUS Would gods your mind had felt
no such remorse,
And that your foes had no such favour found !
So might your friends have had far friendlier fates,
If rebels for their due deserts had died.
The wicked's death is safety to the just ;
To spare the traitors was to spoil the true
Of force he hurts the good that helps the bad.
In that you sought your country's gam, 'twas well

In that you shunned not her loss, 'twas hard
 Good is the friend that seeks to do us good,
 A mighty friend that doth prevent our harms

ARTHUR Well, so it was, it cannot be redress'd,
 The greater is my grief that sees it so
 My life (I feel) doth fade, and sorrows flow,
 The rather that my name is thus extinct,
 In this respect, so Mordred did succeed,
 O that myself had fall'n and Mordred liv'd !
 That having conquer'd all my foes but him,
 I might have left you him, that conquer'd me
 O heavy, wretched lot ! to be the last
 That falls ! to view the burial of my realm !
 Where each man else hath felt his several fate,
 I only pine, oppress'd with all their fates !

FOURTH CHORUS Although your highness do
 sustain such grief,
 As needs enforceth all your realm to rue,
 Yet since such ruth affordeth no relief,
 Let due discretion 'suage each cureless sore,
 And bear the harms that run without redress
 The loss is ours, that lose so rare a prince
 You only win, that see your foe here foil'd

[*The breathless body of MORDRED in armour,
 as he fell, is brought upon the stage*

ARTHUR A causeless foe. When wars did call
 me hence,
 He was in years but young, in wit too old
 As virtue shineth most in comeliest wights,
 When inward gifts are deck'd with outward
 grace,
 So did his wit and feature feed that hope,
 Which falsely train'd me to this woful hap
 His mind transformed thus, I cannot choose
 But long to see what change his face sustains
 My blood and kindred, doubled in his birth,
 Inspires a mix'd and twice-descending love,

Which drives my dying veins to wish his view
Unhelm his luckless head, set bare his face,
That face which erst pleas'd me and mine too
much

FIRST CHORUS See (worthiest king) the hope
of all your realm,
Had not his lust to rule prevented all

ARTHUR I see (alas), I see (hide, hide again
O, spare mine eyes !) a witness of my crimes,
A fearful vision of my former guilt,
A dreadful horror of a future doom,
A present gall of mind O happy they,
Whose spotless lives attain a dreadless death !
And thou, O hapless boy ! O spite of fates !
(What might I term thee—nephew, son, or both ?)
Alas ! how happy should we both have been,
If no ambitious thought had vex'd thy head,
Nor thou thus striv'd to reave thy father's rule,
But stay'd thy time, and not forestall'd us both !

CADOR The hot-spurr'd youth, that forc'd the
forward steeds,
While needs he would his father's chariot guide,
Neglecting what his sire had said in charge
The fires which first he flung about the poles,
Himself at last, most woful wretch, inflam'd
So too much love to hover in the heavens
Made him to pay the price of rash attempts

ARTHUR. What ruth (ah), rent the woful
father's heart,
That saw himself thus made a sonless sire !
Well, since both heavens and hell conspu'd in one
To make our ends a mirror to the world,
Both of incestuous life and wicked birth,
Would gods the fates, that link'd our faults alike,
Had also fram'd our minds of friendlier moulds !
That as our lineage had approach'd too near,
So our affections had not swerv'd too far

Then mought, I [^{ve}] liv'd t'enlarge the Britons'
praise

In rearing efts the first triumphant Troy,
And after thou, succeeding mine attempts,
Have spent thy courage in a juster cause
But 'twould not be ambition grew too great,
We could not join our minds—our fates we join'd,
And through thy blood a way was made to mine

SECOND CHORUS And must we needs (O worthiest peers) forego

By this untimely fate our greatest hope?
That in your ripest years and likehest time
You chiefest force should on this sudden fall?

[THIRD CHORUS] See, see our idle hopes, our
brittle trust,

[FOURTH CHORUS] Our vain desires, our over-
fickle state

Which, though a while they sail on quiet seas,
Yet sink in surge, ere they arrive to road
O woful wars! O Mordred's cursed pride,
That thus hath wrought both king and kingdom's
woe!

CADOR Let plaints and mournings pass, set
moans apart

They made much of themselves, yea, too—too
much,

They lov'd to live that, seeing all their realm
Thus topsy-turvy turn, would grudge to die

ARTHUR Yea, sure since thus (O fates) your
censure seems,

That free from force of foreign foes, there rests
That Mordred reap the glory of our deaths,
B't so drive on your doom, work your decree
We fearless bide what bane soe'er you bid
And though our ends, thus hastened to your
hests,

Abruptly break the course of great attempts,

Yet go we not inglorious to the ground
Set wish apart, we have perform'd enough

The Irish king and nation wild we tam'd ,
The Scots and Picts, and Orcade Isles, we wan ,
The Danes and Goths, and Friesland men, with all
The Isles inserted near those seas , and next
The German king and Saxons we subdu'd

Not France that could prevail against our force,
Nor lastly Rome, that rues her pride suppress'd
Each foreign power is parcel of our praise
No titles want to make our foes afraid

This only now I crave (O fortune ! erst
My faithful friend) let it be soon forgot,
Nor long in mind nor mouth, where Arthur fell
Yea, though I conqueror die, and full of fame,
Yet let my death and parture rest obscure
No grave I need (O fates !) nor burial-rights,
Nor stately hearse, nor tomb with haughty top ,
But let my carcase lurk , yea, let my death
Be aye unknown, so that in every coast
I still be fear'd, and look'd for every hour.

[*Exeunt* ARTHUR and CADOR

CHORUS

1.

Lo, here the end that fortune sends at last
To him, whom first she heav'd to highest hap !
The flattering look, wherewith he long was led ,
The smiling fates, that oft had fed his fame,
The many wars and conquests which he gan'd,
Are dash'd at once one day infers that foil,
Whereof so many years of yore were free

2

O willing world to magnify man's state !
O most unwilling to maintain the same !

THE SECOND SCENE

GORLOIS

GORLOIS Now, Gorlois, 'suage thyself Pride
hath his pay,
Murther his price, adult'ry his desert,
Treason his meed, disloyalty his doom,
Wrong hath his wreak, and guilt his guerdon
bears !
Not one abuse erst offered by thy foes,
But, since most sternly punish'd, is now purg'd
Where thou didst fall, ev'n on the self-same soil,
Pendragon, Arthur, Mordred, and their stock
Found all their foils not one hath 'scaped re-
venge ,
Their line from first to last quite razed out !
Now rest content, and work no further plagues
Let future age be free from Gollois' ghost :
Let Britain henceforth bathe in endless weal
Let Virgo come from heaven, the glorious star,
The Zodiac's joy, the planets' chief delight,
The hope of all the year, the ease of skies,
The air's relief, the comfort of the earth !
That virtuous Virgo, born for Britain's bliss ,
That peerless branch of Brute , that sweet remain
Of Priam's state , that hope of springing Troy,
Which, time to come and many ages hence,
Shall of all wars compound eternal peace
Let her reduce the golden age again,
Religion ease, and wealth of former world
Yea, let that Virgo come, and Saturn's reign,¹
And years, oft ten times told, expn'd in peace

¹ [The writer seems to have had in his memory the fourth eclogue of Virgil]

A rule that else no realm shall ever find,
 A rule most rare, unheard, unseen, unread,
 The sole example that the world affords
 That (Britain), that renown, yea, that is thine
 B' it so my wrath is wrought Ye furies black
 And ugly shapes, that howl in holes beneath
 Thou Orcus dark, and deep Avernus nook,
 With duskish dens out-gnawn in gulfs below,
 Receive your ghastly charge, Duke Gorlois' ghost !
 Make room ! I gladly, thus reveng'd, return !
 And though your pain surpass, I greet them tho !
 He hates each other heaven, that haunteth hell

[*Descendit*

EPILOGUS

See here by this the tickle trust of time
 The false affiance of each mortal force,
 The wavering weight of fates the fickle trace,
 That fortune trips, the many mocks of life,
 The cheerless change, the easeless brunts and
 broils,
 That man abides, the restless race he runs
 But most of all, see here the peerless pains
 The lasting pangs, the stintless griefs, the tears
 The sighs, the groans, the fears, the hopes, the
 hates
 The thoughts and cares, that kingly pomp imparts
 What follies, then, bewitch th' ambitious minds,
 That thirst for sceptre's pomp, the well of woes !
 Whereof (alas !) should wretched man be proud,
 Whose first conception is but sin, whose birth
 But pain, whose life but toil, and needs must die ?
 See here the store of great Pendragon's brood,
 The t'one quite dead, the t'other hastening on,
 As men, the son but green, the sire but ripe,
 Yet both forestall'd, ere half their race were run !

As kings, the mightiest monarchs of this age,
Yet both suppressed and vanquished by themselves

Such is the brittle breath of mortal man,
Whiles human nature works her daily wracks
Such be the crazed crests of glorious crowns,
Whiles worldly powers like sudden puffs do pass
And yet for one that goes, another comes ;
Some born, some dead so still the store endures
So that both fates and common care provide,
That men must needs be born, and some must rule
Wherefore, ye peers and lordings, lift aloft,
And whosoe'er in thrones that judge your thralls,
Let not your sovereignty heave you too high,
Nor their subjection press them down too low.
It is not pride that can augment your power,
Nor lowly looks that long can keep them safe
The fates have found a way whereby, ere long,
The proud must leave their hope, the meek their
fear

Whoe'er received such favour from above,
That could assure one day unto himself ?
Him whom the morning found both stout and
strong,

The evening left all grovelling on the ground
This breath and heat, wherewith man's life is fed,
Is but a flash or flame, that shines a while,
And once extinct is, as it ne'er had been
Corruption hourly fiets the body's frame,
Youth tends to age, and age to death by kind
Short is the race, prefixed is the end,
Swift is the time, wherein man's life doth run
But by his deeds t'extend renown and fame,
That only virtue works, which never fades.

Thomas Hughes

*Sat citò, si sat benè utcunque,
Quòd non dat spcs, dat optio*

Hereafter follow such
speeches as were penned by others, and pronounced
instead of some of the former speeches
penned by Thomas Hughes

A speech penned by William
Fulbecke, gentleman, one of the society of Gray's
Inn, and pronounced instead of Golois
his first speech penned by Thomas
Hughes, and set down in the first Scene
of the first Act.

Alecto, thou that hast excluded me
From fields Elysian, where the guiltless souls
Avoid the scourge of Rhadamanthus ire,
Let it be lawful (sith I am removed
From blessed islands to this cursed shore,
This loathed earth, where Arthur's table stands,
With ordure foul of Harpies' fierce distained)
The fates and hidden secrets to disclose
Of black Cocytus and of Acheron,
The floods of death, the lakes of burning souls,
Where hellish frogs do prophesy revenge,
Where Tartar sprites with careful heed attend
The dismal summons of Alecto's mouth
Myself by precept of Proserpina
Commanded was in presence to appear
Before the synod of the damned sprites
In fearful mood I did perform their hest,
And, at my entrance in, th' enchanted snakes,
Which wrap themselves about the furies' necks,

Did hiss for joy · and from the dreadful bench¹
The supreme fury thus assign'd her charge
Gorlois, quoth she, thou thither must ascend,¹
Whence, through the rancour of malicious foes,
Wearied with wounds thou didst descend to us
Make Britain now the mark of thy revenge
On ruthless Britons and Pendragon's race
Disburse the treasure of thy hellish plagues
Let blood contend with blood, father with son,
Subject with prince, and let confusion reign
She therewithal enjoin'd the dusky clouds,
Which with their darkness turn'd the earth to
hell,

Convert to blood, and pour down streams of blood
Cornwall shall groan, and Arthur's soul shall sigh
Before the conscience of Guenevera
The map of hell shall hang, and fiends shall rage ;
And Gorlois' ghost exacting punishment
With dreams, with horrors, and with deadly trance,
Shall gripe their hearts the vision of his corse
Shall be to them, as was the terror vile
Of flaming whips to Agamemnon's son
And when the trumpet calls them from their rest,
Aurora shall with wat'ry cheeks behold
Their slaughtered bodies prostrate to her beams
And on the banks of Camela shall lie
The bones of Arthur and of Arthur's knights,
Whose fleet is now triumphing on the seas,
But shall be welcom'd with a tragedy
Thy native soil shall be thy fatal gulf,
Arthur thy place of birth thy place of death
Mordred shall be the hammer of my hate
To beat the bones of Cornish lords to dust.
Ye ravening birds under Celceno's power,
I do adjure you, in Alecto's name,

¹ Printed *benche*.

Follow the sword of Mordred where he goes,
Follow the sword of Mordred for your food.
Aspiring Mordred, thou must also die,
And on the altar of Proserpina
Thy vital blood-unto my ghost shall fume
Heaven, earth, and hell concur to plague the man
That is the plague of heaven, earth, and hell !
Thou bidd'st, Alecto I pursue my charge
Let thy Cerastæ whistle in mine ears,
And let the bells of Pluto ring revenge !

One other speech penned
by the same gentleman, and pronounced instead
of Gorlois his last speech penned by Thomas Hughes, and set down in the second Scene of the fifth and last Act

Death hath his conquest, hell hath had his wish,
Gorlois his vow, Alecto her desire,
Sin hath his pay, and blood is quit with blood
Revenge in triumph bears the struggling hearts !
Now, Gorlois, pierce the craggy rocks of hell,
Through chinks whereof infernal sprites do glance,
Return this answer to the furies' court
That Cornwall trembles with the thought of war,
And Tamar's flood with drooping pace doth flow,
For fear of touching Camel's bloody stream
Britain, remember, write it on thy walls,
Which neither time nor tyranny may raze,
That rebels, traitors, and conspirators,
The seminary of lewd Catiline,
The bastard covey of Italian birds,
Shall feel the flames of ever-flaming fire,
Which are not quenched with a sea of tears
And since in thee some glorious star must shine,
When many years and ages are expir'd,

Whose beams shall clear the mist of discontent,
And make the damp of Pluto's pit retire,
Gorlois will never fiay the Britons more
For Britain then becomes an angel's land
Both devils and sprites must yield to angels' power,
Unto the goddess of the angels' land
Vaunt, Britain, vaunt of her renowned reign,
Whose face deters the hags of hell from thee,
Whose virtues hold the plagues of heaven from
thee ,
Whose presence makes the earth fruitful to thee ,
And with foresight of her thrice-happy days,
Britain, I leave thee to an endless praise

Besides these speeches there was also penned a Chorus for the first act, and another for the second act, by Master Francis Flower, which were pronounced accordingly. The dumb shows were partly devised by Master Christopher Yelverton, Master Francis Bacon, Master John Lancaster and others, partly by the said Master Flower, who with Master Penuddock and the said Master Lancaster, directed these proceedings at Court

THE FIRST PART

OF

JERONIMO.

E D I T I O N

*The First Part of Ieronimo With the Warres of Portu-
gall, and the Life and Death of Don Andraea Printed
at London, for Thomas Pauyer, and are to be solde at
his shop, at the entrance into the Exchange 1605 4to
Black letter*

[PREFACE TO THE FORMER EDITION.]¹

FROM Heywood's² "Apology for Actors," it appears that Thomas Kyd was the author of the "Spanish Tragedy, or Hieronimo is Mad again" But whether he likewise wrote this "First Part of Jeronimo" does not appear

This "First Part of Jeronimo" is so scarce that many have doubted whether it ever existed, and Mr Coxeter and the author of the "Playhouse Dictionary" were of opinion, that what is called the "Spanish Tragedy, or Hieronimo is Mad again," was only the old play altered and new-named Ben Jonson has a passage in the induction to "Cynthia's Revels," 1600, that seems to

¹ [In "Ancient British Drama," 1810]

² Heywood's words are these "Therefore Mr Kyd, in the 'Spanish Tragedy,' upon occasion presenting itself, thus writes —

" ' Why, Nero thought it no disparagement,
And kings and emperors have tane delight
To make experience of their wits in playes ' "

These three lines are to be found towards the commencement of act v of the 'Spanish Tragedy' "—*Collier*

favour that opinion "Another swears down all that sit about him, that the old Hieronimo, as it was first acted, was the only best and judiciously pen'd play of Europe "

They were, however, two distinct plays, as appears from this copy of the first part, which is printed from one in the valuable collection of David Garrick, Esq

From another passage in the induction to "Cynthia's Revels," acted in 1600, it may be conjectured, that "Jeronimo" first appeared on the stage about the year 1588¹ "They say (says one of the children of the Queen's Chapel) the ghosts of some three or four plays, *departed a dozen years since*, have been seen walking on your stage here "

¹ It appears from Philip Henslowe's papers, lately [1825] discovered at Dulwich College, that the "Comedy of Hieronimo" was played by the Lord Strange's men the 10th April 1591 — *Gilchrist*

THE FIRST PART OF JERONIMO.



[*Sound a Signet,*¹ *and pass over the Stage Enter at one door the King of Spain, Duke of Castile, Duke Medina, LORENZO, and ROGERO, at another door, ANDREA, HORATIO, and JERONIMO JERONIMO kneels down, and the King creates him Marshal of Spain, LORENZO puts on his Spurs,*² *and ANDREA his sword The King goes along with JERONIMO to his House, after a long Signet is sounded, enter all the Nobles, with covered dishes, to the Banquet Exeunt omnes That done, enter all again as before*]

SPAIN Frolic, Jeronimo! thou art now confirmed
Marshal of Spain by all the dues
And customary rights unto thy office

¹ This word, which is variously spelt, as *senet*, *cynet*, *sennet*, *sinet*, *signate*, *synnet*, *signet*, &c, I believe to be no more than a corruption of *sonata*, Ital See a note on "Julius Cæsar," vol viii p 9, and another on "King Henry VII," vol vii p 236 — *Steevens*

² This ceremony is still retained in the creation of a Knight of the Bath, and is generally performed by some person of eminence See Anstis, "Historical Essay upon the Knighthood of the Bath," 4to, 1725, and "Lord Herbert of Cherbury's Life," p. 54

JER My knee sings thanks unto your highness'
 bounty —

Come hither, boy Horatio, fold thy joints,
 Kneel by thy father's loins, and thank my liege,
 By honouring me, thy mother, and thyself,
 With this high staff of office

HOR O my liege,
 I have a heart thrice stronger than my years,
 And that shall answer gratefully for me
 Let not my youthful blush impair my valour
 If ever you have foes, or red field-scars,
 I'll empty all my veins to serve your wars,
 I'll bleed for you, and more, what speech af-
 fords,

I'll speak in drops, when I do fail in words

JER Well spoke, my boy, and on thy father's
 side —

My liege, how like you Don Horatio's spirit?
 What ' doth it promise fair?

SPAIN Ay,
 And no doubt his merit will purchase more
 Knight Marshal, rise, and still rise
 Higher and greater in thy sovereign's eyes

JER O fortunate hour! bless'd minute! happy
 day!

Able to ravish even my sense away!
 Now I remember too—O sweet remembrance!—
 This day my years strike fifty, and in Rome
 They call the fifty year the year of jubilee,
 The merry year, the peaceful year, [the] jocund year,
 A year of joy, of pleasure and delight,
 This shall be my year of jubilee, for 'tis my
 fifty

Age ushers honour; 'tis no shame, confess
 Beard, thou art fifty full, not a hair less

Enter an EMBASSADOR

SPAIN. How now² what news for¹ Spain /
tribute returned ?

EMB Tribute in words, my liege, but not in
coin

SPAIN Ha ! dare he still procrastinate with
Spain ?

Not tribute paid ! not three years paid !

'Tis not at his coin,

But his slack homage, that we most repine

JER My liege, if my opinion might stand firm
Within your highness' thoughts——

SPAIN Marshal,

Our kingdom calls thee father, therefore speak free

Thy counsel I'll embrace, as I do thee

JER. I thank your highness Then, my gracious
liege,

I hold it meet, by way of embassy,

To demand his mind, and the neglect of tribute

But, my liege,

Here must be kind words, which doth oft besiege

The ears of rough-hewn tyrants more than blows,

O, a politic speech beguiles the ears of foes

Marry, my liege, mistake me not, I pray ;

If friendly phrases, honey'd speech, bewitching
accent,

Well-tuned melody, and all sweet gifts

Of nature, cannot avail or win him to it,

Then let him raise his gall up to his tongue,

And be as bitter as physicians' drugs,

Stretch his mouth wider with big swell'n phrases

O, here's a lad of mettle, stout Don Andrea,

¹ [Old copy, *from*] This passage ought either to be,
"What news *for* Spain?" or we must suppose *Spain* mis-
printed for *Portugal* The substitution would destroy the
measure.—*Collier*

Mettle to the crown,
 Would shake the king's high court three handfuls
 down

SPAIN And well picked out, Knight Marshal,
 speech well-strung,
 I'd rather choose Horatio, were he not so young
 HOR I humbly thank your highness,
 In placing me next unto his royal bosom.

SPAIN How stand ye, lords, to this election?

OMNES Right pleasing, our dread sovereign

MED Only, with pardon, mighty sovereign——

CAST I should have chosen Don Lorenzo

MED I, Don Rogero

ROG O no, not me, my lords,

I am war's champion, and my fees are swords
 Pray, king, pray, peers, let it be Don Andrea,
 He is a worthy limb,

Loves wars and soldiers, therefore I love him

JER And I love him and thee, valiant Rogero

Noble spirits, gallant bloods,

You are no wise, insinuating lords,

You ha' no tricks, you ha' none of all their sleights

LOR So, so, Andrea must be sent ambassador,
 Lorenzo is not thought upon good!

I'll wake the court, or startle out some blood

SPAIN How stand you, lords, to this election?

OMNES Right pleasing, our dread sovereign

SPAIN Then, Don Andrea——

AND My approved hege

SPAIN We make thee our lord high ambassador

AND Your highness circles me with honour's
 bounds,

I shall discharge the weight of your command
 With best respect if friendly-tempered phrase
 Cannot affect the virtue of your charge,
 I will be hard like thunder, and as rough
 As northern tempests, or the vexed bowels

Of too insulting waves, who at one blow
 Five merchants' wealths into the deep doth throw
 I'll threaten crimson wars——

ROG Aye, aye, that's good,
 Let them keep coin, pay tribute with their blood
 SPAIN Farewell, then, Don Andrea, to thy
 charge

Lords, let us in, joy shall be now our guest
 Let's in to celebrate our second feast

[*Exeunt omnes, manet LORENZO solus*]

LOR Andrea's gone ambassador,
 Lorenzo is not dreamt on in this age
 Hard fate,
 When villains sit not in the highest state
 Ambition's plumes, that flourished in our court,
 Severe authority has dashed with justice,
 And policy and pride walk like two exiles,
 Giving attendance, that were once attended,
 And we rejected, that were once high-honoured
 I hate Andrea, 'cause he aims at honour,
 When my purest thoughts work in a pitchy vail,
 Which are as different as heaven and hell
 One peers for day, the other gapes for night.
 That yawning beldam, with her jetty skin—
 'Tis she I hug as mine effeminate bride,
 For such complexions best appease my pride
 I have a lad in pickle of this stamp,
 A melancholy, discontented courtier,
 Whose famished jaws look like the chap of death,
 Upon whose eyebrows hangs damnation,
 Whose hands are washed in rape and murders
 bold

Him with a golden bait will I allure
 (For courtiers will do anything for gold),
 To be Andrea's death at his return
 He loves my sister, that shall cost his life,
 So she a husband, he shall lose a wife.

O sweet, sweet policy, I hug thee ' good ,
Andrea's Hymen's-draught shall be in blood
[Exit

Enter HORATIO *at one door*, ANDREA *at another*

HOR Whither in such haste, my second self ?
AND I' faith, my dear bosom, to take solemn
leave
Of a most weeping creature.
HOR That's a woman

Enter BELL'-IMPERIA

AND That's Bell'-Imperia
HOR See, see, she meets you here
And what is it to love, and be lov'd dear ?
BEL I have heard of your honour, gentle breast,
I do not like it now so well, methinks
AND What ' not to have honour bestowed on
me ?
BEL O, yes, but not a wandering honour, dear,
I could afford well, diddest thou stay here
Could honour melt itself into thy veins,
And thou the fountain, I could wish it so,
If thou wouldst remain here with me, and not go
AND Tis but to Portugal
HOR. But to demand the tribute, lady
BEL. Tribute ' alas, that Spain cannot of peace
Forbear a little coin, the Indies being so near
And yet this is not all I know you are too hot,
Too full of spleen for an ambassador,
And will lean much to honour
AND Pish '1

¹[Old copy, *Push*]

BEL Nay, hear me, dear ! I know you will be
rough
And violent, and Portugal hath a tempestuous son,
Stamp'd with the mark of fury, and you too

AND Sweet Bell'-Imperia !

BEL You'll¹ meet like thunder, each imperious
Over other's spleen, you have both proud spirits,
And both will strive to aspie When
Two vexed clouds juggle, they strike out fire
And you, I fear me, war, which peace forefend
O dear Andrea, pray, let's have no wars !
First let them pay the soldiers that were maimed
In the last battle, ere more wretches fall,
Or walk on stilts to timeless funeral

AND Respective dear ! O my life's happiness !
The joy of all my being ! do not shape
Frightful conceit beyond the intent of act !
I know thy love is vigilant o'er my blood,
And fears ill-fate which heaven hath yet withstood
But be of comfort, sweet Horatio knows
I go to knit friends, not to kindle foes.

HOR True, madam Bell'-Imperia, that's his task
The phrase he useth must be gently styled,
The king hath warned him to be smooth and mild

BEL But will you, indeed, Andrea ?

AND By this.

BEL By this lip-blushing kiss

HOR O, you swear sweetly.

BEL I'll keep your oath for you, till you return,
Then I'll be sure you shall not be forsworn.

Enter PEDRINGANO

AND. Ho, Pedringano !

PED Signior ?

¹ [Old copy, *We'll*]

AND Are all things aboard ?

PED They are, my good lord

AND Then Bell'-Imperia, I take leave, Horatio
Be, in my absence, my dear self, chaste self —
What ' playing the woman, Bell'-Imperia ?
Nay, then you love me not, or, at the least,
You drown my honours in those flowing waters
Believe it, Bell'-Imperia, 'tis as common
To weep at parting, as to be a woman
Love me more valiant, play not this moist prize,
Be woman in all parts save in thy eyes
And so I leave thee

BEL Farewell, my lord

Be mindful of my love and of your word

AND 'Tis fixed upon my heart, adieu, soul's
friend !

HOR All honour on Andrea's steps attend

BEL Yet he is in sight, and yet but now he's
vanished [Exit ANDREA

HOR Nay, lady, if you stoop so much to passion,
I'll call him back again

BEL O good Horatio, no, it is for honour
Pr'y-thee, let him go

HOR Then, madam, be composed, as you were
wont,

To music and delight, the time being comick, will
Seem short and pleasant, till his return
From Portugal And, madam, in this circle
Let your heart move,
Honoured promotion is the sap of love. [Exeunt

*Enter LORENZO and LAZAROTTO, a discontented
Courtier*

LOR Come, my soul's spaniel, my life's jetty
substance,
What's thy name ?

LAZ My name's an honest name, a courtier's
name

'Tis Lazarotto

LOR What, Lazarotto¹

LAZ Or rather rotting in this lazy age
That yields me no employments I have mis-
chief

Within my breast, more than my bulk¹ can hold
I want a midwife to deliver it

LOR I'll be the he-one then, and rid thee soon
Of this dull, leaden, and tormenting elf
Thou know'st the love betwixt
Bell'-Imperia and Andrea's bosom²

LAZ Aye, I do

LOR How might I cross it, my sweet mischief?
Honey-damnation, how?

LAZ Well -

As many ways as there are paths to hell,
And that's enou', i' faith From usurer's door—
There goes one path from friars that nurse
whores—

There goes another path from brokers' stalls,
From rich that die and build no hospitals—
Two other paths from farmers that crack barns
With stuffing corn, yet starve the needy swarms—
Another path from drinking-schools one—
From dicing-houses—but from the court, none,
none

LOR Here is a slave just of the stamp I wish,

¹ One of the significations affixed to this word by Skinner, in his "Etymologicon," is "*Venter*, hinc *Hisp*, *Buche*, *Ventriculus animalis*, Belg., *Bulcke*, *Thorax*."

So in "The Nice Valour," by Beaumont and Fletcher, [Works, by Dyce, x 142—

"My maintenance, rascals!
My bulk, my exhibition!"

Where Mr Dyce explains bulk simply by *body*]

Whose ink-soul's blacker than his name,
Though it stand printed with a raven's quill

[*Aside*

But, Lazarotto, cross my sister's love,
And I'll rain showers of ducats in thy palm

LAZ Or duckets, dainty ducks, forgive me,
duckets,

I'll fetch you duck enough for gold, and chink
Makes the punk wanton and the bawd to wink

LOR Discharge, discharge, good Lazarotto,
How we may cross my sister's loving hopes

LAZ Nay, now I'll tell you

LOR Thou knowest Andrea's gone ambassador

LAZ The better, there is opportunity
Now list to me

Enter JERONIMO and HORATIO, and overhear their talk

Alcario, the Duke Medina's son,
Doats on your sister Bell'-Imperia.
Him in her private gallery you shall place
To court her, let his protestations be
Fashioned with rich jewels,¹ for in love

¹ The same sentiment is both in Shakespeare and Beaumont and Fletcher. Thus in the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," act 3, sc 2 —

"Win her with gifts, if she respects not words,
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind,"

and in "The Woman-Hater," act 4, sc 2 —

"Your offers must
Be full of bounty, velvets to furnish a gown, silks
For petticoats and foreparts, shag for lining,
Forget not some pretty jewel to fasten, after
Some little compliment. If she deny this courtesy,
Double your bounties, be not wanting in abundance
Fulness of gifts, link'd with a pleasing tongue,
Will win an anchorite"

Great gifts and gold have the best tongue to
move

Let him not spare an oath without a jewel
To bind it fast O, I know women's hearts,
What stuff they are made of, my lord gifts and
giving

Will melt the chastest-seeming female living

LOR Indeed Andrea is but poor, though
honourable,

His bounty among soldiers soaks him dry,
And their o'er-great gifts may bewitch her eye

JER Here's no fine villany, no damned bro-
ther ! [A side

LOR. But say she should deny his gifts, be all
Composed of hate, as my mind gives me that
She will what then ?

LAZ Then thus at his return
To Spain, I'll murder Don Andrea

LOR Dar'st thou, spirit ?

LAZ What daes not he do, that ne'er hopes
t' inherit ?

HOR He dares be damn'd like thee [A side

LAZ Dare I ? Ha, ha !

I have no hope of everlasting height,
My soul's a Moor, you know, salvation's white
What dare I not enact then ? Tush, he dies,
I will make way to Bell'-Imperia's eyes

LOR To weep, I fear, but not to tender love

LAZ Why, is she not a woman ? she must
weep

Awhile, as widows use, till their first sleep,
Who in the morrow following will be sold
To new, before the first are thoroughly cold
So Bell'-Imperia, for this is common,
The more she weeps, the more she plays the
woman.

LOR. Come then, howe'er it hap, Andrea shall
be cross'd

LAZ Let me alone, I'll turn him to a ghost
[*Exeunt LORENZO and LAZAROTTO*
*Manent JERONIMO and HORATIO*¹

JER. Farewell, true brace of villains,
Come hither, boy Horatio, didst thou hear them?

HOR O my true-breasted father, my ears
Have suck'd in poison, deadly poison
Murder Andrea! O inhuman practice!
Had not your reverend years been present here,
I should have poniarded the villain's bowels,
And shoved his soul out to damnation
Murder Andrea! honest lord! impious villains!

JER I like thy true heart, boy, thou lov'st thy
friend

It is the greatest argument and sign,
That I begot thee, for it shows thou'rt mine

HOR O father, 'tis a charitable deed
To prevent those that would make virtue bleed!
I'll despatch letters to Don Andrea,
Unfold their hellish practice, damn'd intent,
Against the virtuous rivers of his life
Murder Andrea!

Enter ISABELLA

JER Peace · who comes here? news, news, Isabella

ISA What news, Jeronimo?

JER Strange news
Lorenzo is become an honest man

¹ [Mr Collier's correction, the former editions reading,
Exeunt LORENZO and LAZAROTTO and HORATIO. Manet
JERONIMO]

ISA Is this your wondrous news?

JER Is it not wondrous

To have honesty in hell? go, tell it abroad now,
But see you put no new additions to it,
As thus—shall I tell you, gossip? Lorenzo is
Become an honest man—beware, beware, for
honesty,

Spoken in derision, points out knavery
O, then, take heed, that jest would not be tum,
He's a great man, therefore we must not knave
him

In, gentle soul, I'll not be long away,
As short my body, short shall be my stay.¹

[Exit ISABELLA.]

HOR Murder Andrea! what blood-sucking
slave

Could choke bright honour in a scabbard grave!

JER. What, harping still upon Andrea's death?
Have courage, boy I shall prevent their plots,
And make them both stand like two politic
sots

HOR Lorenzo has a reach as far as hell
To hook the devil from his flaming cell
O sprightly father, he'll outreach you then,
Knives longer reaches have than honest men

JER But, boy, fear not, I will outstretch them
all,

My mind's a giant, though my bulk be small.²

[Exeunt.]

¹ It seems probable, from this and several other passages in the play, that the part of Jeronimo was performed by an actor of low stature Decker, in two distinct scenes of his "Satiromastix," says that Ben Jonson had supported the character of Jeronimo, but this assertion most likely applies to the "Spanish Tragedy, or the Second Part of Jeronimo," from which he introduces a quotation.—*Collier*.

² [Old copy] reads *full*.

Enter the KING OF PORTUGAL, BALTHEZAR, ALEX-ANDRO, DON VOLLUPO, and others a Peal of Ordinance, within, a great shout of People

KING What is the meaning of this loud report?

ALEX An embassy, my lord, is new arrived from Spain

KING Son Balthezar, we pray, do you go meet him,

And do him all the honour that belongs him

BAL Father, my best endeavour shall obey you
Welcome, worthy lord, Spain's choice ambassador,
Brave, stout Andrea, for so I guess thee.

Enter ANDREA

AND Portugal's heir, I thank thee,
Thou seems no less than what thou art, a prince
And an heroic spirit Portugal's king,
I kiss my hand, and tender on thy throne
My master's love, peace and affection

KING And we receive them and thee, worthy
Andrea,

Thy master's high-prized love unto our heart,
Is welcome to his friend, thou to our court

AND. Thanks, Portugal My lords, I had in
charge,

At my depart from Spain, this embassy,
To put your breast in mind of tribute due
Unto our master's kingdom, these three years
Detained and kept back, and I am sent to know
Whether neglect or will detains it so

KING Thus much return unto thy king, Andrea,
We have with best advice thought of our state,
And find it much dishonoured by base homage
I not deny, but tribute hath been due
To Spain by our forefathers' base captivity,

JERONIMO

Yet cannot raise out their successors' merit
'Tis said, we shall not answer at next birth?
Our fathers' faults in heaven, why then on earth?
Which proves and shows, that which they lost
By base captivity,

We may redeem with honoured valiancy
We borrow nought our kingdom is our own
He's a base king that pays rent for his throne

AND Is this thy answer, Portugal?

BAL Ay, Spain,

A royal answer too, which I'll maintain

OMNES And all the peels of Portugal the like

AND Then thus all Spain, which but three
minutes ago

Was thy full friend, is now returned thy foe

BAL An excellent foe, we shall have scuffling
good

AND Thou shalt pay tribute, Portugal, with
blood.

BAL Tribute for tribute, then, and foes for foes

AND I bid you sudden wars.

BAL I, sudden blows, and that's as good as wars
Don, I'll not bate

An inch of courage nor a hair of fate -

Pay tribute I with strokes

AND. Aye, with strokes you shall,

Alas, that Spain should correct Portugal!

BAL Correct!

O, in that one word such torments do I feel,
That I could lash thy ribs with valiant steel.

AND Prince Balthezar, shall's meet?

BAL Meet, Don Andrea? yes, in the battle's
bowels,

Here is my gage, a never-failing pawn,
'Twill keep his day, his hour, nay minute, 'twill.

AND. Then thine and this, possess one quality

BAL. O, let them kiss!

Did I not understand thee noble, valiant,
 And w^othy my sword's society with thee,
 For all Spain's wealth, I'd not grasp hands
 Meet Don Andrea? I tell thee, noble spirit,
 I'd wade up to the knees in blood, I'd make
 A bridge of Spanish carcases, to single thee
 Out of the gasping army

AND Woot thou, prince?
 Why even for that I love [thee]

BAL Tut, love me, man, when we have drunk
 Hot blood together, wounds will tie
 An everlasting settled amity,
 And so shall thine

AND And thine

BAL What ' give no place?

AND To whom?

BAL To me

AND To thee?

Why should my face, that's placed above my mind,
 Fall under it?

BAL I'll make thee yield.

AND Aye, when you get me down,
 But I stand even yet—jump crown to crown

BAL Dar'st thou?

AND I dare

BAL I am all vex'd

AND I care not

BAL I shall forget the law

AND Do, do

BAL Shall I?

AND Spare not

BAL But thou wilt yield first

AND No

BAL O, I hug thee for 't!

The valant'st spirit e'er trod the Spanish court
 Here let the rising of our hot blood set

ALEX. My hege, two nobler spirits never met

BAL Until we meet in purple, when our swords
Shall——

AND Agreed, ight valiant prince —
Then, Portugal, this is thy resolute answer?

KING So, return, it's so we have bethought us,
What tribute is, how poor that monarch shows,
Who for his throne a yearly pension owes
And what our predecessors lost to Spain,
We have fresh spirits that can renew't again

AND Then I unclasp the purple leaves of war
Many a new wound must gasp through an old scar
So, Portugal, I leave thee

KING Ourself in person
Will see thee safe aboard come, son, come, lords,
Instead of tribute we must pay our swords

BAL Remember, Don Andrea, that we meet

AND Up hither sailing in a crimson fleet

[*Exeunt*]

Enter LORENZO and ALCARIO

LOR Do you affect my sister?

ALCA Affect! above affection, for
Her breast is my life's treasure, O, entire
Is the condition of my hot desire!

LOR Then this must be your plot
You know Andrea's gone ambassador,
On whom my sister Bell-Imperia
Casts her affection?

You are in stature like him, speech alike,
And had you but his vestment on your back,
There's no one living but would swear 'twere he
Therefore sly policy must be your guide.
I have a suit just of Andrea's colours,
Proportioned in all parts —nay, 'twas his own—
This suit within my closet shall you wear,
And so disguis'd woo, sue, and then at last—

ALCA What?

LOR Obtain thy love

ALCA This falls out rare, in this disguise I may
both

Wed, bed, and board her

LOR You may, you may

Besides, within these few days he'll return

ALCA Till this be acted, I in passion burn

LOR All falls out for the purpose all hits
jump,¹

The date of his embassy, nigh expired,

Gives strength unto our plot

ALCA True, true, all to the purpose

LOR Moreover, I will buzz Andiea's landing

Which, once but crept into the vulgar mouths,

Is hurried here and there, and sworn for troth

Think, 'tis your love makes me create this guise,

And willing hope to see your virtue rise

ALCA Lorenzo's bounty I do more enfold

Than the great'st mine of India's brightest gold

LOR Come, let us in, the next time you shall
show

All Don Andrea, not Alcario

[*Exeunt*]

*Enter JERONIMO trussing of his points, HORATIO
with pen and ink*

JER Come, pull the table this way so, 'tis well

¹ Exactly So, in "Hamlet" "jump at this dead hour"
—*Steevens* Again, in "The Two Noble Kinsmen," act 1 sc
2 [edit by Dyce, xi 342] —

"Where every seeming good's
A certain evil, where not to be even jump
As they are here were to be strangers, and
Such things to be mere monsters"

And in "Othello," act 11 sc 3 —

"Myself the while will draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump where he may Cassio find"

Come write, Horatio, write,
 This speedy letter must away to-night
 [Horatio folds the paper the contrary way
 What ! fold paper that way to a nobleman ?
 To Don Andrea, Spain's embassador !
 Fie ! I am ashamed to see it hast thou, worn
 Gowns in the university, toss'd ¹ logic, suck'd
 Philosophy, ate cues, drunk cees,² and cannot
 give

A letter the right courtier's ciest ?
 O, there's a kind of state
 In everything, save in a cuckold's pate !
 Fie, fie, Horatio ! what, is your pen foul ?

HOR No, father, cleaner than Lorenzo's soul,
 That's dipp'd in ink made of an envious gall,
 Else had my pen no cause to write at all

JER Signior Andrea, say

HOR Signior Andrea——

JER 'Tis a villainous age this

HOR 'Tis a villainous age this——

JER That a nobleman should be a knave as
 Well as an ostler

HOR That a nobleman should be a knave as
 Well as an ostler——

JER Or a serjeant

HOR O! a serjeant——

JER Or a broker

HOR Or a broker——

JER Yet I speak not this of Lorenzo,

¹ The quarto reads *lost*

² Terms current in the universities for different portions of bread and beer—*Steevens* In the character of an old college butler by Dr Earle (*Microcosmographie*, 1628), it is said "He domineers over freshmen, when they first come to the hatch, and puzzles them, with strange language of cues and cees, and some broken Latin, which he has learnt at his term"—*Note in edit* 1825.

For he's an honest lord

HOR 'S foot, father, I'll not write him honest lord

JER Take up thy pen, or I'll take up thee

HOR What'll write him honest lord? I'll not agree -

JER You'll take it up, sir?

HOR Well, well

JER What went before? thou hast put me out beshrew

Thy impudence or insolence!

HOR Lorenzo's an honest lord——

JER Well, sir, and has hired one to murder you

HOR O, I cry you mercy, father, meant you so?

JER Art thou a scholar, Don Horatio,
And canst not aim at figurative speech?

HOR I pray you, pardon me, 'twas but youth's Hasty error

JER Come, read then

HOR And has hired one to murder you——

JER He means to send you to heaven, when
You return from Portugal

HOR From Portugal——

JER Yet he's an honest duke's son

HOR Yet he's an——

JER But not the honest son of a duke

HOR But not the honest——

JER O that villainy should be found in the great chamber!

HOR O that villainy——

JER And honesty in the bottom of a cellar

HOR And honesty——

JER If you'll be murdered, you may

HOR If you'll be——

JER If you be not, thank God and Jeronimo

HOR If you be not——

JER If you be, thank the devil and Lorenzo

HOR If you be, thank——

JER Thus hoping you will not be murdered, and
you can choose

HOR Thus hoping you will——

JER Especially being warned beforehand

HOR Especially——

JER I take my leave, boy, Horatio, write *leave*
Bending in the hams like an old courtier —
Thy assured friend, say, 'gainst Lorenzo and
The devil,—little Jeronimo Marshal

HOR Jeronimo Marshal

JER So, now read it o'er

HOR Signior Andrea, 'tis a villanous age this,
That a nobleman should be a knave as well
As an ostler, or a serjeant, or a broker, yet
I speak not this of Lorenzo he's an
Honest lord, and has hired one to murder you,
When you return from Portugal yet
He's an honest duke's son, but not the
Honest son of a duke O that villany
Should be found in the great chamber, and honesty
In the bottom of the cellar !

JER True, boy there's a moral in that, as
much
To say, knavery in the court, and honesty in a
Cheese-house

HOR If you'll be murdered, you may if you
be
Not, thank God and Jeronimo if you be,
Thank the devil and Lorenzo Thus hoping
You will not be murdered, and you can choose,
Especially being warned beforehand, I take my
leave

JER Horatio, hast thou written *leave*, bending
in the
Hams enough, like a gentleman-usher ? 'Sfoot,

No, Horatio, thou hast made him straddle too
much

Like a Frenchman for shame, put his legs closer,
Though it be painful

HOR So, 'tis done, 'tis done --
Thy assured friend 'gainst Lorenzo and the devil,
Little Jeronimo Marshal

Enter LORENZO and ISABELLA

ISA Yonder he is, my lord, pray you speak to
him

JER Wax, wax, Horatio I had need wax too,
Our foes will stride else over me and you

ISA He's writing a love-letter to some Spanish
lady,

And now he calls for wax to seal it

LOR God save you, good knight Marshal

JER Who's this? my lord Lorenzo? welcome,
welcome,

You're the last man I thought on, save the
devil

Much doth your presence grace our homely roof

LOR O Jeronimo,
Your wife condemns you of an uncourtesy
And over-passing wrong, and, more, she names
Love-letters which you send to Spanish dames

JER Do you accuse me so, kind Isabella?

ISA Unkind Jeronimo!

LOR And, for my instance, this in your hand is
one

JER In sooth, my lord, there is no written
name

Of any lady, nor¹ no Spanish dame

LOR If it were not so, you would not be afraid

¹ [Old copy, *then*]

To read or show the waxed letter
Pray you, let me behold it

JER I pray you pardon me
I must confess, my lord, it treats of love,
Love to Andrea, ay, even to his very bosom

LOR What news, my lord, hear you from Portugal?

JER Who, I? before your grace it must not be,
The badger feeds not, till the lion's served
Nor fits it news so soon kiss subjects' ears,¹
As the fair cheek of high authority
Jerónimo lives much absent from the court,
And, being absent there, lives from report

LOR Farewell, Jerónimo

ISA Welcome, my lord Lorenzo

[*Exeunt* LORENZO and ISABELLA]

JER Boy,
Thy mother's jealous of my love to her

HOR O, she play'd us a wise part, now ten to one
He had not overheard the letter read,
Just as he enter'd

JER Though it had happen'd evil,
He should have heard his name yoked with the
devil

Here, seal the letter with a loving knot
Send it with speed, Horatio, linger not,
That Don Andrea may prevent his death,
And know his enemy by his envious breath

[*Exeunt*]

Enter LORENZO, and ALCARIO disguised like
ANDREA

LOR Now, by the honour of Castile's true house,
You are as like Andrea, part for part,

¹ [The old copy omits *ears*, which was suggested, in order to complete the sense, by Steevens]

As he is like himself did I not know you,
 By my cross I swear, I could not think you but
 Andrea's self, so legg'd, so faced, so speech'd,
 So all in all, methinks I should salute
 Your quick return and speedy haste from Portugal

Welcome, fair lord, worthy ambassador,
 Brave Don Andrea ! O, I laugh to see
 How we shall jest at her mistaking thee !

ALC What, have you given it out Andrea is
 return'd ?

LOR 'Tis all about the court in every ear,
 And my invention brought to me for news
 Last night at supper, and which the more to
 cover,
 I took a bowl, and quaff'd a health to him,
 When it would scarce go down for extreme laugh-
 ter,

To think how soon report had scatter'd it

ALC But is the villain Lazariotto
 Acquainted with our drift ?

LOR Not for Spain's wealth,
 Though he be secret, yet suspects the worst,
 For confidence confounds the stratagem
 The fewer in a plot of jealousy
 Build a foundation surest, when multitudes
 Make it confused, ere it come to head
 Be secret then, trust not the open air,
 For air is breath, and breath-blown words raise
 care—

This is the gallery, where she most frequents

ALC Within this walk have I beheld her dally
 With my shape's substance O immortal powers !
 Lend your assistance, clap a silver tongue
 Within this palate that, when I approach
 Within the presence of this demi-goddess,
 I may possess an adamantic power,

And so bewitch her with my honey'd speech,
 Have every syllable a music-stop,
 That, when I pause, the melody may move,
 And hem persuasion 'tween her snowy paps,
 That her heart hearing may relent and yield !

LOR Break off, my lord see where she makes
 approach

Enter BELL'-IMPERIA

ALC Then fall into your former vein of terms

LOR Welcome, my lord, welcome, brave Don
 Andrea,

Spain's best of spuit ! what news

From Portugal ? tribute or war ?

But see, my sister Bell'-Imperia comes

I will defer it to some other time,

For company hinders love's conference

[Exit LORENZO]

BEL Welcome, my life's self-form, dear Don
 Andrea

ALC My words iterated give thee as much
 Welcome, my self of self

BEL What news, Andrea ? treats it peace or
 war ?

ALC At first they cried all war, as men resolved
 To lose both life and honour at one cast
 At which I thunder'd words all clad in proof,
 Which struck amazement to their palled speech,
 And tribute presently was yielded up
 But, madam Bell'-Imperia, leave we this,
 And talk of former suits and quests of love

They whisper Enter LAZAROTTO

LAZ 'Tis all about the court Andrea's come
 Would I might greet him ? and I wonder much,
 My lord Lorenzo is so slack in murder,

Not to afford me notice all this while.
 Gold, 'Fam true ;
 I had my hire, and thou shalt have thy due :
 Was 't possible to miss him so ? soft ! soft !
 This gallery leads to Bell'-Imperia's lodging ;
 There he is, sure, or will be, sure. I'll stay :
 The evening too begins to slubber day :¹
 Sweet, opportuneful season ; here I'll lean,
 Like a court-hound, that licks fat trenchers clean.

[*Aside.*

BEL. But has the king partook your embassy ?

ALC. That till to-morrow shall be now deferr'd.

BEL. Nay, then you love me not :

Let that be first despatch'd ; till when receive this token.

[*She kisses him. Exit BELL'-IMPERIA.*

ALC. I to the king with this unfaithful heart !
 It must not be : I play too false a part.

LAZ. Up, Lazarotto ; yonder comes thy prize ;
 Now lives Andrea, nōw Andrea dies.

[*LAZAROTTO kills him.*

ALC. That villain Lazarotto has kill'd me,
 Instead of Andrea.

Enter ANDREA and ROGERO, and Others.

ROG. Welcome home, lord ambassador.

ALC. O, O, O.

AND. Whose groan was that ? what frightful
 villain's this,

¹ To obscure day. So in "Othello," act i. sc. 3 : "You must therefore be content to *slubber* the gloss of your new fortunes." And again in Howard's "Defensative against the Poyson of supposed Prophecies," fol. 1620, p. 117 : "Surely, for the most part so they are, as may be gathered 'either by the colours or the garments, or the *slubbing* of set purpose to bestow some greater grace and colour of antiquity.'"

His sword unsheathed ' whom hast thou murdered, slave?

LAZ Why, Don, Don Andrea

AND No, counterfeiting villain

He says, my lord, that he hath murdered me

LAZ Aye, Don Andrea, or else Don the devil

AND Lay hands on him, some rear up

The bleeding body to the light

ROG My lord, I think 'tis you were you not here,

A man might swear 'twere you

AND His garments, ha' like mine, his face made like!

An ominous horror all my veins doth strike

Sure, this portends my death, this misery

Ann's at some fatal pointed tragedy

Enter JERONIMO and HORATIO

JER Son Horatio, see Andrea slain!

HOR Andrea slain! then, weapon, cling¹ my 'breast

AND Live, truest friend, for ever lov'd and bless'd

HOR Lives Don Andrea?

AND Aye, but slain in thought,

To see so strange a likeness forged and wrought

Lords, cannot you yet descry,

Who is the owner of this red melting body?

ROG My lord, it is Alcario, duke Medina's son;
I know him by this mole upon his breast

¹ The word *cling* is so variously used in different authors, that it is difficult to affix any precise meaning to it. Several instances are quoted by Mr Steevens, in his Note on "Macbeth," act v sc 5. I imagine Horatio means, that his weapon shall *cling to him, or not leave him*, until he had gratified his revenge for his friend's murder

Sound a Flourish. Enter marching MORATIO and LORENZO, leading Prince BALTHESAR; LORD GENERAL, VILLUPPO, and CASSIMERO, with followers.

HOR. These hono'ed rites and worthy duties
Upon the funeral of Andrea's dust [spent
Those once his valiant ashes: march we now
Homeward with victory to crown Spain's brow.

GEN. The day is ours, and joy yields happy
treasure;
Set on to Spain in most triumphant measure.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter JERONIMO solus.

JER. Fore God! I have just miss'd them.—Ha!
Soft, Jeronimo! thou hast more friends
To take thy leave of; look well about thee,
Embrace them, and take friendly leave.
My arms are of the shop;¹
Let your loves piece them out.
You're welcome all, as I am a gentleman:
For my son's sake, grant me a man at least—
At least I am. So good-night, kind gentles,¹
For I hope there's never a Jew among you all;
And so I leave you. [Exit.

¹ A play upon words was the failing of almost every writer of the times. The quibble here upon *gentles* and *Jew* is also in Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice," act ii. sc. 7. See the notes on that passage, by Dr Johnson, Mr Steevens, and Dr Farmer, vol. iii., edit. 1778, p. 173. To the instances there quoted may be added the following from "Euphues," 1581, p. 65: "Consider with thyself that thou art a gentleman, yea, and a *Gentile*; and, if thou neglect thy calling, thou art worse than a *Jew*."